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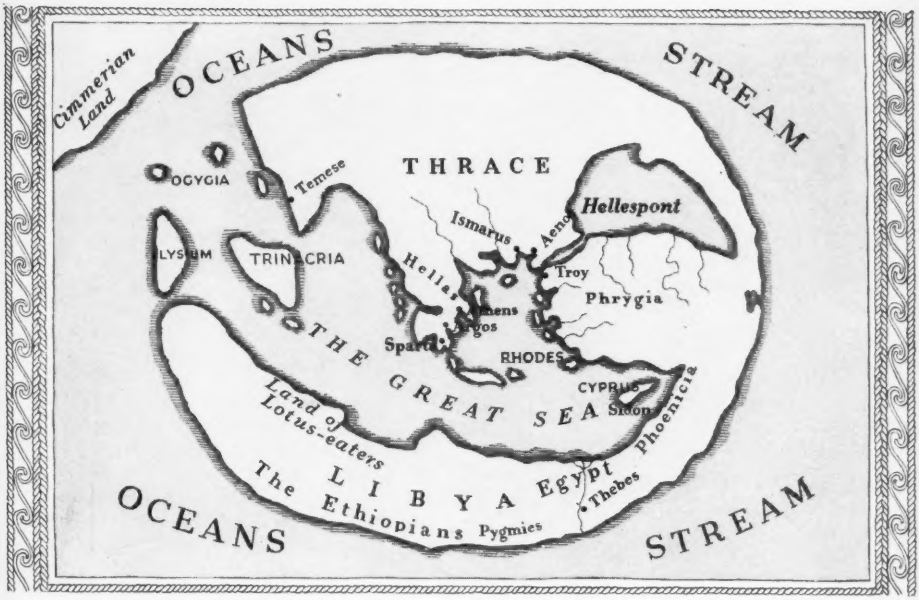

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

CRITICS and poets here and abroad are paying superlative tribute to England's new epic poem, *The Testament of Beauty*, by Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate. It is no secret that Mr. Bridges has in the past been unduly neglected. In part this may be attributed to the relatively few books that have come from his pen; for the rest we have only our lack of discernment to blame. Now, in his eighty-sixth year, he has published 'a poem, longer than *Paradise Regained* and fuller of thought and feeling than any long poem since Wordsworth's *Prelude*'; and at last tribute is paid where tribute is due.

In *The Testament of Beauty* Mr. Bridges is responsible for occasional simplified spellings, rather surprising, however well they may convey the sound; but these optical irritations are a small price to pay for the beauty of a poem which, it seems to me, is made more explicable after this lucid appraisal of Mr. John Finley, Jr.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

ROBERT BRIDGES

The Testament of Beauty

[Oxford University, $3.50]

IT is not remarkable that so studious a poet as Mr. Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate of England, trained originally in medicine and deeply versed not only in the natural sciences but in human literature and history, should write his great work in the latter years of his life. It would be only then that his learning, rarefied by poetic meditation, could bring him to that height of outlook which a few other poets, implicated more than he in the immediate happenings of life, have reached earlier. It is nine years since he composed his last published work, and in general in his life he has written little. In the four books and four thousand lines of *The Testament of Beauty*, using a loose metre of six feet with great variety and power, Mr. Bridges gives to the world what is avowedly the gathered conclusion of his life concerning the development and meaning of the human soul.

He has climbed, he says, to that high slope of life from which he can see the country of his earlier travel outspread at his feet. It was there that he felt a relaxation from the struggle of climbing and a new communion with the things of life, great and small. Natural objects took on a double significance; in addition to their beauty in nature, they possessed a beauty of spiritual meaning, by which they addressed the soul. Wrapt in that vision, the poet understood that all higher and lower forms of life are alike children of the common parent Nature, and that the soul is at home in the universe, since beauty speaks to it.

In the second and third books, Mr. Bridges expounds the myth told, in the *Phædrus* of Plato, by Socrates to the boy Phædrus on the banks of the Ilissus. The human soul is a chariot drawn between earth and heaven by two winged horses; the charioteer is Reason, the two horses, unnamed in Plato, are Selfhood and Breed. Selfhood, the older horse, is the instinct of life, which, struggling in the young of all species, would seize for itself everything within its reach. Were human infants not cared for lovingly by their mothers, they would show the same instinct unmitigated. As it is, the love which surrounds a child makes him subject to spiritual influences, which, softening his egotisms and wakening his mind, bring him slowly to a larger awareness. It is just so with the younger horse, Breed, the sexual instinct. In animals it is transient; in man, purified by love, it can be his second awakening to the influence of beauty. Reason, then, with Will as his rein, must guide the two horses. His goal, told of in the fourth book of Ethick, is the vision of God. In that vision he discerns the cause of the benign influences which, in childhood, in love, and in the beauty of the natural world, solicit the soul to its true life.

No such summary describes the poem's range and beauty. In treating of men's natural functions, the poet writes with the most detailed insight into the lives of plants, of creatures, and especially of birds, which he loves. In tracing developments and seeking illustrations, he cites the authority of history, often verbally, in the sayings of poets and great men. His beautiful lines of understanding of former eras are such things as before have not found place in poetry; they must seem words of inspiration to many readers of a generation trained in the historical method of study. The frequent descriptions of nature, the accounts of childhood and motherhood, the parts concerning marriage and man's and woman's differing function in it, the passages on sin and error — all these are of a sustained and lofty beauty. In general, the sweeping power of the thought, as in the *Paradise Lost*, seeks its unit of expression in the paragraph rather than in the line. It will be seen, however, that although the poem, in spirit, resembles rather

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Dante's than Milton's, it resembles neither in its lack of definite scenes and characters. It is inevitable that a modern poet should lack the accepted symbolism possessed, in common with his time, by a poet of a simpler age. There is, therefore, an abstractness in the poem which differentiates it from the great poems of the past. It has for compensation a breadth and sublimity which are the direct products of a mind of extraordinary attainments brooding in love upon the facts of its experience.

The Testament of Beauty has the apocalyptic force which is the quality of great works. It raises facts hitherto unrelated to a high unity of poetic vision, and in that act acquaints the reader with a standard of character and insight which may well take a place in his mind beside similar standards received by him from the great works of the past.

JOHN FINLEY, JR.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS's reputation is twelve years old. Destined for his family's textile mills, it was the war which gave this Frenchman the bent which seems so natural to him. His knowledge of English made him invaluable as a liaison officer between the armies; his associations with the 9th Scottish Division and the British G. H. Q. led directly to his first book, *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*, written in his early thirties. Two more Anglo-Gallic war books followed, until in 1918 he began to experiment with that form of 'novelized' biography which in *Ariel: The Life of Shelley* (1923) and *Disraeli* (1927) bears his individual stamp.

In an introduction to *Ariel*, Maurois describes his aim as that of a novelist rather than that of a historian or critic. An able psychologist, with a winning sense of humor and a style perfected from the best French models, Maurois presents the facts with his own color and emphasis. He is not a literary photographer, but an artist, and thus the relation between art and truth is not seldom at stake. Whatever the truth in Maurois's books, whether fiction or biography, his delicate art is become an international possession.

***Byron: A Biography*, by André Maurois**
[Appleton, $5.00]

IT was inevitable that M. Maurois should wish to exercise his experienced pen on one of the most fascinating of literary personalities. M. Maurois's habit is imaginative rather than scholarly; he usually attempts, not to present us with new facts, but to fuse known facts into a vivid portrait. In the case of Byron, candidly, he has done neither; and to any reader familiar with the Byron literature of the last twenty years the book is less entertaining than one had a right to hope.

Unfortunately M. Maurois, like other recent writers, has been misled into overemphasizing certain famous scandals. Here, as elsewhere, Don Juan's catalogue of ladies outweighs some of the more significant elements of Byron's life. There is no point in discussing, in a brief review, this latest digest of the Astarte evidence, especially as it has been better presented by others than M. Maurois. The only thing necessary to be said is that some competent judges hold the fact of incest, however probable, still unproved; largely, I take it, because most of the evidence for it — even Augusta's 'confession' — derives from Lady Byron. If one fact has definitely emerged from all the recent books written in that lady's defense, it is that Lady Byron was, for various reasons of temperament and character, a totally untrustworthy witness in any matter that concerned Byron and herself. The famous Lushington statement amounts to nothing except the fact that Lady Byron eventually convinced herself of the incest. We have one letter to Augusta, one letter to Lady Melbourne, more easily interpretable in that sense than in any other, and that is all we have to go on, after we are forced to realize that Lady Byron's word cannot be taken.

M. Maurois, I think, comes very near to the right appraisal of Augusta's value to Byron and her significance in Byron's life, which were not primarily a passionate value and significance. Unluckily, the matter of the incest (which he credits, but thinks of little importance) throws him off the track, and he funks a true summing up. If there is nothing to be said for Lady Byron (who emerges, more odious, from each new book about her), there is equally nothing to be said for Augusta. Even Lady Byron could not have frightened Augusta into chronic imbecility if the wits had been very strong to begin with. Yet the fact remains that Augusta, to Byron, was immensely important. She understood his difficult heritage; the need to explain did not exist; they could laugh together all day like children; he found peace in her society.

M. Maurois has no special thesis about Byron except that he was an incurable Calvinist. Calvinism, early impressed, is hard to eradicate, as we know; but Byron was more complicated than most people admit, and Calvinism is by no means the whole story, though it makes for good paradoxes. M. Maurois states that 'the most striking trait she [Lady Blessington] found, after Byron's innate goodness of heart, was his common sense — an anti-romantic, anti-individualist common sense which was prodigiously surprising in one who, according to his own legend, was the least social of all human beings.' M. Maurois is frequently struck with Byron's common sense — apparently as prodigiously surprised by it as was Lady Blessington. He brings frequent evidence to corroborate the innate goodness of heart, too — yet never weaves either it or the common sense into a final formula. There is, indeed, no final formula; one can gather M. Maurois's impressions only by counting the points recurrently made. The point made most often is

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Calvinism; next, the perpetual antagonism between Byron as he could have been and Byron as he was, which the critic considers the chief source of Byronic suffering.

M. Maurois somewhat diffidently admits that Byron was a man of genius. It is the unhappiest result of Lord and Lady Lovelace's activities that for twenty years the reading public has been induced to forget that Byron was a man of genius and to consider him only as a libertine. Byron, as it happens, was not only one of the great English poets, but one of the great English prose writers. When the last and least of the journalists has had 'access' to the Lovelace papers and said his say, it may be that some man of taste and learning will give us a new biographical portrait of Byron. He will not pause too long over Lady Byron's memoranda or Augusta's 'damned crinkum-crankum,' but will betake himself to the poetry, the letters, and the journals of Byron himself, and to the memoirs of Byron's own friends. Drinking deep of that living verse and prose, fed on proved and friendly judgments, abiding by authentic chronologies, he may manage to surmount the easy paradoxes, the cheap coincidences. Byron is not an easy subject, and the critic will have need of all his taste and learning, of sympathy and laughter, of honest reverence and Attic salt. A formula for Byron's personality could never be easy, and it may be impossible, to find; but it is only by some such method that any critic will ever hit upon it. No whitewashing of Byron could or should be attempted. He was, at certain moments and in certain situations, grievously at fault — indefensible, indeed, if one accepts any standard whatever for social relationships. But these instances of misbehavior cannot soberly be said to outweigh the courage, the generosity, the patience with fools, the loyalty, that were abiding qualities, proved over and over again during thirty-six brief years. We do not nowadays feel that everything should be forgiven to the man of genius, but the sorry mismanagement of Byron's case in the last fifteen years should lead us to reflect that a man of genius has at least as much right to fair appraisal as the man who lacks it.

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

LAST month Mary Ross called our attention to the predominantly masculine traits in some recent novels. Now, as the spring advances and 'a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,' it seems appropriate to analyze the leading fiction of the fairer sex.

WOMEN IN FICTION

WHEN I read the title of **Theodore Dreiser's *A Gallery of Women*** (Horace Liveright, 2 vols., $5.00) there flashed through my mind the suggestion of a row of portraits, differing, naturally, in color and treatment, but each framed and an entity in itself. The 'gallery' which his fifteen stories actually suggest is far less definite — a hallway, perhaps, in some public place, where for a moment you glimpse the passer-by, catching rather than analyzing the story implied in a gesture, or the intonation of a chance word, and then merely wonder, if you think at all, as to what lies for her beyond the revolving door.

'Lost ladies?' I thought, speculating on a more revealing title. But 'ladies' again implies a frame, and the essence of the vivid personalities whom Mr. Dreiser has created is that they regarded conventional patterns so little. Old and young, beautiful and plain, actresses, writers, painters, a nurse, fortune teller, farm woman, apostle of communism, adventuress, a wealthy wife — what was the haunting quality they had in common? Social instability — yes, that was it, and beneath this outward drift a deeper insecurity. Gifted beyond the ordinary run of women in beauty or brains, sensibility, and often wealth, these fifteen for the most part were free to move as occasion offered, yet no sustained current of life seemed to direct their course. Except for Esther Norn, none, I think, had found an inner equilibrium. It is no accident that only one — and she a hopeless spinster — wanted children. To the four women who had them, children were irrelevant. Here is a far turn from the traditional creativeness of women, and, if we may judge from these fifteen, not a happy one. They have broken the old, too narrow synthesis of womankind; they are mistresses of their fate in temporal things, but in that fate there is somehow the restlessness of incompletion. No new synthesis has yet evolved to reconcile with new freedoms the need to give and conserve life. These tangible stories from the fringe of experience appraise the courage of contemporary women who have been able to shed old compromises and easy securities, but not yet to face or make peace with still deeper needs.

A very different brand of neuroticism is the subject of **Cornelia James Cannon's** second novel, ***Heirs*** (Little, Brown and Atlantic Monthly Press, $2.50). Outwardly it is the new conquest of New England — the possession of its mills and farms by the foreign-speaking outlanders who cut down the elms, plough up the dooryards, and desecrate gracious parlors with whining phonographs, yet bring life-saving vitality back to the neglected fields. Inwardly it is the development of Puritanism which touches with tragedy the love of Seth Walton and Marilla Lamprey. To the little Polanders in a New Hampshire schoolhouse, Marilla brought that maternity of a woman whose own need for love was unrealized. Behind her lay an unhappy, conscientious girlhood, deprived of its natural gayety by poverty, the care of her sick father, and her own repression. Love came in marriage with Seth, the owner of the woolen mill in the village. Both had passed first youth, and as the hope of a child dwindled Marilla shut herself into unhappiness mocked by the careless fecundity of the Polish women

YALE

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The BOOKSHELF

whose fair-haired boys and girls she had taught. Love without children became meaningless, a little gross. Only by the accident of Seth's crippling illness could she again be free and happy — then for her he became more child than husband. In this clear, quiet story, contrasting the old New England and the new, Mrs. Cannon shows some of the fears and limitations of a conventional woman, no less hampered and incomplete than the casual girls of Mr. Dreiser's sketches.

War is the villain of the piece in **Mary Agnes Hamilton's *Three Against Fate*** (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) — war, like a huge Röntgen ray, showing humankind *au naturel* and ashamed, working in and through people to disintegrate what was fine and personal. There are many effective scenes in this story of Jean and Harold Claviger, and of Stephen, their disillusioned pacifist friend, whom Harold shot because he thought (mistakenly) that he had been Jean's lover. Yet, though I myself protested the war passionately, I cannot help feeling that the author here uses it as *deus ex machina*, finding in it too general an explanation for all that befalls her characters. Here are interesting people, places, and times — grim Bluehills in Lancashire and the whirl of war-time London — and a story with sustained suspense; but the whole does not grow together with that inevitability that must have marked many war tragedies behind the lines — perhaps because the book's primary preoccupation is with ideas rather than people.

The scene of **F. Tennyson Jesse's *The Lacquer Lady*** (Macmillan, $2.50) is laid in upper Burma, the Kingdom of Ava, shortly before the British occupation of 1885. The lacquer lady herself was Fanny Bagshaw, née Moroni, in whom Italian, English, and Burmese blood mingled to make a charming adventuress. In the best tradition of adventuresses, it was Fanny's one passionate love that was her undoing. Ambition, a native if shallow shrewdness, and an easy-going adaptability guided her through the mazes of intrigue which surrounded a maid of honor in the gay court of Queen Supaya-lat. Fanny loved its vermilion and gold, its games and glittering finery; she could close her eyes, when need be, to the wholesale murder that ran amuck when the iron-willed little queen feared enemies. But when Bonvoisin, the young Frenchman, spurned her love, Fanny threw ambition and prudence to the winds, and to avenge herself on him pulled down the whole of the fantastic court and let the British in. Here in glowing and convincing colors is a remote corner of recent history, of whose authenticity we are assured. What is remarkable is that the book gives not only a bright picture of strange and enchanting times and places, but also a sense of the reality of the characters who enacted the closing scene of that little country, overlaid and betrayed by the influence of women.

From the diminutive people and palaces of Burma the white elephants with tinkling bells, it is a long leap to the wide stretches of **Elizabeth Madox Roberts's *The Great Meadow*** (Viking Press, $2.50). Here the long rhythmic cadences of Miss Roberts's beautiful prose sing the epic of the pioneers' march to Kentucky, 'the great meadow,' when the cannon of the Revolution made only a distant rumble in the serenity of far Virginia. The rivers to be forded, the mountains up which they toiled wearily, the agony of suspense when the tribes were on the warpath, the long winters in Boone's and Harrod's forts — all these Miss Roberts has woven into a high story of adventure, hardship, love and death. In it are mingled the gallant traditions of tidewater Virginia, and, behind that, English aristocracy, with the simpler strains of Quaker and Methodist faith on the frontier.

Its central figure is Diony, in whom all these are joined: Diony, who knew that her name had once been that of a Greek goddess; who carried in her mind fragments from her father's favorite philosopher, Berkeley; who saw a woman lie scalped at her side, and wove cloth out of buffalo wool. Diony, who could love and be loved, and for Berk give up all else that she had known in life to go into the wilderness, never again to know what happened in the home behind her; who, believing Berk dead, could marry again for love, to be faced with the cruel choice of choosing between the fathers of her two children when Berk returned after three years' captivity among the Indians. In Diony Miss Roberts has created not only a person but a heroic symbol of what we should like to believe a woman capable of — beauty, love, courage, steadfastness, fortitude, forbearance, generosity. These qualities must have been born or bred in women who survived the wilderness, when weaker, more vacillating spirits must have perished. In this stirring narrative, — more poem than prose, — we have the antithesis of Mr. Dreiser's wanderers. Before those women of a century and a half ago there lay a simple, if hard, path of faith and necessity. In our more intricate days the ways are many and often crossed and confusing.

MARY ROSS

EVERY so often a book will rise up by the simple process of getting itself talked about. Word of mouth is the advertising which every publisher covets and only the public can supply. Whether lawyers or lovers of detective stories first started talking about *For the Defence: The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall*, does not matter. The book is now in full cry.

***For the Defence*, by Edward Marjoribanks**

[Macmillan, $5.00]

MARSHALL HALL was an English lawyer whose name, it is safe to assume, was not known in the United States to more than five hundred people prior to Mr. Marjoribanks's Life, and only faintly known to all but a score,

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18 East 48th Street THE VIKING PRESS *New York City*

The BOOKSHELF

For he was not one of those British lawyers, like Harcourt, Asquith, Rufus Isaacs, John Simon, F. E. Smith, who leave durable impress upon the politics of their country, nor did he attain that other form of permanence which normally comes to great English lawyers — the Bench. Indeed, Marshall Hall was not a lawyer at all, intellectually speaking. Fundamentally he was an ebullient personality and a great actor whose stage was the courtroom; in the United States he would be called a trial lawyer. He was above all a great criminal trial lawyer. The themes of life and death, love and frustration, were the stuff upon which his talents were exercised.

The popular response which Marshall Hall aroused in England his biographer, a brilliant young barrister and devoted friend, is now quickening among American readers with this chronicle of Hall's forensic achievements. Mr. Marjoribanks's skillful and vivid recital recreates for the American reader the contemporaneous excitement of the *causes célèbres* — the Crippen case, the Camden Town murder, the Marie Herman case, the Brides of the Bath case — in which, as leading actor, Marshall Hall for a generation furnished daily food to British newspaper readers.

Such a book readily tempts the mind to reflections on some of the fundamental issues of criminal justice. The career of Marshall Hall stirs questions of professional ethics in the defense of the guilty and of the law's safeguards for the protection of the innocent. At every step it reminds us of the disparities between the abstractions of the law and the actualities of the courtroom. Mr. Marjoribanks's account of Mr. Hall's experiences (both of them, be it noted, Tory lawyers) bears grim testimony that the poor are handicapped by their poverty in securing justice. Again, there is perennial interest in comparing the dignity and dispatch of English trials with the indignity and dilatoriness which generally prevail with us. Americans will be startled to read that 'the longest capital case in which Marshall was ever engaged,' the Seddon case, 'lasted for ten days'! But deeper than matters of dispatch or dilatoriness, of dignity and cheapness, are those ultimate problems of the efficacy of the criminal law about which we know as little as we did when, more than a generation ago, Mr. Justice Holmes asked: 'What have we better than a blind guess to show that the criminal law in its present form does more good than harm?'

One would be false, however, to the histrionic significance of Marshall Hall's career to use him as a text for criminological sermons. Mr. Marjoribanks presents to us the dramatic story of an advocate strong with the joy of battle, and as such it ought to be enjoyed. Here are exciting tales of crime and mystery together with considerable insight into the arts of a great jury lawyer. Hall was an unusual blend of pugnacity, courage, naïveté, devotion, tenderness. Nature also endowed him with a handsome presence and a beautiful voice. But analysis defies the infectious influence we call charm and personality. Marshall Hall, according to Mr. Marjoribanks, charged 'with electricity nearly every case in which he appeared.' Hall thus had the power to move men — the gift which makes the popular hero of the stage, at the bar, in politics. He had one other power, or perhaps another phase of the same power. 'A great friend says of him that he was a man who was without settled convictions on any subject, but who might be convinced in all sincerity of anything in the world for the moment. This made his nature bad raw material for politics, but its very plasticity fitted him admirably for advocacy.' Undoubtedly, an advocate who is capable of sinking his soul in a cause and identifying himself with it goes a long way toward sweeping a jury into the stream of his conviction. But such talent may also make for power in politics. Passionate though only contemporary sincerity is a great political gift. Roosevelt had it, and it explains much in Lloyd George. Ardor for fight, unquestioning devotion to his cause, great daring, freedom from skepticism, expansive feeling, naïve self-enjoyment, exuberance that invigorated his environment — these belonged both to Roosevelt and to Marshall Hall, and one may be sure they would have liked each other.

FELIX FRANKFURTER

FRIENDLY circumstances enabled me to read in manuscript Arthur Pound's able biography of Johnson of the Mohawks, which is to be published on April 15. This early American, so adventurous, so enterprising, is in fetching contrast to the more tired business men to-day.

THREE MEN OF BUSINESS

IT is not far-fetched to see a likeness in Rathenau, John Wanamaker, and Sir William Johnson. In the first place all three were men of boundless energy; all three succeeded greatly in affairs; all three combined commerce and statecraft; and all three were idealists, in the sense that they sought ideal principles of justice and general good as the foundation of their immense business activities.

Count Kessler, the biographer of ***Walther Rathenau*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), somewhat surprisingly makes the fact that Rathenau was a Jew the keynote of his book. We are asked to study the psychology of the Jew as contrasted with the Prussian atmosphere that surrounded him; more, stress is laid on Rathenau's spiritual problem as a dark 'fear-man,' faced by blond 'courage men,' and we are told again and again that Rathenau bowed down and worshiped the 'blond beast' of Nietzsche, which turned ferociously upon him and assassinated him. We are further asked to see in Rathenau a man of genuine spirituality, a religious soul, who showed the purity of his inspiration by a kind

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The BOOKSHELF

transcendental communism. We remain unconvinced. Rathenau's kingdom of heaven, exalted in earlier chapters, shrinks to a 'German earthly paradise' later on, an immense beer garden with pretzels hanging on the trees. In the field of statesmanship we are met with a like limitation. As we read, it becomes quite clear that Rathenau advocated and followed the policy of Fulfillment, not from any true sense of moral obligation, but because it would pay, and pay well. Stresemann was clever enough to pick up the broken thread when Rathenau was murdered. Let us add that one of the valuable elements in this life is the sequence of letters from Walther Rathenau to his friend. That friend remains as impalpable as a wraith, for the reason that Rathenau is eternally writing about himself.

The business biography of ***John Wanamaker***, by **Joseph H. Appel** (Macmillan, $5.00), is an excellent piece of work, compiled rather than composed. One admires the tireless accuracy with which speeches and adages and planks are laid end to end. A figure of considerable solidity is the result. One is inclined to think that something of perspective would be gained if the biographer could stand back and look at his subject from a distance. Truer proportions might come out. For example, Wanamaker's fight against the Quay machine is a far more real piece of statesmanship than his accomplishments as Postmaster-General in President Harrison's administration. If it were possible to take that section of the sturdy Philadelphian's life and write it again with really complete details, — as to the elements of corruption involved, the ways in which they were made effective and riveted on the city, and the means taken by Wanamaker to break Philadelphia's fetters, — we should have a work of immense interest and high value. Another problem in perspective: one is inclined to think that the life of John Wanamaker is here treated too much as though it were an isolated phenomenon. In reality, it was one symptom of an age of concentration, the movement from cottage industries to factories, which began about the year 1860. Take two distinguished men, Wanamaker's neighbor, John B. Stetson, the hatter, and Douglas, the shoemaker. Both built edifices comparable to Wanamaker's; and both, as it happened, had in their lives a chapter of Wild West adventure, exceedingly picturesque. It would be easy to name a dozen men among Wanamaker's contemporaries, to make clear that the Philadelphian's creative endeavor was but one stream among many which made an epoch of American history.

Here is an immediate contrast with Sir William Johnson. The burly baronet, ***Johnson of the Mohawks***, by **Arthur Pound** and **R. E. Day** (Macmillan, $6.00), stands alone. There is no figure in American history like him, and it is not too much to say that, when he died in 1774, he was a greater figure than George Washington then was. Arthur Pound deserves our warmes thanks for accomplishing what one had thoug well-nigh impossible. Even at this late date he h added a great organic figure to American history, o who stands out not only as a most notable Americ but also as a noble, courageous, and highly successf man, a genuine addition to the gallery of the world worthies. Our biographer errs when he calls a baronet a 'patent of nobility,' and implies that it confe 'baronial rank.' Sir Wilfrid Lawson once wittily d scribed a baronet as 'an unfortunate being, who ceas to be a gentleman without becoming a noblema and the characterization is technically correct. B our author makes no mistake when he insists on t genuine greatness of Sir William Johnson, his essenti nobility, his splendid protection of the aborigin Americans — protection against their own weakness as well as the avarice, cruelty, and cunning of u scrupulous whites. Arthur Pound exhibits concernin Sir William Johnson's conjugal relationships a pen trating curiosity that would have done credit to Victorian old maid; yet the result of his prying is all t the credit of his somewhat unconventional hero, an casts no shadow on his devoted womankind. T figure of Miss Molly, who earned the title of 'brow Lady Johnson,' is admirably understood and admirabl drawn. One would like to see a drama grow out of th splendid story; there are abundant scenes and situatio that reveal character dramatically and vigorously In recommending this fine book with enthusiastic co viction, one should add well-merited praise of the yea of patient work by which Richard E. Day has accurate and lucidly arranged the immense mass of records th make this admirable history so real.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

It may be helpful to ca attention from time to time to those books whic are exciting enthusiasm among the sophisticate and in which there ought to be sustained interes This month I have three that I would trust to an fastidious fancier of novels. First, a short boo about which it is hard to speak too highly — *T Trader's Wife*, by Jean Kenyon Mackenz (Coward-McCann, $2.00), a story of such di tinction and economy as has not appeared in long time. I think of it as a first cousin to *Eth Frome*. Secondly, *Look Homeward, Angel*, b Thomas Wolf (Scribner's, $2.50), a story of th South and, so the saying goes, of Asheville, Nort Carolina, the first three quarters of whose s hundred pages are sure promise of a fresh Amer can talent. Finally, *Innocent Voyage*, by Richar Hughes (Harper's, $2.50), that bright, touchin sardonic book of last spring, now republished.

Edward Weeks

Books reviewed in these columns may be purchased through the Atlantic Monthly Bookshop

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1930

IN THE DARK, ALONE

BY KATHRYNE MARY FRICK

I

I AM asked often how my education was begun, but I have always refrained from answering for fear that I should not do justice to a question that involves so much. However, after careful consultation with my different teachers, I shall now endeavor to explain how the fundamental principles were laid which made it possible for me to take up a regular course of study.

Strictly speaking, my education began, not with my first cry, as educators usually say, but with my inheritance. My paternal grandparents were born in Germany, my maternal grandparents in Pennsylvania, of French and English descent. From the German stock I probably inherited an industrious nature and a love of neatness, law, and order. From the French, no doubt, I derived the lively imagination, the taste for what is artistic and choice, and the sense of propriety and economy with which my first teacher has always said I was naturally endowed.

I was born in Harrisburg, on December 2, 1899, a normal child with all my senses. I began to talk when I was one year old and to walk at sixteen months. My speech was considered very good for my age, but, in spite of the fact that my fond parents and grandparents regarded me as a prodigy, I gained no concept of the meaning of numbers, printed words, or letters.

If I had only learned something of this, half of my first teacher's earliest struggles with me would have been unnecessary. I loved picture books, and my parents told me about the pictures and read to me, but I did not know that the funny-looking lines called print meant anything of importance.

During the summer of 1905, a few months after my fifth birthday, my parents and I visited for one week my mother's cousin in Atlantic City. While there I spent most of the time playing on the beach, in the strong rays of the sun reflected from the water and sand.

I had never been accustomed to the glare of city pavements, but to green trees and fields, and the white light of the water and sand affected my eyes and entire nervous system to such an extent that after my return home my sight began to fail. I became deaf, too, and gradually lost the power to walk and to talk. All this happened in a short period of time, and no amount of medical skill or care of devoted

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parents could restore my sight or hearing.[1]

It is interesting that when I realized I could not see I recalled having noticed blind people on the streets, begging. I always loved pretty things, especially clothes, and when I thought of these shabby blind people I feared that I should become like them, so I made Mother promise me that she would always dress me nicely. She kept that promise faithfully. The sacrifice in time and effort that it has cost her I only now realize.

Before I lost the ability to talk I told Mother that I could not hear her voice; but I would put my hand on her chin as I asked her what I wanted to know and she would shake her head 'Yes' or 'No' in answer. In this way we got along fairly well until the power of expressing myself by speech left me.

After two years of helplessness, I regained the power to walk, but continued to dwell in darkness and silence. My memory of many things had slipped from me, especially the knowledge I had gained through hearing. It was like beginning life anew in a strange sightless and soundless world. Of the two, deafness was the greater educational handicap; for it is deafness and not blindness that blocks the intellectual growth of the child, making him restless, unmanageable, and eager to do some mischief whereby he may receive attention, to break the monotony of his existence.

My parents undertook nobly the task of trying to keep my mind active, of helping me to retain old and establish new contacts with the outside world. They did their best to make me understand by gestures and by such signs as they could invent. I would place my hands on Father's or Mother's face to see whether he or she was pleased with anything I did. After I was able to walk again, I rummaged through everything, leading Mother quite a dance. However, she bore it all very patiently, buoyed up by the fact that I was getting stronger. Because I had regained the use of my limbs, she hoped against hope that in time I should regain my sight and my hearing, though physicians did not hold out any encouragement.

Mother allowed me to touch everything, while Father invented signs to enable me to talk with him. One sign he made by drawing his finger around my wrist to indicate his brother Charles, of whom I was very fond, and who had given me a bracelet. When my parents would give me something and then draw a ring around my wrist, I understood that it was from Uncle Charlie. Whenever Father drew the ring, touched me, and then waved his hand while I held it, I understood that we were going to Uncle Charlie's house, and would run to Mother, draw my finger around my wrist, touch my dress, wave my hand toward the front door, and try to say 'Papa' and 'Uncle Charlie.' This meant that I wanted to be dressed to go to Uncle Charlie's.

Mother always insisted on my talking to her, whether the sounds I made meant anything or not. She hoped that if I kept on trying to speak my

[1] Dr. Elbert A. Gruver, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Mount Airy, Pennsylvania, and Miss Julia A. Foley, Kathryne's first teacher, with whom we are in correspondence, assure us that Kathryne's account of the results of her illness are correct. Miss Foley writes: 'There is no record of the exact cause of the illness that deprived Kathryne of her sight, hearing, and memory of speech and language. What Kathryne has written about the cause of her blindness and deafness she obtained from a quotation of the late Dr. Crouter, who was superintendent of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf while Kathryne was a pupil there, the quotation having been recorded in my notes.' — EDITOR

speech would come back to me. Father took a larger view of life than Mother, while she paid more attention to little things. This seems to me now to have been a good combination to help me overcome my handicap.

Another of Father's signs was to take both of my hands and hold them parallel, palms inward, make a circular motion with them, and then wave one hand toward the street. I understood by this that we were going somewhere in the train, and would be delighted. I would wave my hand two or three times to ask how far we were going. If not far, Father would take my hand and wave it only once. Otherwise he would wave several times, according to the distance.

I am curious to know how my mind received those impressions. Did I see imaginary pictures? I recall that when my father waved my hand several times I could see, in imagination, the train stop at one station and then at another, and so on until we came to the end of the journey. Having satisfied myself as to the distance we were going, I would proceed to ask where we were bound — or rather, 'Whom shall we see when we get out of the train?' I thought of the act of getting out and meeting someone who would hug and kiss me. I would get something that had been given to me by somebody who lived far away and show it to my parents, waving my hand toward the street, then put my hand on Father's or Mother's face. If we were going to the place from which that article came, he or she would nod 'Yes.' If to some other place, they would try to find something that came from that place and let me touch it.

We used a few other signs. The act of putting on a pointed belt stood for Grandma Frick, because she generally wore a belt that was pointed in the front. Touching the lobe of the ear with the thumb and forefinger indicated my maternal grandmother, for she wore earrings.

It is considered the correct thing in educational circles to despise signs. 'No normal person uses them and few understand them.' I can only say, in their favor, that such crude attempts at communication not only kept me out of mischief, but also kept my mind alert and active. I loved action, new things, and being among people.

II

I am an only child, but I had a few playmates, near and dear neighbors of ours. My fox terrier, Bessie, was another playmate. I used to make Bessie sit in my little armchair at my dolls' table and pretend to be having tea with my dolls and me. Of course I could not see them, but by feeling I could imagine how they looked, and I loved them.

My parents, recognizing my right to participation in human affairs, took me out as much as possible and told me about as many things as they could. Naturally they must have suffered greatly when people stared at me, but they braved it all for my sake.

Meanwhile, I was growing to be of school age, with no school to attend. The institutions for the blind would not take me on account of my deafness, for they had no teachers who knew how to reach the mind of an uneducated deaf child. The schools for the deaf would not take me either, because I could not be taught with deaf children who could see. My parents did not know which way to turn. All they could do was to care for me and amuse me as well as they knew how, although my mother tried to keep me profitably occupied.

In spite of all her efforts, I grew

more and more restless every day. I wanted to hear and to see; I wanted to go to school like other children. I used to sit on the steps of our porch while the children were passing on their way to school. They would stop to touch me, and when I discovered they were carrying books I knew where they were going. I had no idea of what they did at school, except what Father had tried to tell me by putting a pencil in my hand and pretending to write on a paper. It meant making pictures to me. I thought it would be great fun to go to school and draw pictures all day, with no one to tell me to stop or to take the pencil from me.

Every morning Mother left the back gate open for the iceman, and I managed to keep near her in order that I might know when she went to open it. Then, when I thought she was too busy in the house to notice what I was doing, I would dart out through the open gate and run around to the front street to find some of the school children. I thought I could run away to school with them, but I never succeeded in going far, for Mother was always on guard.

When I found it was impossible to elude or hoodwink my mother, I decided to be as troublesome as I could, so that she would have to let me go to school if she desired any peace. I would often leave the table before I had finished my meal and go into the sitting room and pound on the piano keys. I knew that my mother could not stand noise, as I had already ruined her nerves. When she took me away from the piano, I would invent a thousand or more ways to annoy her. All the time I loved her dearly, and I knew that she loved me. In fact, I knew that my parents would love me no matter what I did; so I would push and pull, bite and kick, with the desire to receive attention and to keep in action.

It is plain that my brain was active; I could think and reason to a certain extent like a normal child. My mind craved food, and those spells of mischief were executed in a state of nervousness bordering on madness. Somehow I knew that one should always be polite, not only in public, but in the privacy of one's family; but just the same I would stir up a fuss at any time and place, because my poor little mind craved excitement and even a whipping was more endurable than that monotonous calmness.

Finally the Honorable Edwin S. Stuart, who was then Governor of Pennsylvania, heard about my handicap and the lack of educational provision for the blind-deaf. Through his kindness, largely, the matter of my schooling was brought before the Legislature when officials of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf made it known that a special teacher would be necessary for me. After the Committee on Appropriations in Harrisburg had seen me and considered my plight, they kindly appropriated funds for my education.

Then the serious problem of securing a teacher for me confronted the superintendent of the Institution. Where was he to get a teacher who knew how and who would be willing to undertake the problem of preparing a deaf and blind child to take up school work? Many teachers knew how to teach the blind, and as many others how to teach the deaf, but among the teachers in the Institution only one, Miss Julia A. Foley, had had experience in instructing the deaf-blind. Miss Foley herself is deaf. She was chosen by the board of directors and the superintendent to undertake the difficult task of instructing me.

Therefore, on June 2, 1909, Miss

Foley — whom I always speak of as 'my teacher,' although I had several other teachers later — came to Harrisburg to observe me in my own home preparatory to taking me to school. After she had been only half an hour in our house she announced that she would take me with her to Philadelphia that day. I often pondered over her refusal to stay overnight; I feared that she thought my house was not good enough for her to stay in. So one day long afterward I confided my fears to her. She stilled them at once by telling me that when she saw how rejoiced I was at the prospect of going to school, knowing that it is not in the power of a child to keep at a high tension long, she decided to take me that day. Then, too, though my mother was trying to be cheerful, it was plain that the grief over the parting with me would be greater if the parting were prolonged.

In the few minutes while Mother was placing luncheon on the table, my alert, experienced teacher took in everything, and was no doubt already laying in her mind a foundation on which to base her teaching method. She has told me since that the first thing that attracted her attention on entering my home was the cleanness and neatness of everything, my mother and myself included. The following statement from her notes about me indicates the educational significance of her observation: 'There is one point with which I shall not have to battle: Kathryne is and will continue to be neat and clean in her habits.'

Then she observed that I was friendly with my parents and not afraid to approach them, as many poor deaf children are whose parents make little or no attempt to communicate with them and who slap and punish them when they get into mischief.

While we were at luncheon she remarked to my parents that I had good table manners, a rare accomplishment in young deaf children. She has since told me that when she made the remark my mother looked at my father and he smiled. She immediately understood that there were times when I, like other children, flung all rules and regulations aside, even at mealtimes. Her notes on the subject say: 'Since the child knows that there is some merit in behaving properly in company, she has pride, on which I can work.'

III

Miss Foley asked my parents many questions and observed closely how they communicated with me. After luncheon there was much hustle and bustle. They telephoned to Uncle Charlie and he came very soon, bringing a brand-new trunk for me. How happy I was, fussing around the trunk and touching everything Mother packed into it, to make sure that all my pretty dresses were there and that not one of my toilet articles was forgotten. Our family doctor came to say goodbye to me and to assure my teacher that I was in good health.

At last we started for the train. At the station I clung to my mother and felt her eyes to see if she was weeping. I was sorry for her and tried to comfort her by keeping my arms around her while we were waiting for the train, but I was glad when I found tears rolling down her cheeks, because I wanted to feel that she loved me and was very sorry to part with me.

After many hugs and kisses I was taken by Father through the gate and put on the train for Philadelphia with my teacher. I asked my father if he would miss me, touching him with one finger and then holding it up in

front of him and then rubbing my eyes. In reply he nodded his head and rubbed his eyes. I laughed and rejoiced on being assured that my parents would miss me. I never thought then about how I should feel when I missed them.

I took the seat near the window, because with one eye I could see dark shadows moving in the sunlight on the platform before the train started. I felt the air moving around me as people entered and took their seats. Though I knew very well that I was in some way detached, yet I could derive pleasure from the knowledge that many people were riding to the same place to which I was going. I sat up very straight, trying to be a polite, sociable little lady. Father had explained to me that there would be many stops before we reached the Institution, so I was prepared for a long trip. Mother had given us a delicious lunch; I knew what was in each sandwich, because I had stood close by her as she packed it. After the train passed Lancaster I decided it was time to eat. My teacher has told me since that I served her first each time, giving her a chicken sandwich, then one of cheese, and leaving the cake and fruit until last.

After we had finished our sandwiches, I folded my arms, rested them on the window sill, and dropped my head on them. I wore a hat with a large brim and my teacher wanted me to take it off, but I would not, although it was in my way and made me uncomfortable. I was surprised at her. Had she no manners? Did she not know that a lady-girl should not take off her hat in public like a boy? The best I could do then was to point the forefinger of my left hand at her and rub my right forefinger over it in a vigorous manner toward her. Later, when I was able to communicate with her freely, I explained the real reason for my seeming disobedience in the train. How she laughed when I said I thought it disgraceful to ride in the train without a hat, and that she had no right to class me with poor street urchins!

I had my nap, in spite of the big hat. Afterward I was ready to chat in my own way and was pleased to find that my teacher could understand my crude signs. I asked her how much farther we had to go. She held my hands in front of me about one foot apart and then waved one of my hands in the act of saying farewell to the train. Then I asked if we should go directly from the train to the Institution. She shook her head, held up two fingers for me to touch, and then went through Father's signs for going on a train and the action of carrying a bag, placed my hands on her knees and indicated the action of going upstairs, held up one finger again and made the sign of the train. All this told me that we should leave the train in a little while and then take another. I held out my hands far apart to ask if we had to go far in the next train, and was delighted when she held them less than a foot apart.

After arriving at Broad Street Station in Philadelphia, we took a Chestnut Hill train. When only one station from Allen Lane, my teacher held up one finger and then picked up my bag. I knew immediately that the next stop was ours. I put her hands on my knees, moved my knees up and down, and put one foot before the other to ask if we should walk after we got off the train. I placed my hand on her chin and she nodded her head to signify 'Yes,' and showed me by signs that it was only a short distance from the station to the Institution for the Deaf — or 'write-book-house,' as I understood it then in gestures.

IV

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when we arrived at the Institution. The matron received us very kindly, led us to the officers' dining room in the basement of Wissinoming Hall, and gave us a fine supper. There was no one in the dining room except my teacher and myself. I wanted to know why. My teacher led me around the table to let me feel the chairs, at the same time letting me put my hands on the table to feel that there was a napkin in front of each chair, but no plate. I understood that the others had finished their supper. I shall never forget my delight on seeing the electric lights that were up near the ceiling in the dining room. Before I entered the Institution, I could see very light objects on a dark background — the moon outlined against the dark sky, for instance, and the outline of the sun when it was low in the west and the sky around it was rather dark. The lights near the ceiling were so bright that I thought the Institution was already helping my sight.

A short time after supper I was led to the matron's room, where I proceeded to get ready for bed. The matron was surprised to see how I could undress myself and make my toilet for the night. My Argus-eyed teacher stayed with me all the while, taking mental note of everything I did.

In her journal she says: 'Kathryne undressed, hung her clothes on the back of a chair, put on her bedroom slippers, gave her stockings a good shake, and hung them on a lower rung of the chair. When I asked her by actions why she did not put her stockings on top of her clothes, she said in gestures and actions that stockings get dusty when worn; they are near the dusty floor and ground, and she did not want to put them near her other clothes.'

My teacher kept asking me about everything I did. That is her way of developing the power of expression in her pupils and testing their reasoning ability. She always tries to find out whether a child does things from mere imitation and force of habit, or if the child has any idea that there is or should be a reason for everything he or she does.

That first night at the Institution I slept in the matron's bed, because she wanted to see what manner of child I was and how much care I should need before she selected a supervisor who would take charge of me when my teacher was not with me. The bed was large and I thought that the matron would occupy it too, so I tried to find the centre of it before I got in. My teacher and the matron were greatly amused to see me trying to find a seam in the middle of the sheet, for there was none. Then it occurred to me to move a rocker that was near the foot of the bed and to walk the width of the bed. In this way I got a fairly good idea of its size.

Next I took off my hair ribbons, folded them carefully, put them on the bureau beside my comb and brush, tied my hair with my night ribbons, washed my face and hands, kissed everyone in the room good-night, dropped on my knees by the side of the bed for a minute, and then hopped into bed. I moved as near the wall as possible in order to give the matron plenty of room. I was tired, but contented, and was soon asleep. I was surprised on awakening the next morning to find that no one had slept in the bed with me.

I am writing all this to show that, although I had lost my sight and hearing and the power to talk, I could still think and reason. Many persons have

said that there is no thought without language. I was over nine years of age and without language, but I could think and reason about matters involving no verbal memories probably as well as the average educated child. My parents never for a moment doubted my ability to reason, and my teacher knew from experience that spoken or written language is not necessary for clear thinking and mental development, although a great aid in abstract thought.

My teacher did not make any fuss when I made signs and gestured to her, although her teacher friends kept warning her against the danger of this. All my signs, actions, and gestures showed her the mental state of my mind, and opened the quickest way to introduce me to written and manually spelled words.

The next morning I washed and dressed myself. Someone braided my hair, tied on my hair ribbons, and buttoned my dress and apron. I refused to put on the dress I had worn from home, showing the matron that I had in my bag a morning dress.

This incident must have been communicated to my teacher, because her notes say: 'Kathryne showed by preparation for bed and by the method followed in the making of her morning toilet that she has received careful home training, also that she is affectionate and unselfish, a rare trait in a small, deaf child.'

My breakfast was served in the matron's sitting room, and I was told to stay there until my teacher should arrive at 7.45. Everyone was busy and I waited alone. It was then that a great rush of homesickness came over me and I wept a bit.

As soon as my teacher arrived she took me around, allowing me to touch and examine everything within reach. For a few days I had no schoolroom and she stayed with me until five o'clock, showing me how to observe by touching everything, while she kept near, noting all I attempted to say and do.

The grass in front of Wissinoming Hall was high, and there were daisies and clover blossoms there. My teacher let me walk about and pick the flowers. I discovered that there were no stones or fences over which I might fall, and therefore decided it would be safe for me to run around alone. I loved to run, and did not like to be led. So I tried to get away from my teacher, but she was careful not to let me go far from her.

Then I made a plan to fool my teacher. I pointed away off and pushed her a little, which told her that there were flowers over there that I wanted; then I patted the ground on which I stood to tell her I would stay where I was while she picked the flowers for me. I thought she would see that it would be better for one of us to go for the flowers instead of both, since less of the grass would be trampled down. One of my uncles was a farmer; I used to visit his place and had learned there that tall grass should not be trampled down, because it was wanted for hay. I tried to be very polite about it, because even at that early age I knew that nice manners are a power and can be used to deceive.

I could tell by the flash of sunlight reflected from the white dress which my teacher was wearing that she had fallen into my trap and had moved away to get the flowers, and when I could no longer see the flash of light I felt sure she was at a distance. I knew that she was a good-sized woman, and, since she wore a pointed belt like my grandma's, I took it for granted that she was not young or overactive. My mother was slender and often ran

after me when I slipped out of the back gate and ran away, but here, in front of this big, big house where many gentlemen and ladies were, I thought that my teacher would not dare to run like a boy. So I darted away in the opposite direction.

I had not gone far before I felt her grasp my apron and try to hold me. Since the day was hot, I thought I could outrun her, so I jerked away and ran faster. Oh, what a good time I had! I thought I should find her puffing, with perspiration rolling down her face, and felt it would serve her right because she would not let me run around alone. (I did not know then that she taught physical culture in the evenings and that she enjoyed running almost as much as I did.) It was not long before she caught me and held me fast. She put my hand on her chin and shook her head vigorously, to tell me in a most emphatic way that I must not run away. I knew that already, but I tried to look as if I had not done anything wrong.

Then my teacher led me to the pond that is at the foot of the hill in front of Wissinoming Hall. She dipped my hand into the water and gave me a stick to hold in the water while I walked around the pond, to give me an idea of its size. Then by gestures she showed me how I should have fallen into the pond and how the water would have covered my head had I run much farther.

I took warning then and there, and never again attempted to run away from her when we were anywhere near the pond.

That afternoon I refused to leave the daisies and clover blooms, and when five o'clock came and my teacher wanted to go home I cried and screamed and she had to half-drag me up the hill to the main entrance to Wissinoming Hall.

V

The next few days passed pretty much as the first, except that on the second day Miss Weston, a reporter, came to see me while I was in my first fit of real anger after arriving at the Institution.

Uncle Charlie had given me a box of candy, and I had left it in the matron's room the day before, since my mother would not allow me to eat candy in the morning. As we did not go to the matron's room again until bedtime, I was without candy all day. On the morning of the second day I wanted to take the box of candy with me, but the matron, evidently fearing that I should eat too much, allowed me to take only a few pieces, which I carried in my hand. After we reached the girls' sitting room, my teacher gave me an envelope in which to put my candy. She wanted me to put the envelope on the window sill by my chair, but I would not, because there were many girls in the room, and I had had experience with my little cousins.

After a while the girls went to school and my teacher took me around to show me that there was no one in the room except ourselves. Then I was willing to put the candy on the window sill. My teacher had a box with one-inch cubes and large wooden beads in it, all mixed up. She had another box which was empty, and she showed me how to put the cubes in an even row in the empty box. The wooden beads were in my way, so she gave me a shoe string to string them on, but I had a sore finger and could not hold the string very well. My teacher took me upstairs and down, from one room to another, until she found someone who gave her a long bodkin, or tape needle. Then we did some more hustling around until she obtained a long piece of string.

When we returned to the sitting room, I found that my candy was still safe. Therefore I turned my whole attention to helping my teacher straighten out that mix-up in the box. I was greatly pleased with the task, for I thought I was making myself useful; I had no idea that I was doing school work. I thought she was some sort of 'fussy mixy-up' person not at all like my mother. She did not know where the needles or strings were kept, and she was a borrower, too. I tried to tell her in signs that my mother always knew where to find things, which was my way of saying, 'One should have a place for everything and keep everything in its place.' She seemed to understand me and was not offended, but on the contrary seemed much amused. She did not seem to care whether I thought my mother superior to her or not. I wished she were more like my mother, who had a wonderful appreciation of time value, because even then I saw no use in wasting time looking for things. I wanted to do everything in the shortest possible time, and I hoped that my teacher would learn something from me. I did not know until long afterward that by taking me all over the house, and having me run my fingers over everything we passed, she was training my memory of place and form in order that later I might find it easier to remember how words should be formed and where a word should be placed in a sentence.

However, the doings of this teacher were certainly strange to me at that time, especially the way she kept wiggling her fingers in the palm of my hand. The only thing that kept me from biting her hand was curiosity as to what she would do next, or the hope that the wiggling would lead to something interesting. She kept it up, repeating the performance every time we touched a new object. I was making up my mind to tell my parents, Uncle Charlie, and Grandma Frick all about the queer meaningless way she insisted upon wiggling her fingers. I knew they would talk to her, and I should be glad to feel them shake their heads at her. My love for my people made them, to me, very superior to others, and a frown from any of them I thought a sufficient punishment for any foolishness whatsoever.

In spite of all my misgivings about my teacher, however, I liked to be near her, as she could make me understand and talk to me as no one else could. Then, too, she understood me. What it is to be able to understand and to be understood only the deaf can truly know.

While thoughts like these kept flitting through my poor little undeveloped mind, my teacher threaded the bodkin with the string she had procured, and I proceeded to string the beads and put the cubes in order in the box. While I was thus occupied, a boy of about my own age came into the room and stood looking at me. I did not know he was there until he touched me. Then I felt for my candy and drew it near me. After a while I put my hand out and found that he was not around. Then I put my mind on my work and thought no more of the candy until I felt what I thought were steps in the room. Then I reached for my candy, but to my horror it was gone. I felt around over the window sill and on the floor near the window, but there was no trace of it. Since the boy apparently had gone, I felt that no one except my teacher could have taken the candy. This was to me the greatest of offenses. So, without ceremony, I seized her hand and bit it to the bone, kicking her at the same time on the shins. She pushed my head away from her hand, took both my hands in

hers, placed one on each of her cheeks and shook her head vigorously, while she stamped her foot repeatedly on the floor to show me that I must not bite or kick.

I accused her of having eaten my candy. This she denied by repeating the above performances slowly and solemnly. This impressed me greatly; still, I screamed at the top of my voice and showed her by holding my hands out and waving them around that there was no one to take the candy except her. I did not know that the guilty boy was standing away off near the back door of the girls' sitting room, peeping in at us. She called to him to come to me, to show that he was still in the room, for she did not want me to think that she was capable of such an offense. Instead, he ran downstairs and out into the yard. Fearing to leave me alone, my teacher did not follow him.

While I was still screaming and she was tying her handkerchief around her wounded hand, the superintendent entered the room with a camera man and Miss Weston, a reporter. I knew by the way my teacher stood up that she was going to greet visitors. Then, in a flash, some inborn pride or vanity came to my rescue, urging me to dry my eyes and put on company manners. When I discovered that it was the superintendent, I certainly tried to look innocent of any wrongdoing, for I knew perfectly well that, though my teacher might have eaten my candy, I was not justified in biting her hand. I had met the superintendent the day before and imagined that he was the father of the big house, and the matron the mother. I had no idea how a school was managed, especially such a large one. I knew that everybody should obey the father and mother of the house in which he lives. I knew also that when children went to school there was a mother (teacher) whom parents insisted that their children should obey.

A few minutes elapsed while the superintendent and my teacher explained to the reporter something of the problem that confronted them in starting me on the road to learning. To me those minutes were hours, for I feared my teacher would show her injured hand. When we went into the yard I insisted upon walking with the reporter, to show my teacher that I wanted to shun her for taking my candy.

I recall distinctly my impressions at the time. I had in some way learned at home that it was wrong to take without permission what did not belong to one, and I imagined that, although a child might commit such an offense and be pardoned, a grown-up person never could.

On our way to the yard a cat rubbed against me. I grabbed it and held it in my arms while my picture was being taken. In my joy at having the cat and being near a newspaper person, I forgot about my candy for the time being. I just idolized anyone who had anything to do with a newspaper, because my father was connected in some way with one in Harrisburg, and I knew that he got money from the newspaper office and that the money he got bought us food and many other nice things.

I knew Miss Weston was a reporter because Miss Foley took my hand and had me touch Miss Weston, then touch a newspaper. Next she went through the action of writing, and touched the newspaper again. I was already familiar with the sign 'write men' (reporters), as they had flocked to my home as soon as it was given out that the state had passed a bill to provide for my education and that Governor Stuart had signed the bill. I thought

that anyone connected with a newspaper was surely my father's friend. I did not know that there were many different newspapers, or that the world was such a large place. Harrisburg was my world and Philadelphia another world, though I firmly believed that the latter was not half so important as Harrisburg; but of course it could be endured if one wanted to go to school like other children, as I did.

When we returned to the sitting room after my picture had been taken, I began to worry again about my candy. Then my teacher showed me how the boy had hidden behind my chair and had taken my candy and run away with it.

(To be continued)

CENSORING THE CONDUCT OF COLLEGE WOMEN

BY MABEL BARBEE LEE

I

THE novelty of educating women has not yet worn off in spite of the fact that many of our mothers and some of our grandmothers have received college degrees. The question of their mental capacity is no longer one of debate, for they have settled that by their high scholastic records; but their ability to take social initiative for themselves is still one of the burning topics of the day.

Twenty-five years ago the problems of social conduct in women's colleges and in coeducational institutions were comparatively simple. The authority of the church and home was accepted without dispute by the majority of students; and the campus was a continuation of the family environment. Deans and deans of women were regarded, for better or for worse, as parental substitutes. Their judgment as to what nice young women did and did not do was final; and their power to discipline the transgressors of tradition and good taste was supreme. Those were the days when too few petticoats and too many false hair puffs became momentous issues, and the girl who lifted her skirts above her shoe tops and flashed a cerise dust ruffle became the object of grave academic concern. No lady would have smoked a cigarette in public, or thought of going to a party where there was drinking. The chaperon was accepted as a part of the divine order of things, and one seldom forgot to greet her at the beginning or to bid her good-night at the end of a dance. Not even in the privacy of her bedroom were a girl's thoughts allowed to stray, for the walls were hung with 'creeds' and 'symphonies' and mottoes reminding her to be noble, loyal, and true. It was the age of stereotyped goodness.

Sometime in the nineties the idea of student government began to take root in the larger colleges where women were being educated. Whether it originated as a result of student agitation or of faculty prescience one can-

not say. There is evidence for both sides.

A paragraph from a report read at the summer convention, in 1905, of the National Education Association says: 'There is in the minds of the children and youth of to-day a tendency toward a disregard for constituted authority; a lack of respect for age and superior wisdom; a weak appreciation of the demands of duty; a disposition to follow pleasure and interest rather than obligation and order. This condition demands the earnest thought and action of our leaders of opinion, and places important obligations upon our school authorities.' What a familiar ring! It could easily be one of the many generalities which are written about the boys and girls of to-day; but instead, it was said about the youthful ebullitions of you and me.

On the other hand, President Eliot, one of the greatest educational leaders of his time, had said that the 'real object in education, in so far as the development of character is concerned, is to cultivate in the child a capacity for self-government, not a habit of submission to an overwhelming, arbitrary, external power; but the habit of obeying the dictates of honor and duty as enforced by action and will-power.' Such an ideal must have been in part the inspiration for the first adventures in promoting self-governing associations in the colleges. And if the original purpose has become somewhat obscured, it is, perhaps, because ideals have a way of eluding the efforts of men to capture and shape them into concrete forms.

II

During recent years the interests of the student government organization have widened to include certain undergraduate activities, but its chief function has always been and still is the regulation of the conduct of students living in the college residences.

For more than a decade the infant association clung to the skirts of the dean, with only feeble attempts now and then to stand on its own feet. She was the source of all its misery as well as the only hope of its salvation. She had started it off with a set of rules to which she added from time to time as the occasion seemed to demand. She often dictated punishments, and in emergencies she was apt to forget the rights and privileges of self-government and administer discipline as she saw fit. She was criticized, and usually thoroughly disliked, but she was not altogether blameworthy.

Even so recently as twenty years ago it was not fashionable for young women to be self-reliant. They usually entered college from homes where they had been shielded from the necessity of making decisions. It was natural that they should have been baffled by the strange responsibilities which self-government on the campus imposed. And the dean was constantly torn between the desirability of slowly developing their power of self-direction and the urgency of meeting immediate problems with her more seasoned background. In recent years the organization has endeavored to assert its independence, and in some colleges the success of a student administration is measured by the number of concessions it has been able to wrest from the faculty, but to a large extent it is still suffering from a kind of dean-fixation.

In the eyes of the students the form of the association has become far more important than its mission. The office of president is one of the most coveted in college, and the senior elected to it enjoys privileges which fill the younger

girls with a sort of awe. She has first choice of rooms; she presides over the head dining table in the absence of the director of residence or dean; she holds important conferences with the president of the institution. On certain academic occasions she marches with the faculty in parades; and now and then she stands on the platform in assembly and addresses the student body.

Such prestige is likely to compensate for the disagreeable duty of inflicting punishment on one's classmates. It also obscures the real intent that should underlie self-government: namely, the gradual freeing of the individual through the development of her own power of self-restraint. So far as I know, student government boards have never taken any active interest in studying the essential nature of freedom, with the idea of evolving higher standards of conduct for their own members. And deans and faculties have failed to awaken undergraduate leaders to the vast possibilities for mental and spiritual growth that lie in such a study. They are content to let the boards function merely as disciplinary bodies, restricting by 'arbitrary external force' rather than by working out codes that are based on self-respect and a sense of group pride.

In the face of such a situation it is not surprising to find on many campuses to-day a wide gulf between the students and the administrative officers where the question of social conduct is concerned. Perhaps it is simply the continuation of the perennial struggle between youth and age, with the young forcing every advantage and the old defending vainly the embattled forts of custom and tradition. But social paternalism on the part of the college teachers and administrators is not consistent with their willingness to revise curricula in order to promote in the students a higher degree of intellectual initiative and discrimination. In recent years methods of teaching and study have been regenerated, in some cases revolutionized. The great objective in education has become clarified into training the young to think independently and creatively; and a new interest has been awakened in the undergraduate as she realizes more and more that she is 'the architect of her own education.'

III

But what is true in the field of the intellect does not hold true in the field of conduct, where the young experimenter is regarded as a curse to academic peace and harmony. Even with the advent of mental hygiene to collegiate circles, student government boards have been left in ignorance as to its most elementary principles. They are permitted to act as judges of social behavior with practically no background of psychology. Faculties are content to let them busy themselves trying to enforce petty regulations, and disciplining their members for various minor transgressions. Of course something ought to be done about it, they say; but it is easier to mill around year after year in the same vicious circle.

It will be interesting to pause for a moment and glance at some of the rules under which the women students live. They differ in different localities, but the spirit behind them and the attitude toward them are essentially the same everywhere. There are, for instance, requirements for signing out, and various hours for signing in — eight-thirty in the evening for the library, nine o'clock for driving, eleven o'clock for the movies, and so on. Smoking is permitted only in certain places — down by the pond, the lake, the middle road; in the basement, the

alcove, the student building. One must dine here and not there; dance in this hotel and not the other; secure a chaperon now and not then. Student government books containing masses of scribbled and sketchy information concerning the uncertain whereabouts of college girls might, if some painstaking investigator placed them end to end, reach from the universities of California to the colleges of New England!

But what does it all mean, really? As a matter of fact nothing at all, except to prove further that where an individual's private judgment disapproves of a rule the rule is apt to go unheeded. One can be sure that the majority of students who are so inclined can find easy ways of doing what they wish and going where they please. I had an interesting experience in this connection once when I was looking over a quantity of sign-out slips. I noticed that a large number of students had signed 'show' and nothing else. I had happened to see some of them at the corner drug store that evening, and so I knew that they had not gone to the theatre. The next day I asked the student government president what it meant. 'Oh,' she said smilingly, 'that is the word that the girls use regularly when they mean simply that they have gone out.' Unless someone is employed to follow students to all of their evening engagements, 'calling' or 'movie' may signify anything from driving to the next village to dancing at Tony's Barbecue.

False registration is a black sin if the girl gets caught; otherwise it is apt to be merely an expediency. It requires imagination on the part of adults to appreciate the dilemma which a student often faces. She may not know definitely, until she is on her way, what sort of evening her friend or friends have planned. Usually the amusements must be inexpensive and informal. The public reception room of the dormitory does not appeal to young people as a pleasant place of entertainment, especially if it is already occupied by two or three couples. It would be well if those who build college residences in the future would keep in mind this need of young men and women to have a degree of privacy in their social relationships within the dormitory. But in the meantime the student must meet the emergency in the only way that seems feasible to her. She goes walking or driving or dancing or to the movies; and she is likely to sign out for the place that will give her the greatest leeway as to time of return.

This practice has become usual to such an extent, according to the statements of many undergraduates, that the question of honesty or dishonesty rarely enters their minds. In other words, the list of rules is frequently a code which means one thing to parents and college administrative officers and quite another thing to innumerable women students, who consider it as only a gesture in compliance with the requirements of the time and the occasion. Why should it be right, they ask, and not without reason, to go walking until 8.30 but not until 8.45, to drive until 9.00 but not until 9.20? Why have a chaperon after midnight and not at 11.50? Imagine the hours of valuable time spent in working out these hair-splitting distinctions! In the final analysis does it matter whether a student has gone driving, skating, dancing, or to the theatre, so long as she returns at a reasonable hour? There is food for meditation in the remark of a senior who said: 'I shudder at the kind of thinking that must lie behind some of the rules that our elders have made for our moral welfare!'

In the matter of discipline one finds the same lack of intelligent and consistent procedure. A girl is a half hour late and has to pay a fine of fifty cents — a penalty often for her honesty. Another has been caught motoring down by the lake in the moonlight, and she is placed on probation for two weeks. Still another has climbed into the hall by way of the fire escape, and she is campused for a month, which means that she cannot venture beyond the library coping. Others receive various reprimands for dining at unapproved places, going to picture shows on Sunday, or appearing stockingless on Main Street. In this infantile manner countless misdemeanors are tried and sentence is passed by hundreds of student councils in the colleges and universities of the land; and still other countless transgressions do not come to light until eminent alumnæ return for their class reunions and relate tales about the surreptitious adventures of their undergraduate days which, if luck had not been on their side, might have deprived them of a degree.

IV

There is another angle of the question which might well arrest the attention of educators, and that is the inadequacy of rules as substitutes for the educational process; for if they are not to appear ridiculous they must be obeyed, and apparently no institution has ever been able to work out sound methods of enforcing the regulations. Scarcely any two colleges have the same arrangements for letting the students into the halls after they have been closed for the night. At best it is a hit-and-miss system, and administrators and student government officers are forced to rely on appeals to honor in securing obedience to the rules. But is there not danger of dissipating rather than strengthening the willpower of the individual in making trivial appeals to honor? Meticulous regulations, by their open invitation to deceive, may defeat the very purpose for which they were conceived, and develop, instead of honorable and responsible citizens, students who, if not guilty personally, will condone sneaking, lying, and hypocrisy. And by lending support to such systems deans blight that finer relationship which might grow freely in an atmosphere of mutual confidence, where all are intent on 'acquiring a different sense of life, a different kind of intuition about the nature of things.'

The situation is serious enough, it seems to me, to warrant earnest consideration. It should be possible to face the problem without traditional bias in regard to the social status of women, and to discard every point that has not a direct bearing on educating them as people. *Why* the rules and regulations? To calm the anxiety of parents, to give the college an alibi, or to cultivate in the younger person the power of self-direction? The most persistent force supporting them, perhaps, is the desire of many parents to prolong the dependency of their daughters. It is not a matter of being convinced that the environment of the college is wholesome; they want to feel that each girl nightly passes through the equivalent of being tucked into bed, and they find in the printed regulations a blessed assurance that the institution is making an effort to do this very thing.

College administrators have recognized their responsibilities in regard to inexperienced and immature freshmen, and comprehensive advisory systems have been organized in order to facilitate the transition from the home to the campus. Every freshman has what is sometimes called a 'big sister,'

or a sponsor, among the undergraduates, as well as an adviser on the faculty. She is checked regularly as to health and scholarship. Her folder in the dean's filing case contains many notes, observations, and suggestions which have been sent in by such associates as her teacher of English, the college physician, the nurse, the hall mistress, and others. A large part of the dean's time is spent in getting acquainted with individual girls and planning ways in which to enrich and round out their group life.

On the other hand it is not possible to follow five hundred or a thousand young women around the clock every day; and if it were possible it would not be desirable. They should be granted browsing privileges in the field of experience. If their taste has been wisely developed during childhood and early adolescence, which is the obligation of the parents, a bit of nibbling at the weeds when they are older will not give them serious indigestion. One mistake may have more educational value than any number of lectures; but adults seem to want to monopolize this very effective method of learning. Too much of their thinking about the young is based on weak sentimentality rather than on a sound appreciation of human values.

Sometimes the educational institution is also afflicted with a kind of parental hysteria. As the family is filled with panic at the thought of misconduct on the part of any of its members, so the college is seized with fear at the possibility of unfavorable publicity; and it becomes the unwitting victim of a kind of crowd-psychology. Possibly it is because a woman's institution is to a certain degree an extension of a woman's personality. A man may regard with calm indifference, and even amusement, any number of sharp criticisms about himself; but a woman is apt to be hypersensitive to the slightest disparaging remark. She is not yet sure of her place in society when she gets away from home; and to complicate matters she seldom has money with which to fortify her position. Viewing her so, wrapped in insecurity, a sadistic public is quick to throw missiles in order to see her on the defensive.

Every time there is a mysterious disappearance, or a case of sex irregularity, the college is not only sensitive to the tragedy of the affair, but it is apt to feel that its intellectual and moral integrity is at stake. Hundreds of letters may pour into the office of the president protesting against everything from the quality of the curriculum to the idiosyncrasies of the teachers; registration of students may drop off, and pledges to the endowment fund may be canceled. One would think that such things never happened in the communities away from the campus, and that the college had been, in some strange manner, criminally negligent.

It requires high courage to ignore such attacks, no matter how unjustified they may be. To react to them, however, by seeking refuge in numerous stringent rules is an obvious admission of weakness.

It is difficult in this maze of confused motives to recapture the real purpose of self-government in the college, and to give it adequate expression. Possibly the time has come when student government organizations should give up their disciplinary functions and concentrate instead on promoting, through their various cultural interests and activities, ideals of conduct that are based, not on arbitrary prohibitions or on concessions forced from reluctant deans, but rather on the individual girl's sense of dignity and self-esteem. Colleges, for their part, might meet the

issue by appointing a commission made up of qualified undergraduates, faculty members, and specialists in mental hygiene to study the whole subject of regulating the social behavior of the students. It is quite possible that some connection may be found between petty restrictions and scandal-mongering, sex abnormalities, and stealing. It is essential to know what kinds of rules are advisable or necessary to a well-managed household and a mature and happy group life.

A college dormitory, under proper conditions, may have great value as a cultural experience for the people who reside in it. Educators are awakened to this possibility, as may be seen by the various plans in housing for both men and women which are being developed at Harvard University, at Scripps College in California, and at the proposed new Bennington College in Vermont. A student residence can be a place where life is loose, detached, and indifferent; or it may be a place where stimulating friendships are made — where faculty members, with that rare gift of youthful imagination, live under the same roof with the undergraduates and share their meals and their discussions, enjoy their frivolities, and understand their discouragements and aspirations. In such an environment, attitudes toward conduct may be fostered in both old and young by that powerful, indirect method which would make a list of printed, superimposed regulations seem absurd and irrelevant. This ideal in dormitory life is not likely to be approached, however, until the rules are reduced to a fundamental minimum and the last trace of paternalism has vanished.

There is a parable in *Creative Experience*, by M. P. Follett, which illustrates beautifully the way in which the young may be set free and helped to grow in moral stature. 'Last summer,' it reads, 'I noticed a strange plant in our pasture. I did not know what it was. I had no picture in my mind of what flower or fruit it would bear, but I freed it. That is, I dug around it and opened the soil that the rain might fall on its roots. I cleared out the thistles with which it was entangled so that it might have room to spread; I cut down the undergrowth of small maples near so that it could get the sun. In other words, I freed it.'

The colleges educating women, in their turn, should be free, financially and morally, to develop their cultural objectives without being distracted by extraneous issues, such as the bobbing of hair a few years ago, and, more recently, the smoking of cigarettes. There will always be hypercritical parents and alumnæ; the general public will continue, doubtless, to contribute to the cause its sheaf of uninformed opinions. But these things need not disturb institutions that are firmly established. It is their high duty to become leaders in promoting more mature social attitudes toward women, not only as students, but as citizens in the community at large where they must work and make their homes.

HORSES AND BUSINESS

BY FRANS AUGUST LARSON

I

THERE are no banks in Mongolia; horses are the currency of the country. For instance, if I ask a man what an article is worth, — a handsome snuff bottle, a jeweled headdress, an amber-stemmed pipe, or a coral-studded flint case, — he answers 'one horse' or 'five horses' or 'five hundred horses,' according to the preciousness of the thing. When a Mongol, as sometimes happens in trade with Russians or Chinese or other foreigners, does receive money he immediately invests it in his horse herd by purchasing as many animals as it will buy.

Under the surface of Mongolia lie rich deposits of gold and silver. For centuries the Mongols have known that the metal is there; it is pretty, and they have always taken what they desired for personal adornment or the adornment of their bridles and saddles. But they value it so lightly that it has never occurred to them to use it as currency. The horse has remained from the earliest recorded time the measure of wealth, and is placed first in their scale of material and æsthetic importance.

The horse is for both utility and pleasure. Horse races are the most important feature of every gathering. Constant association with horses has not dulled the Mongols' pleasure in the beauty of a galloping herd racing across the green plain with floating manes and tails. Men, women, and children draw rein to watch colts frolic. A splendidly built horse is a poem to a Mongol.

Old folk tell with bright eyes tales of the strength, speed, endurance, and intelligence of horses they have known. From generation to generation the stories of famous horses are passed down; they are the folklore of a people who have no literature. Every Mongol child is lulled to sleep with the legend of Bosafabo, a red chestnut stallion with a white star on his face who lived in Donran cave in ancient times. Commoners, nobles, and even the Great Khan brought mares to him in the hope that he would sire their foals.

Bosafabo was intelligent, whimsical, fleet, and all-powerful. He was too wise to be controlled or bribed by men. Sometimes he drove the mare of a prince away and looked with favor on the mare of a commoner. He fathered a famous line of progenitors — horses brave and clever. Any wonderful horse to-day is spoken of as descended from Bosafabo.

The Mongols hold the horse in too high regard to use him lightly. They do not eat horseflesh; nor do they put heavy burdens on a horse, although the camel, the ox, and even the milch cow in necessity, draw their heavy carts and carry their packs. The horse is not tied up in a stall or confined in any way when not in use for riding; he roams free over the rolling prairie.

The Mongols are kind and loving to their animals — especially to their horses, who consequently have no fear

of human beings. It was the horse that made it possible for the Mongols, in the time of Genghis Khan, to conquer half the known world. Until the age of mechanical vehicles the Mongol, who is from babyhood at home in the saddle, possessed the power to move most easily and quickly over the surface of the earth.

Mongolia is a rolling, undulating land, unbroken by the plough, uncut by fences or roads or railways, without towns or villages. It is an ideal country for motoring, and a land where there is no need to build roads — a motor car can be run in any direction over the turf. But, while the Mongol is charmed by the aeroplane flying across the sky like a bird, he who has cherished the horse for centuries does not favor the motor car.

I usually travel through Mongolia in the saddle. But last summer I had occasion to go to an eastern state quickly, so I went out from my Kalgan home in my seven-passenger car. I soon came into territory where the people had never seen an automobile; but they were not impressed by my horseless carriage. When I stopped at an encampment to ask the way, the family who directed me told me that my long shining car was an ugly thing compared with the natural grace of a horse. They said it smelled bad, and warned me against using it lest I should get nose trouble from breathing air polluted by it. They wondered at my possessing it, as it was neither beautiful nor sensible, but supposed that Chinese bandits had stolen all my horses, so that I had none to ride when I left Kalgan.

One woman told me that if I rode around on a soft-cushioned seat I should get fat and unhealthy; when the winter came I should be in poor shape, and might die. She advised me to abandon the car and borrow a good horse, and even offered to lend me one, but stipulated that I must not leave the foul-smelling car near her tent.

Through the centuries stallions and mares have come into Mongolia from the far corners of the earth. Early records tell of a vast camel-caravan trade with the Middle East which tapped the horse-breeding areas of Turkestan. Chinese historians comment on a system of barter with the peoples of Persia and Arabia by which they received horses that were in turn bartered with the Mongols of the plateau, 'who value the horse first among all things,' for furs, wool, cattle, and sheep.

The armies of Genghis Khan scoured the country from the Yellow Sea to the Levant, penetrating even to Moscow, selecting the best horses for military purposes from the country they passed through. They chose horses with the idea of increasing the speed, the weight-carrying ability, and the power of endurance upon meagre sustenance, of their own breed.

II

I have felt that I could improve upon the Mongol's method by selective breeding, and since 1904 have brought into my herds various foreign stallions. My experience is that the first colts from the English and Australian stallions are leggy and lacking in hardiness. The Arabs are a trifle more successful. Most of the colts sired by these foreign stallions do not survive the first winter. The third generation are short, stocky, and sturdy — not radically different from the other colts of my herds.

Climatic conditions tend to thin out the herd on the Mongolian plain and leave only the horse possessed of unusual endurance. The strong characteristics of the imported strain persist; all characteristics that tend to weaken

the physical strength of a horse are washed out by the fourth generation. The horse on the Mongolian plain lives by his wits; horses who have depended through generations on the intelligence of man are unable to cope adequately with wolves, blizzards, and the situation in which a horse must seek his own food. Stable feeding and watering of a breed weaken individual initiative in its descendants.

I think that the Arab is the most successful in combination with the Mongol horse, but a pure Arab — the offspring of an Arab mare and an Arab stallion — is not a success in Mongolia. Imported horses do not survive many seasons in Mongolia — excepting the Siberian horse, which comes from an even rougher climate.

If one examines any Mongol horse closely it is possible to find in it marks of the many different strains that have gone to make up its character. In particular, the muzzle is indicative of the Persian, and the hoof of the Turkestan. The Persian strain persists, I think, because the Persian is bred where he too has often to go for a long time without food. The English thoroughbred does not perpetuate his quality on the Mongolian plain because the kind of life the European horse has lived for generations does not prepare his offspring for the hardships of the plateau.

The middle of Mongolia, comprising that stretch which is known as the Gobi Desert, has for the greater part of the year such a scarcity of food that only those animals that are very hardy survive. The horses in this part of the country attain their full growth very slowly. They usually measure under thirteen hands, but I have taken out of this district horses of six or seven years and fed them well and found that in a year or two they grew a couple of inches in height.

The sand in the grass which these animals have to eat wears down their teeth, so that a foreigner looking into the mouth of one of them to discover the age is certain to put it two or three years in advance of what it really is. I have found that their teeth also grow better if the animals are taken out of this district and put into a good place, even after they have reached an age when an ordinary horse would have done with tooth growth.

When I look at the barrenness of this area I sometimes marvel that any animal can possibly manage to live here. The cold is not so severe as farther north, and there is seldom much snow to cover up what grass grows, but the rainfall is light and the soil looks like a sandy beach in many places. When rain does fall the desert grows green while one watches it.

The horses from this district are extremely game little animals and make excellent mounts if one has to go on a long, hard trip. Their weight-carrying ability, speed, and endurance are astonishing in comparison with their size. This area has given the China race courses more than one surprise in past years, and horses drawn from here were very useful to the Mongols in their last war with China, when by swift riding they trapped their invading foes.

Eastern Mongolia — that is, the part of Mongolia east of the Gobi — is famous as the breeding place for pacing horses. The Mongols like fancy pacing animals to ride, and they are much sought after by women, lamas, and folk who want to make a good appearance, at festivals, weddings, and similar gatherings. Wealthy Mongols pay enormous prices for pacers.

Part of this territory is covered by deep sand, through which only sparse, coarse grass can grow, but other parts have rich velvet green turf and are well

supplied with water. The district is noted for the speed of the horses bred there, and, although a small state, has an excellent record as a place from which good race horses come. Its prince, and all his commoners as well, are very keen on producing the best possible animals, and are proud of every success won in competition against horses from other states.

The Mongol's idea in a race is to test speed and endurance over a longer course than the Westerners ride. The shortest Mongolian race I ever saw was three English miles; the usual races are from ten to fifteen miles. The Mongol does not believe in a prepared race course, and races are run across country, under conditions identical with those which the horse will encounter if it is necessary for him to travel such a distance in an emergency.

In long races like these it is not always the horse of largest build that wins; in fact, more often than not it is the small, sturdy animal that comes galloping in first. News travels fast in Mongolia, and any horse that makes a record in a race is immediately sought after by many Mongols from different parts of the country. The owner and breeder of a winning animal is looked upon with admiration.

All over Mongolia horses are treated in the same manner. They are run always in herds numbering from two to five hundred — of sufficient size to fight off the wolves that are an ever-present menace. No grain is raised in Mongolia and horses are never grain-fed; they subsist on grass entirely, foraging for their own food. When one rides a Mongol horse it must be turned out to graze at night to keep it fit. In winter the horses will dig down under the snow for their food. If the winter is long and hard, all the weak members of a herd die before the spring. Under these conditions the Mongol horse is bred for endurance and can go for a long period of time without food; on the other hand, his stomach is not upset by heavy feeding in those times when there is an abundance to eat.

III

The Mongols do not believe in forced mating for their horses. They consider it an outrage against nature for a herd owner to select animals and breed them together. The young stallion begins to collect his mares at the age of five years, and as only a few mares mate before that age his family is made up of wives of nearly the same age as himself. He makes his selection from the colts in the herds, generally to the number of fifteen or twenty. These he will keep together as his own band regardless of the size of the actual herd; so that a horse herd is made up of a large number of smaller herds. These bands scatter for grazing, but come together immediately on the approach of danger, when they are commanded and regulated by the old stallions. There is usually one sagacious old fellow who takes charge in time of trouble. In country where there is no open water they all bunch together twice daily to go down to the well where they are watered by the herdsmen.

Even in a stampede a stallion does not forget his family; if any of his mares or foals fall behind in the mad rush, the stallion circles around behind and shepherds them into the herd. Or he will trot at the rear to guard against wolves.

A Mongol stallion's solicitude for one of his mares at foaling time is great. He clears a circle round her and walks about keeping any of the other horses from coming near. When the colt is born he fondles it affectionately, seems to have intense pride in its attempts to stand on its wobbly legs, and will de-

fend it with his life an instant after birth.

During the season when the young stallions are collecting their mares there are continual fights between these youngsters. Sometimes a quarrel over a particular young mare colt will last for days, during which the herd is kept in a turmoil by snapping, kicking young animals. A young stallion seldom attempts to steal a mare from the family of an older one; but in case he does, the older horse, clever in the ways of waging war, soon sends him about his business.

Some mares seem to be born coquettes and make constant trouble in their herds. They appear to cajole stallions into stealing them, and then, when the fight is on, run back to their own group.

Mares in Mongolia are milked, since mare's milk is one of the principal foods. All young colts are broken to the halter during the milking season. Thus they are early used to man, and are generally easy to break to the saddle when the time comes. All colts are saddled in their second year, but are not ridden hard. It is the habit of the Mongol herdsmen to cut the tails of colts that have been broken, leaving one long strand that marks them as two-year-olds.

There are always more male colts born than it would be wise to keep for breeding, as they would kill each other in fights over the growing mares. The male colt that is not to be kept for breeding is castrated in his third year. The geldings in a herd usually stick together in bands of fifteen or twenty, but some geldings attach themselves to a stallion and his family.

The manes and tails of horses on the plateau grow very luxuriantly. Those of mares and geldings are sheared, and the coarse hair is used for making rope. The Mongols believe that it hurts the pride of a stallion to cut his tail or mane, so they allow them to grow naturally; often the tail drags on the ground, while the mane hangs to the front knees and bright eyes peer out through a thick, shaggy forelock.

The Mongol horse seldom lies down to sleep at night. He is on guard against wolves until daylight, when he takes what sleep he needs. Young colts often lie down to rest among the herd, but they are never stepped on, even in the rush to the watering trough. Very young foals scamper back and forth between the legs of the grown horses, romping like kittens as they try their growing strength, and even the worst-tempered grown animal does not kick at them.

As soon as there is any sign of the horses' common enemy, the wolf, the whole herd rush together, the colts on the inside, the mares in a ring around them with their hind legs out so that they can kick if attacked, and the stallions and the geldings ranging free on the outside. In the clear Mongolian air I have heard the snapping of teeth a mile away when a fight has been on.

The stallions and the geldings do not hesitate to attack a wolf, and give chase the instant one draws near, but wise old stallions do not allow themselves to be lured away from the mares and foals. A favorite wolf trick is for one or even more of their pack to attract the attention of a herd and try to get the strong animals to gallop after them. This leaves the weak unprotected, and other wolves leap in and make a kill. Then later all join in a nice feast. Herds with old stallions lose fewest of their young to the wolves.

IV

New Year's Day is the great holiday of Mongolia, and on that day there is a unique horse race which has no be-

ginning and no end, yet on which the reputations of horse breeders are made or lost.

On New Year's morning all the people in Mongolia dress in the brightest colors and the best clothes they possess. Even the poorest, tiniest child will have some gay ribbon tucked into his attire. People rise before the sun and hasten to salute each other with the usual snuff-bottle salutation, followed by the presentation of a silk scarf on outstretched hands to every friend and relative in the encampment. Then, after some tea and mutton, the real fun of the day begins.

Mongol encampments are scattered here and there over the country. There is such distance between them that it takes a day's hard riding for a Mongol man or woman to pay the calls to relatives and friends which are required by custom. The fastest and strongest horses are saved up for this occasion, and gayly dressed people gallop in every direction over the prairie.

This is a very special occasion for the herdsman, because on this day, according to common law, the freedom of the herds is his. No owner can make objection if one or more of his very best animals are killed on this day. For months previously the herdsmen have boasted to rivals that they will show them the dust in this race.

The racers do not meet at any particular place; each person starts out from his or her own home. Horses are raced until set of sun or until rider and beast are tired out. The gallop is from tent to tent, and the rule is that every rider must stop at every yurta he comes to long enough to give the New Year greetings, wish the occupants of the tent prosperity in their herds and flocks, and accept food and drink, prepared and ready in abundance on this day. Then, when a decent visit has been paid, the rider is free to mount again and tear away as fast as he can to the next yurta.

The horse that stands this strain the best is proclaimed throughout the countryside as a very good horse, and is a source of pride and satisfaction to both owner and herdsman. A herdsman riding a black horse from one of my herds was credited with first place in the New Year race in his state last year. Immediately I had many offers for this horse. Even in far-away states I was congratulated by commoners and nobles, who had heard of my horse's prowess in the surprising way that news travels in Mongolia.

The horses on the Mongolian plain are possessed of surprising speed, and their owners ride them at a gallop and cover distances in quick time. They know how to take care of their horses, however, and it is very seldom that one of them comes to harm. As soon as a horse shows fatigue he is allowed to go free in the herd, where he can set his own pace and yet have the constant exercise that hardens his muscles.

I have a friend in China who is keenly interested in racing horses in one of the port cities. He came up to Mongolia one time and was so amazed at the speed of the Mongol horse that he set busily to work timing the fastest horses he saw with his racing stop watch. He bought many horses on these speed records, despite my advice. He felt confident that he had come upon a miracle: the horses he had selected would win every event in every port city; their recorded gallops were faster than the records on any race course, and he knew China race courses well.

He stabled and fed his animals. Their coats took on a new glossy sheen. They even seemed to grow in size a little. Their teeth improved. But in the race tryouts their galloping speed was found to have dropped down to a level which made them no better and

no worse than the average horse in China.

Another friend of mine, an Australian, pleased with the condition of his horses after six months of stable care and excellent grain-feeding, assured me that they were faster than any horses running uncared for in the Mongolian herds. He brought his horses up to the plateau again, with grooms to look after them, grain-feeding them all the way, attending carefully to their exercise, and making certain that they had plenty of water to drink. They looked fine. They were sleekly groomed, and well fed in comparison with the shaggy horses on the plateau that had all their lives subsisted entirely on grass in a climate where grass is scarce more than six months of the year.

He generously offered big prizes for any Mongol horses that could beat his in races, and courses were mapped out over which the races were to be run. The news spread far and wide, and horses began to come in from this state and that, straggling in every day until the date set for the competitive racing.

The Mongol owners admired the Australian's horses; they commented enviously upon the conditions of his life which made it possible for him to take such good care of them. Many remembered the animals, as I had bought them for him from the Mongolian herds. 'They are beautiful, but can they run?' more than one man and woman asked.

The hour of the race came. Just as it was to start, still another Mongol came loping in over the hills. 'Wait!' the racers cried. 'This is a good horse coming. He should have a try with the rest of us.'

'He looks tired,' my Australian friend said.

'A little,' was the answer. 'He has been taking part in the annual races held by the Prince of Durbit. He has done well. He won first place in the gelding race over a ten-mile course two days ago.'

'What has he been doing since?'

The Mongols looked surprised, and someone answered: 'He has been on the way here; it is a good many miles, and his rider has brought him as fast as he could. The news of your prize money traveled far. Never before in Mongolia have we been paid for winning races. It is wonderful. Heretofore our only recompense has been the sport and the prestige one got for winning.'

The new arrival looked dusty, bedraggled, and tired; his head drooped and his tail hung listlessly. The horses were drawn up in a line, and experienced jockeys who had come from China for the race rode the Australian's entrants. I gave the signal. I expected to see the horses that had had every care imaginable during the past six months win easily, but they were left behind in the first few furlongs by the horses that had never had veterinary attention, muscle-building grain, careful exercise, or shelter from cruel blizzards. Even the tired, dusty horse that had won a ten-mile race on one day and journeyed for two more to reach the place of this race stretched out, leaving the visitors enveloped in a cloud of dust. The horses that had covered themselves with glory on the China race course were defeated easily.

The horses that ran so far ahead of the visitors were no better than those that were left behind. Many of them were not so good. A year earlier, before they had had such care, these losing horses had won races in Mongolia, defeating the very horse that won first place on this occasion. When Mongol horses are stabled the magic swiftness seems to drop from their legs.

Absolute freedom to run in the herd makes for real speed and entirely overbalances the advantages of civilization.

My friend David Fraser, China correspondent for the London *Times*, has had most marvelous success in racing — not because the horses I have selected for him from Mongolia are peculiarly swift, but because he understands the needs of the horse that has been used to freedom. He keeps his horses' hoofs cut down to the size which was natural when they came from the plateau. Shoeing makes the hoof grow unnaturally high, and this throws the horse's weight on leg muscles other than those he has been accustomed to use. He hacks his horses innumerable miles across country every day, trotting and cantering from Chinese village to Chinese village. Then when the racing season comes his horses are hard and still have in their limbs a goodly measure of that speed which was theirs on the Mongolian plain.

V

Business in Mongolia is peculiar to the land and to the temperament of the people. The Mongols are not a race of traders and cannot be dealt with in the same manner as people who enter naturally and eagerly into trade. Big business can be done successfully in Mongolia, but the trader must be possessed of the tact of the diplomat and must be of a character which makes him akin to the people of the plateau and able to understand conditions there. The Mongol does not seek commercial dealings, but he is quite interested and ready to do business if approached in the right way. A thorough knowledge of the language and a wide Mongolian friendship are the first requisites of success.

During the thirty-five years that I have been in Mongolia many foreign firms have expended millions in an attempt to start business, but have lost their money and closed down.

The Russians and the Chinese have been the most successful. The early Russian tea traders did extremely well, and built up great fortunes. For many hundreds of years the caravan route through Mongolia was the only tea route overland to Europe, and the Mongol camel puller was the only man capable of transporting freight successfully across the Gobi. Thousands and thousands of camels went from Kalgan or Urga loaded with tea for reshipment by cart to Siberia. Camels and oxen from all over Mongolia were engaged in this trade, which was a thriving business when I first came to live in the country.

The Russian tea traders dealt carefully with the Mongol nobles across whose states they desired to travel. They made gifts to the princes — not exceedingly valuable gifts, but presents chosen with careful attention to what a Mongol prince would like from the Western world. And they treated the people who freighted for them thoughtfully and generously. In Kalgan, in Urga, and in all the trade stations along the way, big kitchens were provided as well as warm sleeping quarters for the men when they came in. At these trade stations the Mongols were the guests of the Russians. They could stay as long as they liked, and were served with all the food and drink they could consume.

The Mongols, accustomed to welcoming into their own yurtas any traveler needing food or rest, appreciated this courtesy and did not presume upon it. They conducted themselves in the trade stations exactly as they would have done in any Mongol encampment through which they passed when traveling.

This courtesy on the part of the Russians, together with fair pay for the conveyance of freight, created a good feeling. The Mongols were very willing,

and did their work well. They looked upon the Russian tea agents as real friends, and brought them many valuable presents. A genial, friendly atmosphere characterized the trade up to the time when the Manchurian Trans-Siberian railway brought it to an end by opening a quicker and more economical tea route.

The Russian tea traders were fine types of men. The trade was a business centuries old, in which fathers passed their experience down to their sons. There was garnered much wisdom through the years. The Mongols trusted the young man who came out, because they had known his father and grandfather; and the young man knew how to deal with the Mongols, because his father also knew their fathers.

The Mongol likes tea, and he appreciated the necessity for the Russian to import tea from China, since it did not grow in Russia. The job of conveying it across the Gobi was a courtesy which any friendly people might undertake for another. The packing of camels and oxen and the management of a caravan across the plateau were work similar to what the Mongol had done all his life.

Not all Russian businesses have succeeded so well. The Russian Asiatic Bank sent out men and opened offices in many places in North Mongolia about twenty years ago. It was unable to do business and had to close down. The Mongols were not interested in banks and did not consider them a necessity. They had put their money into horses for ages past, and had done very well. They had no desire to keep fewer horses and possess instead a paper book which said they each had so much wealth. Possession to the Mongol is a material, tangible thing. He holds a position in his community in proportion to the size of his horse herd, and has a feeling of satisfaction in the possession of living animals. The Mongols looked with distrust on this attempt to bring a new set of values into their lives. The bankers were self-invited guests; the Mongols ignored them.

About this same time the Moscow Export Company sent an expedition into North Mongolia to discover the trade needs of the people. They found the Mongols' lives bare of almost every article of European necessity, so they sent out scores of salesmen with tons of goods. Eventually the salesmen and their goods went home again.

Russian and French prospectors visited North Mongolia and found rich deposits of gold, and on the strength of their reports the Mongol Ore Mining Company, with a capital of three million gold rubles, was founded. Baron Von Grote got the concession from the Empress Dowager of China by making her a small present of perhaps fifty thousand gold rubles in value. I worked with this concern from 1900 to 1902.

Machinery, such as has been successfully used in other parts of the world for gold mining, was sent from Europe at heavy expense. We expected to dredge sand, but when we delved a little below the surface we found we had to tackle stone and boulders, so more machinery had to come out from Europe at more expense. The workers were not skilled in the use of these machines, and we had to abandon them and resort to digging the gold out of the earth with pick and shovel and cleaning it by hand.

There was plenty of gold in the locality. The Mongols looked on interestedly at the work, but did not coöperate in it. Digging great quantities of gold out of the earth did not appeal to them as a profitable way in which to spend their days.

VI

Russian fur-trading concerns carried on by men of the character of the Russian tea traders did a good business up to the time of the Russian Revolution. Mongolia is a sparsely populated land with a cold climate, and fur-bearing animals thrive here in much greater numbers than the Mongols have need of. If properly approached, the people are quite willing to enter upon an export trade in furs.

The *tarbagan*, or marmot, a little animal which lives in a hole in the ground and multiplies very rapidly, is abundant in North Mongolia, Northeastern Mongolia, and Northwestern Mongolia, and is not difficult to catch. The Mongol hunter camps out in the plateau in a little tent. The marmot is a very inquisitive animal, and as soon as he sees or hears anything strange he sits up on his hind legs and peers around. The Mongol hunter, knowing this, carries a banner of red cloth, which he waves in the air while he crawls close enough to kill his prey.

Mongols also use dogs to catch marmots, and a well-trained dog will bring home many of them every day. The dog watches until the marmot leaves his home; then he takes up a position that blocks his victim's avenue of return. When the marmot is caught in this way, with the dog between him and his home, he rises up on his hind legs to fight the dog, who kills him with one snap of the teeth on his backbone, just below the head.

The Mongol hunter and his dog make an even division of the spoils, the flesh going to the dog and the fur to the hunter, who rough-cures the skin. The Mongol does not value the fur very highly, but there is a large demand for it in foreign markets. Its value has increased a hundred per cent since I first came to Mongolia. Millions of skins are exported annually, and yet the supply seems undiminished.

Wolves are plentiful in Mongolia, and the Mongol wages continual war against them. They feed well on animals from the domestic herds, on young antelopes, on hares, and even on rats and mice. They have a thick, healthy coat.

Mongols make use of wolfskins, but do not value them so very highly — perhaps because they have such an intense dislike of the wolf. The pelts are very good, and much in demand for export trade. They have multiplied many times in value since I came to Mongolia. The wolf is lassoed, trapped, poisoned, shot with bow and arrow or the gun — in fact, killed in every possible way the Mongols can think of. The winter pelt only is of value.

The Mongols have a superstition that if they kill a litter of young by digging them out or smoking them to death the mother and father wolf will track to his yurta the man who has done this unsporting deed and there kill one or more of his children in revenge.

The pre-Revolution Russian fur traders went out of business with the Revolution, so they are no longer in the market. Many other European and American firms have sent scouts all over Mongolia and, observing the abundance of furs, plunged into the trade. One after another, throughout my thirty-five years, they have failed and have had to close down because of their lack of understanding of the disposition of the Mongol, their inability to use the language, and their ignorance concerning climate and political conditions.

Numerous concerns, both large and small, have made attempts to do business in Mongolia. Two with the largest capital investment were the English concerns, Kaufman and Com-

pany and the International Export Company. The former invested heavily in North Mongolia a few years ago, but got very little in return except trouble, and closed down with a debit balance. The International Export Company, who do very well in China preparing meat and eggs and other products in their factories for Western consumption, made preparations to deal in sheep in Southern Mongolia, but they too had to close down after a few years.

In barter and trade with the Mongols, the Chinese have been the most successful of any race so far. The Chinese merchant has infinite patience. The managers of big wholesale houses send traders out into Mongolia with a pack of goods and a blue cloth tent, and wait a year or two for return on goods. The Chinese merchant puts up his tent near the encampment of a Mongol family, below a lamasery, or not far from the yamen of a prince. He makes himself known in a courteous way to the people near whom he camps, and does not push his goods upon them, but diplomatically lets them see that he has things which they might find useful. He is a peddler carrying bright silk and cotton goods, embroidery thread, beads, food basins, long Mongolian pipes fashioned with an artistic stem to tempt the purchaser, tobacco pouches filled with a tobacco which he recommends as soothing after a hard day in the saddle, millet, and flour. He studies the character of the Mongol and brings only such goods as he is fairly certain he can create a market for.

The Chinese merchant knows that the Mongol does not have money, and he is quite content to take animals and their by-products in payment for his goods. Animals are plentiful, and so he gets a goodly number for a small article. The Mongol does not quibble over the price of any article he desires; Mongol men and women do not bargain. There is good profit in the business for the patient Chinese merchant, and if he makes himself well liked he finds a welcome in every encampment. News of a man's character spreads rapidly in Mongolia, and little things make or break success in business here. The trader gathers his produce at intervals and sends it down by camel caravan or in driven herds to his head office in China.

In North Mongolia now the Soviet Government of Russia have entered into coöperative business with the young Mongols. It is still too early to predict how they will succeed. They have established a wool trust, a transport company, and a system of traveling merchants similar to that of the Chinese. Coöperation with the Mongols has in it a germ of success.

VII

Communication and transportation are important factors in trade. Sometime before 1900, a Danish engineer named Sheirn surveyed the shortest route from Kalgan to Kiakhta via Urga and built a telegraph line which connects China with Europe. By this line one can send messages across Mongolia; but the Mongols have not encouraged the building of branch lines.

This telegraph line is an everlasting wonder to the Mongol people. They fail to understand the importance of it, and argue that there is little need to send messages so quickly. It has been difficult to teach them to leave the telegraph poles alone. Often in the past the Mongols have used the poles and the wires for things which seemed to them more important than telegraphy. The wire they find especially good to tie around water troughs and fasten things generally, and the poles extremely handy to split up and light

fires with. Except for the telegraph line there is no way to send messages in Mongolia but by couriers riding horse or camel.

Nowadays, therefore, the man in foreign business may receive by cable or telegram in a few hours' time an order from his home office for so many hundred pounds of camel wool; but he must take into consideration the fact that it will take days or weeks, or perhaps months, for the order to go out to the Mongols to bring in the camel wool. Then, after the order has been received on the Mongolian plain, there is the matter of transporting the goods to be taken into consideration.

In the late 1890's, Herbert Hoover, now the President of the United States, then a young engineer, came up to look over the country and investigate the possibilities of railway construction. He stayed for two or three weeks and made a survey for the railway connecting the Mongolian border with the Chinese capital. The Chinese Government did not give Mr. Hoover's company this concession, but used the data which he collected and built a road themselves.

Since its construction this line has always been badly managed, because of the political turmoil in China. Yet it has paid well. The passenger cars are always crowded when the trains leave Kalgan. There is always a terrific scramble for places, and a goodly number of passengers who do not secure even standing room and have to wait for the next train. The condition concerning freight is the same; the amount of produce held at the station for transportation is always two or three times greater than the capacity of the freight cars.

There are no railways at all on the Mongolian plateau. The ox and the camel are the transportation stand-bys, as they have been for centuries. Camel caravans are made up of groups of ten or eleven camels tied together with loose strings and led by a camel puller. Altogether there may be a thousand or more camels in a caravan.

Caravans cannot be hurried, for the Mongol takes his own time. Centuries of experience have taught him how much a camel can successfully do, and he will not push his animals beyond their endurance. Camel caravans can penetrate to every nook and corner of Mongolia, bringing out valuable products for export. The Mongol camel puller will guide his caravan straight across the plain to any desired destination and there pack his loads and take good care of them, but often he will be a year, or two or three years, bringing in the goods.

I once had a caravan which came in with all my merchandise for export four years after I had expected it. Wool, furs, and so forth, were all in good order, and an inventory tallied exactly with my bookkeeper's lists. It is impossible to do business in Mongolia and get a quick return on one's capital.

DICKENS, STANTON, SUMNER, AND STOREY

The record of a dinner held in Washington at which were present the host, Charles Sumner, Charles Dickens, Edwin M. Stanton, and Moorfield Storey, Mr. Sumner's secretary. This memorandum was written by Mr. Storey the evening of the dinner, immediately after the departure of the guests

February 2, 1868. — I have had a most delightful evening. I dined with Mr. Dickens, Mr. Sumner, and Mr. Stanton, as different types as can well be imagined: Mr. Dickens, whose nature is emotional, sensitive; Mr. Sumner, the man of intellect and principle; Mr. Stanton, the intensely energetic and practical.

Mr. Sumner gave his account of the evening on which Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. He said that between nine and ten of that Friday evening he was just sitting down with Mr. Conness over a bottle of wine, when the door was thrown open and a young man rushed in with his hair almost on end and said, 'Mr. Lincoln is assassinated in the theatre. Mr. Seward is murdered in his bed. There's murder in the streets.' Sumner said he did not credit it, and replied, 'Young man, be moderate in your statements. Tell us what has happened.' He replied indignantly, 'I have told you what has happened,' and reiterated it.

Sumner then left and went to the White House, and found the sentinel quietly pacing there. He asked him whether Mr. Lincoln had got home, and the sentinel said 'no' and that they had had nothing from him. Sumner then went to the door and asked the porter, who replied in the same way. Sumner then said, 'They say that the President has been assassinated'; whereupon the porter rushed upstairs and told Robert Lincoln, who came down, and just as Sumner turned to go Robert joined him and they found at the door a hack; who sent it no one ever knew. They jumped in, and Sumner says he never drove so rapidly in his life till they got to the theatre, where they found a startled crowd.

They passed the sentinels, and Sumner found, as he entered the house where Lincoln had been carried, his wife and Miss Harris standing in the entry doing nothing. Mrs. Lincoln rushed up to him with feminine exclamations and asked him whether her husband was dead. He told her he had just come and knew nothing, but had brought her son, and then passed into the room where Mr. Lincoln had been carried.

He found the President lying on the bed, stretched diagonally across it, for he was very tall, and with his head hanging a little over to accommodate the blood, which was flowing freely from the wound. He was breathing heavily, his eyes were half open, and his face looked perfectly fresh and natural.

Sumner said he sat down at the head of the bed, took Mr. Lincoln's right hand in his, and spoke to him. One of the surgeons said, 'It's no use, Mr. Sumner — he can't hear you. He is dead.' Sumner resented the idea and said, 'No, he is n't dead. Look at his face; he is breathing.' 'It will never be

anything more than this' was the answer. There he sat during the whole night, listening to this breathing, and he said it sounded almost like melody, till at twenty minutes past seven it stopped.

He then said, 'Now for Mr. Seward,' for he knew nothing of him, and turned to go out. He found Halleck a few feet in front of him, and, finding that he had a carriage, he asked Halleck to carry him as far as Seward's. The General said he was going to see Johnson and tell him not to stir out that day without a guard, and then he would carry Sumner where he liked.

They got into the carriage, and as they passed through the crowd people asked, 'How is Mr. Lincoln? Is he alive?' Sumner shook his head, and they drove on to the Kirkwood House, where Halleck did his errand, and then to Seward's. Sumner sent up his card to Mrs. Seward, and said that perhaps she might like to see him. She sent down for him, and he went up, and as he started up to the third story he found her halfway on the stairs, seated, and dressed in white. She seized him by both his hands and said, 'Charles Sumner, they have murdered my husband, they have murdered my boy. Fred is dying. He will never speak to me again.' Sumner said he tried to say he hoped it was not so bad, and asked how her husband was. 'Henry is doing better than I expected, but Fred will never speak to me again,' and then, suddenly rising, she threw off his hands and said, 'I must fly,' and disappeared. Sumner said he never saw her again.

Mr. Stanton said that at the Cabinet meeting the day before the assassination Mr. Lincoln was grander, graver, more thoroughly up to the occasion than he had ever seen him, and he remarked upon it to Mr. Speed as they left the room. Lincoln said before the meeting, 'Some great event is going to happen. What it is I cannot say, but something I am sure of.' When asked why, he replied, 'I had a dream last night which I never had but three times in my life, and always before a great event. Once was before the battle of Bull Run, another time before Murfreesboro, the last before Chancellorsville. I seemed to be alone in a boat on a river drifting slowly down —' Here the entrance of Mr. Stanton interrupted him, and he never finished. Mr. Stanton was told of it afterward.

Mr. Stanton said he went to the War Office, and about three o'clock his wife came in and said that Mr. Lincoln wanted them to go with him to the theatre that night, and she wanted to know how to answer him. Stanton told her to send regrets, for he said he had frequently been asked to go and had always refused, because he thought Mr. Lincoln ought not to go — it was too great an exposure. He went home and dined as usual and then went to see Mr. Seward, who was lying sick from the effects of his accident. He found six or eight people there, and stayed there chatting till he heard the music of a procession which had notified him that it would call on him that night, and would like to find him at home. He went home, made them a little speech, and then a little after ten, all the servants being away, he locked up the house and went upstairs with his wife to go to bed. She went into the nursery to look at the children, and he went into his bedroom.

He was nearly undressed when he heard his wife say, 'Mr. Seward is murdered.' He said, 'Humbug! I left him only an hour ago'; and, coming downstairs half-dressed, he asked the man, 'What's this story you're telling?' — for it seemed that a man had come to the door and Mrs. Stanton had let him

in. While he was talking, the room was filled with people, who told Stanton of the assassination. He started to go to the scene, but a man threw his arms about him and said, 'You must n't go out. They have killed Seward and Lincoln and they will kill you if you go out. They are waiting for you. As I came up to the house I saw a man behind the tree-box, but he ran away, and I did not follow him.'

Stanton replied that he'd risk it, and, going out, found at the door a hack in the same mysterious way that Mr. Sumner did. He jumped in and drove to Mr. Seward's, and there he found in one room Mr. Seward, in another Fred, in a third the nurse, each 'weltering in his gore.' He saw that he could do nothing there, for the surgeons were already in attendance, and he drove to the house where Lincoln lay, stopping on his way to give his orders to officers, and in two hours after the deed was done the city was environed by soldiers.

His account of the scene at the bedside was the same as Mr. Sumner's. He sent for Johnson, thinking that he ought to be present, but when Mrs. Lincoln wished to come in Mr. Sumner, thinking that she ought not to see Johnson there, and knowing that she had a strong personal dislike for him, suggested to Mr. Stanton that he ought to go. So, said Mr. Stanton, 'I told him that there was no necessity for his remaining any longer,' and he went.

Mr. Stanton also told how Booth and Payne were taken and of the scene at Mr. Seward's, but the papers of the day contain all that he said. He alluded to Mr. Lincoln's breathing, and said that it sounded like an æolian harp, now rising, now falling and almost dying away, and then reviving, and reminded him of what he had noticed in the case of one of his children, who had died in his arms shortly before.

It was a very interesting evening.

Dickens thought that Longfellow was the most highly thought of American author abroad.

He spoke of Louis Napoleon, whom he knew at Gore House as a young man, and thought that his imprisonment at Ham must have worked marvels, for he never thought him much of a man. Brougham characterized him as a damned fool. Dickens thought his only talent was his genius for silence.

MOORFIELD STOREY

A PAGAN BOYHOOD

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS

I

My ancestors represented three nationalities. My father was of Puritan stock, from Yorkshire; my mother was English, German, and French. Her paternal ancestor was a certain French baron and admiral who, being defeated by the British in a naval engagement off the New England coast, settled in the American wilderness, leading a life far from orthodox and leaving behind him a line of descendants whom the Anglo-Saxons had the habit of jailing for 'divers atheistic writings and beliefs.' These men plunged deep into the forest, built log houses that would have done credit to a baronial estate, prospered as only Frenchmen can, and revised the Ten Commandments to their liking.

I was born on a large farm in a beautiful valley. Across the road from the house was the remnant of a pine forest — the 'Dark Forest' the Indians had called it when it covered all the valley — in which the wind crooned to me with my first breath. About me were miles on miles of apple orchards, and in our own I worked and played from the time of pink and scented bloom to that of scented and yellow fruit. Within view of my bedroom window was a great marsh, about which a river ran in a long crescent resembling a giant bowl broken in half. Here, in summer, thousands of bobolinks held high carnival until ruthless mowing machines cut down the rank grass from the tops of which these feathered revelers delivered their rollicking songs.

Beyond the valley, like a huge dragon enveloped in its own breath, a low mountain slipped forever away over the western horizon. Over it — or through it? — came at rare intervals the rhythmic beat of the ocean upon some vague shore after a heavy storm. Sometimes in the breathless silence of a winter's night I would catch its mighty swing, and then my emotions would nearly smother me.

Just behind our farm lay another mountain range, where, year after year, the panorama of the seasons passed in beautiful and sacred procession. In early spring the trailing arbutus ('Mayflower,' we miscalled it) bloomed in the rough pasture land between receding snow banks soiled with the dust of burned-out shooting stars; and no one, not even my mother, could gather such tempting nosegays of this queen of the northern wilderness as I could. Each returning April I filled the house with them, and stained all our books — even the family Bible — by placing between the leaves those showing the most delicate shades of pink.

On April nights, with 'spring's sweet trouble in the air,' I would lie in bed beside my soundly sleeping brother and hear the frogs in antiphonal chorus in the pond beyond the east orchard. Since then I have heard the mocking bird, the skylark, the nightingale, but no bird's song has ever kindled in me quite the ecstasy that those 'high

flutes in silvery interchange' awakened on those enchanted spring nights.

My grandfather watched me through those childhood years with an ever-growing disapprobation that slowly kindled into something akin to hate; and when, later in the summer, I would go in pursuit of butterflies (my only net was my battered straw hat), he would protest to my father that I should be made to work, else I should come to some bad end. When the old fellow died he willed me a spavined horse out of his considerable property, presumably to emphasize his disapproval of me.

Behind the pines that my father had saved, ostensibly as a windbreak for the buildings and orchards, but in reality because he loved them, was a no man's land dotted with patches of second-growth pine and spruce, and the remains of logs decayed down to the level of the ground. In these brownish-gray remnants of ancient pines nighthawks laid their two creamy-white eggs, spotted with greenish brown and lilac.

Between the old and the new growth of trees ran a swale, dense with alders, willows, elders, and, in season, cattails. Under the low spruce bushes along the edge of this depression nested the hermit thrush, to me the most exalted singer in all the feathered world. I would worm my way under the tangled growth in search of a thrush's nest, and, when I had found one, lie with my head propped in my hands and look into the fearless dark eyes of the mother bird as she sat deep in a rather bulky structure sunk to the level of the ground. Never did I betray her by even so much as touching the clear bluish-green eggs when occasionally I found her away from the nest.

In the densest part of these second-growth spruces and pines I used to bury every fall a barrel of apples well below the frost line, and when all the apples were gone in our cellar I would dig down to these. I always found them in perfect condition, except that the pulp had burst the skin around the stem and rolled out into a roselike excrescence. Lying on the pine needles under the low boughs, I would peel my apples and eat them. One day I saw a large buck rabbit looking intently at me through the branches, fitfully revolving his long ears and twitching his harelip as only a hungry rabbit can. I tossed him a strip of peeling, but the motion of my arm sent him crashing through the brush. The story of how I tamed that rabbit to eat out of my hand, and eventually to sit on my chest, is a long one; but I did it, although his 'better half' usually sat a few yards away looking her pronounced disapproval.

II

There was not a tree in that grove which at one time or another I did not climb. Many of them rose fifty feet without a branch, and in my numerous ascents to scrutinize the covered houses of squirrels and the nests of blue jays and crows I would frequently bark my shins. But the sight of blood did not disturb me. Indeed, it seems to me as I look back that I was always bleeding from some part of my scarred and lean body. As a little fellow I used to crouch at mouseholes and spring upon unwary mice with the deadly accuracy of a cat. Unlike the cat, though, I usually got bitten. Later, I used to set box traps for squirrels in the pine grove, baiting the spindle with a sweet apple. To catch the squirrel was comparatively easy; but to get him safely in my hand was a job that, in insurance parlance, might be classified as 'extra hazardous.'

The first squirrel I caught I let loose in the living room. I never did it again. The pretty little fellow developed into a red demon that worked such havoc with curtains, pictures, and dishes that I was in disgrace for a week. After many experiments, in which the squirrel often made his escape, I hit upon the device of raising the cover a little, thrusting in my hand, and seizing him by any part of his agile body that I could lay hold of. Often he would use his chisel-like teeth upon my fingers, sometimes cutting to the bone; but I always held on to him until I had secured his tail. As a result, there were a goodly number of squirrels in that grove that suggested a certain rodent of Shakespearean literature, and the proximity of 'joy riders' who were devotees, not of the 'gas chariot,' but of the broomstick. As I write this I am examining some of the scars on my hands left by the teeth of squirrels, muskrats, woodchucks, and a very deep one inflicted by the rapier-like bill of a wounded blue heron. Each is a reminder of my vividly real but utterly irreclaimable youth.

These bloody encounters were, I take it, the savage side of me that was just boy. And the most savage rite I practised in that grove was robbing crows' nests. The nest was always built hard up against the trunk of a tree on the opposite side from the prevailing wind. That, I suppose, sheltered it from both wind and rain. Also, the crows never built a nest where the foliage was dense. The somewhat bulky structure was always in a spot that commanded a fairly wide outlook of the surrounding grove. Further, it was seldom more than three fourths the distance up the tree. This, I presume, was a precaution against discovery by sharp-eyed hawks and owls passing over the tree tops. Finally, it was in plain view of the ground, although the color of its coarse twigs and sticks blended so naturally with its grayish setting as to render it quite unnoticed by the untrained eye. Did the crow devise this last precaution before man with his upward-peering face appeared upon the scene?

The trunk of the tree selected for the nest was always difficult to climb, and by the time I was halfway up crows were darting at me from every side and fiercely snapping their bills within a few inches of my face. When at last I would reach the nest and look over the rim at the light-green eggs, spotted and blotched with blackish brown, the angry cawing, the swish of wings, and the snapping of bills became so alarming that it required real coolness and courage to face the onslaught. One by one I would drop the eggs to the ground, and each motion would provoke a fresh attack. Only once did I toss a nestful of featherless and scrawny young ones to earth. I can feel yet the warmth of their ungainly little bodies in my hand, and the sense of guilt that went with the act of taking them from the nest. I never betrayed any other bird in that infamous way until I went on an ornithological expedition with an uncle, when in the cause of science we visited a group of lonely islands in the Atlantic and brought back the blown eggs and stuffed bodies of some rare sea birds.

Once, as I shoved my way through the dense growth along the edge of the swamp, I came upon a cuckoo's nest built about three feet from the ground in a spruce bush. I was right upon it before the mother bird, with a graceful flirt of her long slim tail, slipped noiselessly away and vanished in the thicket. There, under my very eyes, in the flimsiest of nests, were four cloudy light-green eggs! I think that to my childish fancy this was the greatest discovery of my young life. As far back as I

could remember I had searched for both bird and nest, but until that unforgettable moment had never found either.

Some years later, while passing through this part of the grove in a driving sleet storm, I noticed a large, inky-black bird clinging desperately to a writhing branch. Having my gun with me, I brought down what proved to be an unusually large raven. As I had only winged him, he made at me with a ferocity I had never credited his tribe with. I stopped him with the butt of the gun, into which he sank his talons as easily as if the wood had been putty. I dragged the old warrior home in triumph and tried to tame him; but he was so filthy in his habits that one day when I was at school my mother set him free.

III

My first intimate knowledge of death came to me when I was nine years old. It was early April, and I had gone 'trouting' during the sunny part of the day in a small brook that wandered leisurely across our farm and joined the river through 'Mud Creek.' I was sitting on a log by a stone bridge, idly bobbing my line in the vortex of foam at the corner of the culvert. Opposite me was a steep slope starred with the first dandelions, among which bumblebees droned as they hurried greedily from flower to flower. The bees and the dandelions were proving more fascinating than the wary old trout I knew to be hiding under the edge of the culvert, so I sat and watched them with that peace in my child's heart which literally passeth understanding.

A loud call from the direction of the river failed to rouse me. It was followed by another and another; and then I heard a stentorian shout from a man who lived on the other side of the river nearly a mile away. Looking up, I saw a woman running along the road toward the landing. Dropping my fishing pole, I ran after her, and, following a steep path down a wooded bluff, reached the bank of the river in time to see two men struggling with gray-haired Mrs. M—— to prevent her from plunging into the dark, hurrying water. People kept pouring down the path and across the great marsh on the other side, until the babel of voices made it difficult for little me to find out what had happened. Then a hoop of an old woman whose chin always shook as though she were pronouncing a perpetual malediction told me that Ralph and Will were drowned! The two boys had been collecting spruce gum all winter, and, wishing to go to town to sell it, had attempted to cross the river in a leaky skiff. The derelict had rapidly filled, and when in midstream they had lost their heads and leaped into the water, trying to swim to shore; but the swift current had carried them over the rapids, and men working on a raft of logs at the landing had seen them both sink.

How vivid still is the following night! The lights from the many boats on the river where men were grappling for the bodies; the old brass telescope through which they tried to scan the bottom; the fearful three-pronged grappling irons attached to long poles; the shouts; the appalling silences. Then in the thick dawn a boat took shape out of the fog, and when it had been made fast to an old snag half buried in mud, two men lifted a dripping body from the bottom and started to carry it up the path. I slipped between grown-ups and looked at the face. It was Will's! I had been talking with him only the afternoon before, while he repaired some snake fence for my grandfather, for whom he worked. The appearance of that face with the freckles still

showing on the wet cheeks is stamped deeper into the tablet of my memory than is any other thing. Later, from the same treacherous river, and up the same path, the body of my mother was carried.

I followed close behind Will, and when they opened the door of my grandfather's workshop and placed the corpse on a carpenter's bench I watched with shivering disgust as one of the men who had helped to carry it reached into a dripping pocket and, removing a handful of gum, selected a couple of amber-colored lumps and slipped them into his mouth.

The summer tide raced up the river's tortuous channel, meeting little resistance from the greatly shrunken stream of fresh water. As it boiled along it sucked up a fine sediment from the banks of the adjoining marshes, until the water became an opaque brown fluid resembling mineral paint. For a few minutes at the turn of the tide this 'devil's broth' became ominously quiet, then turned and hurried back toward the ocean, leaving behind it long, greasy, olive-brown mud banks. In this mud we boys wallowed, naked and unashamed, like creatures of the primeval slime.

The spring tide in August, when the river had dwindled to a mere thread of water, would rush up the empty channel with a foaming brown crest upon its turbulent front. Into this we would plunge, and, with no further exertion than that of keeping afloat, be swept upstream for half a mile. But we often had to 'pay the piper' on the return trip, which had to be made on foot, as we would not wait for the ebbing tide to carry us back. Usually there were folks, male and female, still making hay on the marshes, and to get past these unnoticed was a first-rate adventure.

On one of these adventures, however, I encountered a real difficulty. I had undressed in a clump of spruce trees, and as I neared it on my return I heard voices. Creeping up, I saw a young couple seated on a rug not ten feet from my clothes. The young lady was reading Longfellow's *Evangeline* to the young man, who lay with upturned face at her feet, drinking in her every word. She not only read that poem to the bitter end, but they sat for a good half-hour afterward discussing its beauties. Later, I read *Evangeline* only under compulsion.

When the nighthawks would gather by hundreds in the late afternoon over a certain field, keeping up a continuous roar as they swooped down about my head, I knew that summer was gone. They always congregated thus without warning, and in a few days the solemn hush which succeeds the departure of the song birds and the subsidence of insect life was upon us. Then the goldenrod, the aster, and the 'black dandelion' came into their own, and the sunlight lay thick like yellow pollen upon the empty fields. From my bed at night I could hear the occasional muffled thud of an apple dropping to the ground in the dark and silent orchard, and the hesitant inquiry of an owl from the pines for the approaching frosty nights.

On one of these evenings in early autumn the cows did not come home, and the next morning before daylight my brother and I were sent in search of them. As I stood with my bare feet deep in the dewy grass, I chanced to look up at the stars. They had paused, and, leaning far down to me, were saying unutterable things that made me catch my breath in sudden rapture. Since then I have seen the stars from the decks of steamers on the Seven Seas, from the highlands of South Africa, from the top of one of the world's loftiest mountains, from the

stealthy tropic jungle, but they have never communed with me again. It was Stephen Phillips — was it not? — who said: 'For the great stars consented, and withdrew.'

Once, during my college days, a professor of astronomy on a brilliant winter's night took me to look through a telescope at a certain planet. When he had adjusted the instrument I took one look, then without a word of explanation turned and fled. In that moment of disillusionment I had seen through time and space — even matter itself — and out into the void. I did not recover from the shock for days. Indeed, I doubt if I have ever wholly recovered. For to me the stars are the most terrible things in the universe.

IV

Have you ever seen a mother skunk leading her young abroad of a summer's evening? If so, you have never forgotten it. What an example of courage tinctured with caution, of maternal devotion without nonsense! How plainly I can see one of these sturdy little creatures plodding along in the dusk, alert for any stray June bug, brush high over her back for the young ones to follow. Occasionally, on my way home from a late swim in the river, I would meet one of these worthy burgesses leading abroad her neat, well-kept family. The code of etiquette on such an occasion was quite elaborate. The mother would pause about three rods away, spread her uplifted tail to its utmost capacity, and then stamp firmly on the ground with a forefoot as a warning that I was to advance no farther. If I halted and played fair, she would slowly and in a most dignified manner back away and move off in another direction, the youngsters executing an orderly retreat behind her; but if I stooped to pick up a stone, or continued to advance, I would certainly have a potent reminder of my rashness.

Once, in a narrow path in the second-growth pines, I met an unusually large male. At sight of me he looked me squarely in the eyes, slowly raised his splendid brush (I can see the long yellowish-white hairs cascading in the opposite direction as the tail reached an upright position), and then thumped vigorously several times with his left forefoot as a signal for me to retreat. But on that day my better judgment deserted me. I picked up a stone and threw it at him. The next moment I saw all the stars in the firmament as a stream of yellowish oil hit me squarely in the eyes. In an agony as great as any I have ever suffered, I tore blindly through the bushes, across a marsh, and, plunging into the river, thrashed about until I had washed away enough of the deadly stuff to enable me dimly to discern objects. It was weeks before I wholly recovered my sight.

The supreme event of each autumn was a visit to a certain poplar grove on the side of the 'Hog's Back' — a high, sharp windrow of ancient sand across the mouth of a mountain gorge. From childhood I have loved yellow above every other color. The dandelion, the buttercup, the goldenrod, kindle in me an emotion such as Wordsworth must have experienced when he first saw his host of golden daffodils. I understand that a love of yellow is an attribute of childhood — something elemental, primitive. So be it!

The first sharp frost would reveal to my searching eyes the poplar grove in its setting of sombre spruce and fir. Day after day the yellow would grow more pronounced, until early October found it a great cloth of purest gold. I would watch it until I deemed the coloring ripe, perfect, then slip quietly away some smouldering afternoon and

visit my holy of holies. By that time the leaves were beginning to fall, and the ground was a great yellow carpet into which my feet sank luxuriously. I would sit there in the solemn hush that had come over the forest, broken now and then by the late drumming of a grouse or the tapping of a woodpecker, until the chill of evening struck through my cotton shirt and forced me to be going. In a battered volume of *The Story of an African Farm* that has thrice encircled the globe with me I found the other day some of those poplar leaves.

A few thrills of my childhood days are still vivid in my memory. On one occasion a half dozen of us little boys were splashing along stark-naked through the tall bulrushes that fringed the river, heading toward a certain quiet eddy for a swim, when my foot encountered something more substantial than the greasy mud left by the tide. Glancing down, I looked into the wide, sightless eyes of a bearded and bloated face half buried in the slime. A cry from me brought the other boys to my side. For a long moment we stared in horrid fascination, then broke and ran. I did not stop until, breathless and naked, I burst into our kitchen. It proved to be the body of a drowned sailor carried upstream by the tide.

Although later I was twice nearly drowned in that river and brought to life again, the nearest I ever came to death in my childhood was on a pleasant May morning in a quiet pasture. My grandfather had bought a big black stallion whose coat shone like a crow's wing. Even my five-year-old intelligence divined that there was something bad connected with that splendid creature. Whenever he was led to the watering trough from the barn I always took refuge behind a high board fence, and through a crack watched him curve his haughty neck, plunge his muzzle into the trough in a way that threw out half the water, and then greedily drink.

On this day I had slipped between the rails of a snake fence into the horse pasture, looking for dandelion blossoms. I was on my knees rounding out a handful of the yellow beauties when I heard heavy footsteps behind me. Glancing round, I saw the most terrifying sight ever a child beheld. Standing high over me on his hind legs was the black stallion! His eyes were blazing, his red nostrils widely distended, and his great forefeet wildly pawed the air just above my head. A horrible snort galvanized me into action, and I darted for the fence on all fours (lucky that I did n't have time to rise!), the towering monster walking on his hind legs just behind me. I can still see — and hear — the long yellow-white teeth with which he snapped at me as he reached his head far over the top rail.

As many another can testify, the ear is a far more potent vehicle of fear than the eye. One short December day I had hurried home from school, slipped over my cowhide boots a pair of long woolen stockings, and started off through the fluffy snow for the daily round of my rabbit snares. When I reached the first snare that afternoon the sun was on the horizon and dusk was already gathering under the low thick boughs. This snare held a gray bunny, frozen stiff, its head twisted far back over its left shoulder, and its popping eyes glazed with frost. By the time I had collected a half-dozen rabbits the snow was blue in the open places under a brilliant winter moon. In front of me, stark against the moon's face, was a large buck rabbit dangling from a spring pole. I was bending down the gray birch, slipping my hand along toward the snare, when a piercing cry came from a clump

of bushes not three rods behind me. Dropping my rabbits, I stood rigid with fear. In a few moments the cry was repeated. It was that of a child being murdered! Surely sandals of lightning were on my feet, and I slackened my pace out in the open pasture only when my pounding heart and burning throat compelled me to. My father, beautiful character that he was, did not laugh at me, but explained that the cries were from a rabbit caught in one of my own snares.

V

As soon as 'hard weather' set in, my father would yoke 'Star' and 'Lion' in the 'Dutch yoke' and drive them to the nearest blacksmith shop to be shod. Shoeing an ox was to my child's mind a truly fearsome undertaking. The patient brute was coaxed or bullied into a boxlike place between heavy uprights, a great apron of the stoutest leather attached to rollers was passed under his body, and then these rollers were turned, lifting the fear-stricken beast clear of the floor. Then the burly smith would seize a leg, — sometimes only to be hurled across the shop, — drag it out to one of the beams that ran on either side of the frame, and, after securely lashing down each foot, bottom up, begin the work of shoeing. How I used to hold my breath in fear as the half-moon of iron, a sharp calk on either end, was taken red-hot from the forge and placed gingerly on the hoof. As it touched, a cloud of pungent smoke arose, and I would wince in imagined pain; but when the great brute gave no signs of discomfort I breathed freely again until the process of nailing on the shoe began. As each nail was hammered home, it was as if the sharp point of it were entering my own flesh. Seldom, however, did the thick-chested German shoer prick an animal; but when he did the bulky captive would give no uncertain notice of the mishap.

On the way home, Star, the nigh ox, would at first avoid all ice; and the puzzled look in his big smoky eyes as he gradually discovered that he would not slip on it made the old fellow seem very near to me.

Star was long, small of barrel, and striped like a tiger, with a pair of slim, sharp horns whose glossy black tips pointed straight forward. All the other oxen in the neighborhood had brass knobs on their horns; but my father, for reasons known only to himself, never would use them. Star was conceded to be the champion fighter of the neighborhood. With head low and tail high, he would give swift battle to anything that opposed him. The dull thud of the meeting frontal bones, the quick digging in of toes, the swelling of the thick neck muscles, then the gradual settling back of the vanquished, the spring sideways, and the lightning-like thrust of Star's deadly horns into the exposed flank — of a truth, man

> Snatches the glory of life only from love and from war.

The anguish in my boy's heart when Star at last went down to defeat is still vividly real. Ike Durland was a cattle buyer who scoured the country to the west of us for beef on the hoof. Twice a year he would drive a large herd of sleek oxen and fat cows along the road past our farm toward the nearest city. The dark red, lowing, trampling mass was advancing late one afternoon when I chanced to be driving Lion and Star across the road to the pasture. At sight of Star, a huge red-and-white ox in the van of the bovine army lowered his head, snorted, and began to paw at the road in long slow sweeps that sent a cloud of dust high over his back. Star promptly accepted the challenge, and my heart thrilled as

he bore down upon that mountain of flesh. The shock of the meeting shook the solid earth. Each animal humped his back, stiffened his neck, and then — oh, the shame and anguish of it! — Star crumpled up like paper, springing away just in time to escape the great curved horns that, backed by a good ton of beef, were directed at his exposed flank. Hannibal, Napoleon, Charles XII — no, the anguish of any one of these in his dark hour could not possibly have been greater than mine.

Later, horses replaced oxen on the farm; but they never displaced my love for Lion and Star. A sweating horse, like a sweating man, is an ill-smelling thing; but the breath of kine has inspired poets.

Running through this pagan joy of my childhood, this dear delight of living in a world in which even snakes were my playfellows (I see yard-long 'Old Nick' as he used to lie in the dust, darting out his red forked tongue in sheer delight as I gently stroked his rippling back), is something akin to a dark thread through a cloth of bright gold. It is the Puritan conscience. To my child's mind anything was right if it gave pleasure to any of God's creatures and wrong if it brought them pain. To me, God, as the people of the community thought of Him, was simply nonexistent. Even when I was a small boy my remarks to the different clergymen who took tea at our house were pronounced highly dangerous by those dignitaries.

VI

It was about this time that there occurred the most momentous happening of my young life. The schoolhouse, which also served for hall and meeting-house, stood at the edge of our pine grove, and there I attended school until I reached my teens.

In that schoolhouse there was only one room, and one teacher for all the pupils — some five years old, some twenty. I passed a good deal of my school time playing 'soldier.' The game was simple and harmless enough. In the grove we would gather a handful of pine twigs, each with its cluster of attached needles, and, pressing a cluster together, draw a knife across the tip, leaving the end square. Stood on end, the slightest breath would start these soldiers marching across the desk, now slow, now fast, to right, to left, or in a close formation that was calculated literally to overthrow the enemy. Usually these mock battles escaped the notice of the harassed teacher; but occasionally we would come to blows over the outcome of some disputed engagement, when we would be punished and our soldiers thrown into the stove.

I was eleven years old when the thing happened that was to mould all the remainder of my life. I was sitting in the back seat on the boys' side of the room, my bare feet dangling a good six inches above the floor, my breath skillfully directing an army against Abner's embattled hosts. The teacher was frail, flat-chested, with a sparse brown beard, chalk-white forehead, and pale blue eyes in whose puzzled depths lurked the vague shadow of defeat. I was busy with my soldiers, when gradually I was aware of his voice reading to a class of young people.

'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain. . . .'

Although it was June, warm and lovely, I felt the gooseflesh coming out all over me, and chills running up and down my spine. By the time he had finished I seemed to be freezing to death. I never finished the battle with my pine soldiers, and through the magic door which that voice opened for me I entered into the rich heritage of English poetry.

The architects of that schoolhouse (in imagination I see them coming together some evening after milking) were confronted with the difficulty of building a structure that from the outside would resemble a church, but in reality would be a schoolhouse.

When the wind blew, the gable end behind the teacher's desk would sway in and out a good six inches, and as time passed the plaster on it showed signs of loosening.

One winter we had for our teacher a crabbed old fellow who went on crutches. He would sit behind his high desk with his hat on (his head was bald and the cavernlike place drafty), and occasionally summon some larger boy up to his detestable presence for an application of a strap that he had borrowed from my father's harness. Abner was the first boy to discover the widening crack in the plaster, some thirty feet above our tormentor's head. Day after day we watched that crack with a fascination bordering on the hypnotic, and whenever the gable swayed in and out we were so well behaved that an occasional glint of suspicion narrowed the old tyrant's fishy eyes. That morning a stiff wind was blowing, sifting the newly fallen snow over the shiny crust with a hissing sound. Toward noon the wind increased to a gale that swooped fitfully round the pine grove from the northeast and landed upon the gable with a force that made it sway in and out like the flank of some heavily breathing beast. 'Old Fish-Eye' was sitting grimly behind his desk, in hat and overcoat, quite unconscious of his impending doom. With bated breath we watched a great slab of plaster tip out a few inches from the wall, and then return to its place as the gable buckled back. We waited with savage expectancy for the next onslaught of the wind.

Then the totally unexpected happened. The old tyrant got up from his chair, and, taking his crutches, hobbled down to the stove, already red-hot, to see for himself if any more wood could be poked into its cavernous maw. He was noisily replacing the cover when the crash came. A half ton of plaster swooped down from the gable, smashing the pedagogic chair and desk and a small globe that had taken me on many thrilling adventures through steaming tropical Africa and frigid Siberia. 'And he had n't been near the stove for a month!' growled Abner.

My first fistic encounter was also my last, and its effect upon my entire subsequent life has been, I suspect, profound. Since then the sight, and more especially the sound, of one person striking another in the face has always filled me with horror. I have seen men mutilated in accidents, shot to pieces in action, without being greatly disturbed; but at the sight of one man pommeling another's face I am quite unnerved. I have never attended a prize fight.

Among the long list of games which we played at that school was one which I suspect was unique. Along the edge of the swamp where the hermit thrushes nested grew withe-woods (botanical name quite unknown to me), long, slim, pea-green, and in the hands of an expert an instrument of exquisite torture. If two boys had a 'difference' not of sufficient gravity to be settled with the fists, they would proceed to the swamp, arm themselves each with the supplest and longest withe-wood that could be found, and then return to the green plot behind the schoolhouse, upon which no spying windows peered. The tournament at Ashby was never looked forward to more enthusiastically than was one of those gentle and joyous passages at arms in which withe-woods supplanted lances.

The opponents would advance into the open spot, about which were ringed

the boys of the school; each would remove his coat and waistcoat, often leaving only a thin cotton shirt over the body; one would raise his arms high over his head, and the other, after measuring the distance between them with a practised eye, would coil his withe-wood about the body of his adversary with all the skill and power behind his lithe young arm. If the withe-wood was a long one, it would encircle the body twice, the tip often slashing viciously through the shirt, and drawing blood. Six strokes was the limit, when the other fellow would take his turn, the two alternating until one lowered his arms and declined to endure further punishment. The sharp intake of breath among the spectators, the look of utter savagery upon the encircling faces, strongly suggest a certain dance I once saw among Malay head-hunters. After one of those scourgings I would be blue-black for days from armpits to hips.

Another game was a more exquisite form of torture. On either side of the schoolhouse yard was a high fence constructed of boards placed upright one against the other. Not quite solid, either; for a West Indian Negro who had strayed north among us occasionally gave an exhibition of prowess by rushing at the fence, leaping clear of the ground en route, and smashing a board with his head as he descended. For some reason he had spared the fence on the west side of the yard, and against this, on a good snowballing day, we would stand a certain beanstalk of a boy over six feet tall and weighing less than ninety pounds. Then the mob would arm itself with snowballs and proceed to outline the victim's body against the dark gray background of the fence. For a few moments the air was blurred with flying missiles, above the whiz of which came an occasional howl of pain from the unlucky wight who stood figuratively and literally with his back to the wall. Even on a cold winter's day I have seen him wet with sweat and limp with fright when the ordeal was over.

VII

My grandfather kept sheep, and in the flock one winter was an exceptionally large ram with great corrugated horns that in their backward sweep touched his massive shoulders. The sheep pen adjoined the barn floor, which ran corridor-like through the two-hundred-foot structure. By reaching over into the pen with a long stick, from the end of which dangled a tin pan, I discovered that 'Billy' could be provoked to a spirited charge. Then I had a bright idea. I tied a rope to a pan, climbed up on the end mow, and my brother let the bellicose Billy in upon the unobstructed and spacious floor. With a look in his eye that clearly signified a burning wish for more worlds to conquer, he quickly discovered the dangling pan, and charged it with a zeal worthy of a Don Quixote. The pan rang under the impact of the blow, and the sport was on. That any living thing could be as persistent and enduring as that ram passes belief. Sometimes we would play the game for a couple of hours, desisting only when we heard my grandfather's heavy tread approaching through the creaking snow.

By February we had Billy in the pink of condition. We made several attempts to induce him to exhibit his prowess upon grandfather; but, for some reason known only to sheep, he declined. Then came the golden opportunity. A fat little Irish butcher with a delightful brogue came one day to buy a pair of beef steers. His rosy face carried the proverbial wreath of smiles, and as he walked he pushed each short fat leg past his protruding

'bay window' as if making a determined effort to get ahead of it. Three good feet of the fluffiest of snow had recently fallen upon a crust stiff enough to carry a person's weight, and the jolly little man was proceeding from the barn to the house along the narrow path worn deep by grandfather's substantial feet.

With my brother just behind me on the lookout, I stood by the sheep-pen door, measuring with my eye the distance that would enable Billy to reach his maximum speed before connecting with the butcher, then opened the door and stood quickly aside. Billy, already scenting battle, stuck out his battering-ram of a head, blinked in the sudden sunshine, and then discovered the roly-poly Irishman as he waddled along the slippery path. With an air of spurning the vulgar earth beneath him, Billy touched that path only four times before he gained his objective. The butcher, as if in defiance of the law of gravity, suddenly rose, and, performing a curve like an exaggerated football shot from the toe of an expert punter, landed face downward in the snow and ploughed along under its disturbed surface for a couple of rods upon the glassy crust beneath.

The appearance of that Irishman when at last he emerged and gained his feet was fascinating. He so closely resembled some rotund and harmless snow man, such as we always made in the front yard out of the first snowfall, that the roar which at length issued from him came as a complete and shocking surprise. Recovering his breath, he swore so volcanically that the wonder is he held together. Grandfather, who stood on the steps of his back porch watching the latter part of the untoward performance, was so outraged by this outburst of unseemly language that he refused to let the offender have the steers.

Our nearest neighbor was a sardonic old fellow with a face like Voltaire's — as that gallant old Frenchman's Christian opponents conceived it to be. We children stood in deep fear of him, knowing the dreadful things he did. For had he not beaten a sow to death in her pen, stabbed to death with a pitchfork a heifer that kicked when he tried to milk her, and — most shocking of all — set a fox trap under a sweet-bough tree and caught Ann Poole in it when she ventured into his orchard after apples?

One afternoon my brother and I found a hen's nest in a clump of hard-hack near the back of his barn. The eggs were deeply stained, and sloshed when we shook them. Why not plaster the old sinner's woodshed door with them? It would serve him right! In high glee we gathered those eggs, three dozen strong, into our straw hats, and, slipping up to the woodshed, peppered the door until it looked plague-infested from top to bottom. Suddenly the door opened, and we fled.

That night is 'one of the most memorable in history,' so far as I am concerned. My mother led the two of us supperless to bed, spanked us with a large and astonishingly capable hand, and then requested us to kneel and say our prayers. My tow-headed brother prayed as best he could between gulps, and climbed sobbing into bed; but I flatly declined either to pray or to cry; declared, in short, that 'it served the old devil right,' for which gem of truth I received another spanking more vigorous than the first.

Only on one other occasion during my childhood did that dangerous spirit take possession of me. It was on a Sunday morning, and my mother had told me for the third time to change my underclothing. While climbing the back stairs, I made some defiant remark, when my father, livid with sud-

den rage, sprang after me, and, dragging me out into the back kitchen, flogged me until I could n't stand. A few weeks before I had bought an old gun (paid for with muskrat pelts and cider apples gleaned from under the sodden leaves in the fence corners), and this I loaded, firmly resolved to shoot my father before the day was done; but as the flame of my anger died down, I wept bitterly, unburdening my outraged soul to my dog.

My mother, before her marriage, was called the most beautiful woman in the county from which she came. Tall, straight, with coal-black hair, white skin, and frank French eyes that measured one at a glance, she was by nature a joyous pagan with a passion for the out-of-doors and a divine instinct for making any plant grow that she entrusted to mother earth. Born into the Catholic faith, she was caught in the deadly Puritan net, from which she never escaped. I can see her yet sitting by the window searching the Bible for the sin against the Holy Ghost, which she feared she had committed. In the dead of night she would rise, get the great family tome, and continue the search, and, when she had fastened upon some verse which she regarded as proof of her eternal damnation, summon my father to corroborate her decision. How well I remember his patient, harassed face as he strove to persuade her to return to bed.

From her bedroom window my mother could see the graveyard. In the farthest corner was a long row of tall white tombstones, marking the graves of several generations of B——s, whose house was a half mile up the road. One night she woke my father and pointed to a light moving across the fields from the B—— house toward the graveyard. It entered, and, proceeding to the corner in which the B——s were buried, vanished. In a few days, quite unexpectedly, another B—— died, and was buried beside his kinsfolk. Finally my mother came to watch for those lights with a fearful fascination, always rousing my father to bear witness to the incredible thing. The light would appear shortly after midnight, and was always followed by another death in the ill-fated B—— family. If my very sane father had only smiled at my mother's hallucination the story would not have impressed me so deeply; but to his death he declared that he also saw the lights. I should like to see the alleged facts placed before the Society for Psychical Research and hear its 'hard-boiled' explanation.

VIII

Occasionally an evangelist would come down from Boston during the winter months and hold revival meetings in the schoolhouse. On one of these occasions my father, who years before had backslid, returned to the fold, and the next morning astonished us children by bowing his head — I can see the part in my mother's raven-black hair as she bowed hers also — and saying grace. After that, grace was said before each meal until we children grew up and through sheer indifference silenced what is to me now the only really sacred religious rite connected with my childhood.

The next winter a velvet-tongued evangelist appeared who was truly a high-grade artist. He did not rant and roar; he had a much more effective method of bringing sinners to repentance. He simply played the melodeon and sang over and over in his sugary voice emotional hymns that have mesmerized countless thousands of guileless folk.

I was entering upon adolescence, and the emotional appeal of this smooth gentleman found me fertile soil. The

meetings had been in full swing for a couple of weeks, and I was growing vaguely afraid of that sugary voice; but I entered the schoolhouse that evening as usual and sat in the back seats with 'the gang.' As the music went on and on I felt something tugging at me, drawing me forward; but I gripped the desk and resisted, until I saw a hard-drinking old horse trader in front of me begin to weep, and, swept forward on vocal billows of rejoicing, gain the anxious seat.

Before I knew what had happened, I found myself beside him, and the next moment a soft, seductive hand was on my shoulder and the sugary voice was in my ear. I went home with my head as high in the clouds as if I had been smoking opium, and all night, until the break of a cold January dawn, I said over and over, over and over: 'I'm saved, I'm saved, I'm saved!' When I awoke later in the morning and looked out into the pitiless winter sunshine, I half expected that the bitter weather would have no further power over me; but when I came to dress, my toes and fingers stung as usual, and when I arrived downstairs the wood box had to be filled. In a few days I had recovered from my emotional spree, and I never indulged in another.

My baptism ended my formal religious experience until I stood at the grave of my mother, when my convulsive weeping was mistaken by the officiating clergyman for 'repentance.' God rest his obtuse soul! Only in some old European cathedral, and that rarely, has the spirit of formal Christianity returned to me.

Once, years later, on my return to my native land, I attended a Wednesday night prayer meeting as in my boyhood days. As the fathers, markedly aged during the years of my wanderings, knelt one by one and asked fervently for the same old impossible things they had asked for in my childhood, my eyes in roaming about the familiar place rested upon a print of the crucified Christ hanging upon the wall. The gaunt body was raised against an utterly barren background, and as I looked at it the futility of altruistic goodness swept over me. Then, as if by a magician's wand, I saw poor humanity through His eyes, and suddenly loved Him. Quietly I got up and slipped out into the night. The sky was clear, and the stars in their fathomless black gulfs were sweeping on, just as they swept on when the first glimmer of questioning intelligence first beheld them; just as they will sweep on when the last baffled interrogator turns his face helplessly up to them. What was I — the man on the cross — all life — in the face of that cold and heartless immensity? As the unthinkable æons wore on, even those stars would be utterly annihilated and return into the void, only to reappear in new worlds — over and over and over. Against such a spectacle those old men praying to their own collective shadow seemed less than nothing.

But what about that morning in my childhood when those same stars leaned down, and, communing with me, filled my soul with unutterable joy? What about the ageless chorus of the frogs beyond the orchard, and the prayer of the hermit thrush? Is science leading man into a deadly morass from which there is no escape so long as he worships at her shrine, and will he continue to dwindle until all his glorious spiritual heritage is lost, leaving only a highly intellectualized animal, well ordered, passionless, with no further capacity for either a heaven or a hell?

Or will man eventually rise triumphant above a depersonalized universe, and reconstruct another spiritual kingdom nobler and more spacious than that which science has destroyed?

THE RESCUE

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE H. GRANT

I

MR. SMUDGE, second mate of the steamship *Wallowoo*, stood on the starboard wing of the bridge and peered nervously ahead into the smother of mist and driving sleet. He had never been at home upon the sea. In dirty weather, when the vessel was tumbling about in the turmoil of the confused waves, fear would lie heavy within him like ballast in a cranky vessel, and there was no knowing when it would shift, to send him floundering into the depths of despair. He had tried to overcome it; had endeavored always to show a brave face to his shipmates, who reveled in danger and laughed boisterously when the green seas swept across the deck. He knew, for it is part of the code with which all mariners become imbued by their vocation and environment, that fear, though entertained, must never be shown. A timorous sign or action, in the frequent contingencies that are experienced, might mean the total destruction of a vessel, and the lives of some members of the crew.

Peer as he might into the murk ahead, he could not see more than a few hundred yards, and the visibility seemed to be narrowing all the while. From the forward well the deep, sonorous voice of the mate could be heard giving orders to the men, who were squaring up the decks before the full fury of the gale should be encountered. The glare of the steaming lights fell on the wet oilskins of the sailormen stowing the mooring lines on number one hatch, and it was disconcerting, annoying, for the reflections darted about like myriad fireflies, until at times it seemed as if the timid light from a fisherman's lantern were popping up under the bow. But there was no impact, no staggering of the vessel to the accompaniment of splintering timbers. Mr. Smudge would be reassured, when a dollop of spindrift would rise high into the air to hang perpendicularly like a jeweled gauze ahead of the lights before driving down the wind upon the bridge to make him uneasy again.

The whiff of a cigar fell upon his nostrils, and the Captain was on the bridge beside him. He pulled himself together and looked around.

'It's a tough night to be going to sea, sir,' he remarked cheerfully, for he was happy in the thought that the responsibility had reverted to the other.

Captain Slocum took the cigar from his mouth without taking his gaze from ahead, snorted contemptuously, and spat a curve vigorously in the wind.

'What the hell else do you expect at this time of the year? A woman's wind with the linen and frills hanging out to dry? This 'll toughen some of you young fellows up. You need it!'

Captain Slocum was not usually cantankerous and irascible. But he had also been thinking that it was a tough night on which to put to sea — though not on account of the weather, for it was whispered that he could not digest his food or relish his liquor unless it

was swished about in his innards by the lurching and heaving of his vessel at the height of a gale. A week-end at home had seemed a possibility until the owners had ordered extra gangs of stevedores on board to whip the cargo out so that the vessel could sail on Saturday afternoon. The disappointment was enough to upset the equanimity of a saint, far more that of a sailor. Now, instead of having a comfortable night on shore, he would have to stay on deck — at any rate, until the sleet and dirt had cleared away.

'The *Deeperoo* should make Sunday this trip,' Mr. Smudge began again. 'She'll be coming up in a fair wind.'

'It'll be thicker than pea soup to the south'ard of the Cape, I'm thinking,' Captain Slocum stated. 'And she's loaded deep with sugar from Cuba. If Barnes has any sense, he'll forget Sunday and heave his vessel to until the gale blows out, for she'll be dirty if running. But he's a young fellow — one of those home birds — smart, they say, but kind of light in the upper works. But I guess they're all alike nowadays.'

Mr. Smudge took the implication as a personal snub, so walked over to the lee wing of the bridge, muttering something about 'an old relic' when out of earshot of the Captain. He would be on watch until midnight, and come on deck again at 4 A.M., for the third mate had been left behind in Boston; so he might as well be as comfortable as possible, away from the eye of the 'Old Man.' It was just his luck to lose the week-end. As he saw it now, he should have taken leave when it was offered to him, instead of turning it over to the third mate. A shiver passed through him as the shrieking wind struck at his face through an aperture between the weather cloth and the sheltering cab, and the pin pricks of sleet stabbed wickedly at his cheeks. A gale of wind with the night still young, he thought, and the third mate would be sitting snug with his girl at the movies. A 'helluva life' the sea!

But there was no time for self-pity. The demands of the storm were urgent, inexorable. A brute of a sea had leaped out of the murk to pounce upon the bluff bow, to stagger the vessel with tremors of agony, then to break across the forward well in a welter of foam that gurgled through the winches and between the hatches, showing pale, nauseous-green teeth in the frenzy of its advance. He could hear the mate yell a warning to his men, and, peering through the window of the cab, he saw the oilskin-clad figures clinging to the bulwark stanchions and winch ends while the surging water strove to break their hold and carry them, helpless and screaming like land birds on the bosom of a hurricane wind, into the leaping water out alee. A shiver passed through him again and he pressed more closely into the shelter of the cab, as if to find from its protection a staff of strength on which to lean. He gazed through the darkness toward the weather cab, and realized, from the glow of a cigar, that the Captain was coming across the reeling bridge toward him.

'Get down below on to the forward well and give the mate a hand.'

Mr. Smudge heard the order, but did not move. It was as if an icy hand had laid its weight upon his heart, then squeezed and squeezed until an unmitigable numbness came upon his limbs.

'Get a move on! What in hell's the matter with you?' Captain Slocum shouted, and looked keenly at his subordinate.

It was on the tip of Mr. Smudge's tongue to retort that it was his place to be on the bridge, but he immediately perceived the futility of such an answer. And anyway, in that moment, a sub-

conscious urge to obey the order came to him. Duty! It was his duty to obey. He was paid to risk his life when the occasion demanded. Without realizing this, almost against his will, he swung to action with alacrity.

'Nothing, sir. Aye, aye, sir.'

It was as if another voice spoke within him — a voice belonging to the self he often wished that he could be. A surge of enthusiasm, of fearlessness, swept over him as he steadied himself against the lurching of the vessel, then slid, on the slithery planks, toward the ladder that led down to the lower deck. Alone in the sodden gloominess that huddled under the deck head on the lee of the forward house, he hesitated, with one hand holding the oilskins close about him and the other firmly clutching the storm rail on the bulkhead. The clap-clap of the carpenter's hammer knocking the wedges home into their cleats on the forward hatches told him that most of the work had been done; that, in a little while, the vessel would be snugged down and the sailormen put on their regular watches.

II

In the lee he hesitated, for the wind, screeching round the corner of the house, was frightsome, and almost tore him away from the security of the bulkhead when he attempted to gain the top of the ladder that led to the forward well. If he had been brought up in sail there would have been no terror in the wild ravings of the storm; no hesitation when he felt the weight of the wind upon him; no fear clutching at his heart like cobwebs in the dark recesses of a dilapidated barn. He would have become inured to them all in the thrill of a vessel wind-driven and in the knowledge, which would permeate to the root of his being, that he was a vital part of the vessel on which he sailed. In a steam vessel he had no chance, for never does the spit of smoke and cinders, or the pounding of an engine in a laboring hull of steel, lift a man out of himself. It is as if the mechanical contrivances of man know their superiority and want to remain aloof to flaunt that knowledge in the faces of their makers. Mr. Smudge would have given anything he possessed to be like the sailormen working fearlessly to make the vessel secure against the furies of the gale. But it was a hard fight — like that of a helpless vessel buffeted in the vortex of a hurricane.

'Smudge! Mr. Smudge!' Captain Slocum bawled.

Mr. Smudge bent his head against the force of the wind and made for the ladder. His foot was on the top step, when a man coming up bumped into him. He loosed his grasp of the rail. The wind caught him off balance and sent him flat against the lee bulwarks, where he clung breathless and scared. Men hurried past, hastened on their way by the hurricane gusts that flew around the corner of the forward house. The beam of a flash light cut the darkness.

'What's the matter?' shouted the mate.

'I — I was coming to give you a hand,' Mr. Smudge replied, spluttering, 'when I tripped over the steam-pipe casing.'

'She's all squared up now!' the mate shouted boisterously. 'Am going up to report and to see if the Old Man has a drink in the bottle. It's bloody wet down on the well deck, and I'm going to turn in.'

A sense of relief came to Mr. Smudge as he followed the mate up the ladder to the bridge. The night would be quiet now until after the Cape had been cleared — and the mate would be on deck. He sighed happily.

'Is that you, Mr. Smudge?' Captain

Slocum inquired when the bridge had been made.

'Aye, aye, sir.'

'Go along to the wireless cabin. A weather report has just come in.'

Mr. Smudge turned away reluctantly, for there was a chance that the Old Man would give him a peg when the mate had one. Set a fellow up on a dirty night. But he heard them talking, and knew that it was useless to wait.

'It looks like dirty weather ahead,' the wireless operator remarked, swinging back easily in his chair when the vessel pitched. 'I don't envy you on a night like this. How's it outside? Tough?'

Mr. Smudge gazed superciliously down at him.

'Oh, it's not so bad,' he said. 'Could be a lot worse. What else do you expect in the winter months?'

He would let the operators know that the deck department were made of sterner stuff than they; there was no discomfort in the cabin. Yet when he felt the sting of the driving sleet on his face he wished that he could have lingered a while longer — to kill the minutes that still remained of his watch. He dwelt on the thought as he struggled from shelter to shelter, from storm rail to stanchion, toward the bridge.

Captain Slocum took the weather report from him.

'Keep a sharp lookout,' he ordered, and gave a grunt of disgust as he walked across the bridge toward the wheelhouse. The chart-room light switched on, which blinded Mr. Smudge for a second, so that he hid his eyes in the belly of the weather cloth. When he looked up, the curtains of the ports had been drawn, but a swish of spindrift caught him unawares and covered his face with streaming water.

'There seems to be a light right ahead!'

The voice of the lookout man close to his ear startled him. He jerked to attention and endeavored to focus his smarting eyes in the direction indicated.

'W-w-where?' he shouted.

'Just over the jack staff — it is n't very clear. There it is again!'

Mr. Smudge saw it also — or thought he did.

'Hard aport!' he yelled to the man at the wheel.

He heard the grinding of the packing in the glands as the wheel was put hard over; but the vessel seemed to be holding to her course — the light kept ahead.

'Is she swinging?' he shouted, almost frantic.

'She's gone off two points — and still swinging, sir,' the man at the wheel answered.

The light in the chart room went out, the door opened, and Captain Slocum hurried on to the bridge.

'What do you see?' he asked anxiously.

Mr. Smudge was not sure now that he had seen anything.

'There was something that looked like a light almost right ahead,' he answered, paused, then shouted, 'There it is again!'

Captain Slocum laughed easily.

'Bring her back to her course,' he ordered. 'It's the reflection of the forward mast headlight on the top of the jack staff. Tell the mate to give the truck a lick of black paint when the weather clears up. The reflection has been bothering us for months. On a night like this it is better to be safe than sorry — you did right to put her off her course.'

Until the Captain spoke Mr. Smudge was not sure that he had been right. His order to the man at the wheel had been involuntary. Instead of praise he had expected a reprimand, for the murk

of doubt had not cleared away from his head where it had settled in the emergency.

But Captain Slocum was speaking.

'It is going to be dirty before morning. The southeast storm warnings are up between the Delaware capes and Eastport, Maine. I am glad the old tub is loaded deep, for we'd be in a tight hole if light, with the cape lying shut in to leeward.'

He spun a yarn of a dirty night on the coast that made the watch pass quickly for Mr. Smudge. At eight bells the mate came on to the bridge to relieve him. Mr. Smudge gave him the course, wrote up the log, and went below to his cabin.

III

He was aroused almost as soon as he had fallen asleep, it seemed, by the mate drawing back the curtain over the doorway with a tinkle of brass rings and banging on the bulkhead with his fist.

'Show a leg there, mister,' he shouted.

Mr. Smudge switched on the light and looked at his watch. It was after four o'clock. The man must have forgotten to call him at one bell. Well, he had sneaked an extra fifteen minutes of sleep, though he felt as if he had never been in his bunk. Watch and watch was no damned good anyway. You always felt on awaking as if you had been drawn through a sewer. The sight of the mate's ruddy, windbeaten face and the water glistening on his oilskins sent a shiver through him as he swung his legs over the bunk board.

'Get a hustle on,' the mate cautioned. 'The *Deeperoo* is in trouble, and the Old Man is jumpy and cackling like a wet hen. It looks now as if there was going to be some real sailorizing for you to do.'

He grinned maliciously, dropped the curtain into its place, and went along the alleyway to the deck. The outside door shut with a bang.

Mr. Smudge wished that he had not gone in such a hurry. The parting thrust was disturbing. 'Sailorizing' could mean so many things — and, again, it might mean nothing. His hands fumbled nervously with the buttons on his clothing as he hurried into them. He had better keep on the right side of the Old Man, for if there was dirty work to be done it would be given to the mate least in favor.

A biting cold wind swirled about him as he picked his way along the deck. He swore when he barked his right shin against a small bunker hatch that blended into the blackness of the morning. If the third mate had been on board he would be going to his bunk instead of on to the bridge on watch. Some fellows had all the luck. He could not help thinking of the third mate lying snug in a bed on shore.

Captain Slocum was standing in the weather corner of the bridge smoking a cigar as if he had not changed his position throughout the night. Eight hours of watching! Mr. Smudge was not sure now that he wanted to attain the pinnacle of his earlier ambitions and become a master mariner. He knew there was a catch in the life at sea, but he had not perceived it until now.

There was a rip-snorting gale blowing that clawed at his oilskins and sou'wester when he came out of the lee of the chart room and groped his way toward the glow of the cigar. Spray was flying in a constant stream down the wind and driving, with the roll of kettledrums, against the weather cloth and deck houses. The vessel was butting the seas, staggering, trembling, recovering, and flooding herself over the forecastle head. The surging of the

green water on the forward well came through the storm noises like the rasp of a saw. The realization came to Mr. Smudge that the vessel was being driven, with all the power behind her engines, into the teeth of the gale.

'Good morning, sir,' he shouted.

'Morning, mister,' Captain Slocum replied curtly. 'Bloody awful morning, if you ask me.'

Neither of them spoke again for some time. The mate had gone below before Mr. Smudge had arrived on the bridge, so that he had no further news of the *Deeperoo*. And he was anxious — terribly anxious.

Captain Slocum must have read his thoughts. He said: —

'I got an S O S from the *Deeperoo* two hours ago. She's lost her rudder and is lying in the trough, drifting toward the shoals. Her number two hatch has been stove in, which is bad. We'll reach her by daylight, and stand by to take off the crew in case she falls over on her beam ends before the arrival of the tug. One has been dispatched from New York. The coast-guard cutters are all away on deep-sea jobs.'

'Stand by to take off the crew.' Captain Slocum spoke as if he were bound on a picnic! He would n't have to go out in the lifeboat, thought Mr. Smudge. To him would fall the easy end of the job — to stand on the bridge and give orders. And on arrival at port he would gather in all the awards for what had been successfully accomplished. One could be calm under these circumstances! But it would be the mate's duty to go out in the lifeboat! Or would it be his?

He turned toward the Captain.

'The mate of the *Leatherby* did a good job, sir, when he went after the crew of the schooner dismasted in the gale last week. Did you read about it in the papers?'

That was a subtle idea, he thought — give the old man a precedent to guide him.

Captain Slocum grunted, but did not speak.

A feeling of apprehension began to settle over Mr. Smudge. In the cold gray hours that heralded the day he died many times, swept to his death by ugly combers that curled and roared over a frail wooden craft that went forth on an errand of mercy. So deep was the fear within him that he resolved to refuse to go should he be ordered away in charge of the lifeboat.

The dawn came slowly, for the light was smothered by the murkiness that pressed close upon the sea and by the clouds that had no shape but hung above the vessel as if too heavy to take their proper altitude in the sky. The wind had eased slightly with the coming of the day. The downward rush of the barometer had stopped. The change that was imminent would bring a stronger wind.

'We should pick her up any time now,' Captain Slocum remarked when he came from the chart room, where he had been laying off some wireless bearings after six bells. 'She's making water fast, and Barnes wants me to take off his crew. Her boats have been washed away. Just got a message.'

'He must have kept running when he should have been hove to,' Mr. Smudge remarked.

Captain Slocum looked at him intently.

'Mind your own damned business!' he snorted.

'But you said —'

'Never mind what I said; do as I tell you!'

Mr. Smudge realized immediately that he had gone and put his foot in it, and possibly his entire body as well. And the Old Man had suggested the action himself.

'Get all hands on deck,' Captain Slocum ordered. 'And tell the mate to clear away the starboard lifeboat ready for lowering. You will need four or five lengths of two-and-a-half-inch line, to pull the men from the water in case you cannot get alongside.'

IV

The Old Man had decided! Mr. Smudge knew, as he hastened along the lower deck to carry out the orders, that now was the time to take a firm stand; to make it clear to the Old Man that he would refuse to take charge of a lifeboat should one be lowered into the jaws of the gale. There was still a chance that such an action would be unnecessary. He decided to wait until the condition of the *Deeperoo* could be definitely ascertained. Not only would he be jeopardizing his position, but he would look such a fool, if he refused a duty that might not be delegated to him. With the coming of daylight the weather had not seemed so bad. The sea was still streaked with wind dogs; the wind still howled through the shrouds. But perhaps the rescue would be accomplished in the lull that would precede the change. He decided to wait.

He had returned to the bridge, after passing the orders to the mate, when the *Deeperoo* was sighted. She was lying so far over on her beam ends and falling so heavily into the troughs of the seas that, at first, there were times when it seemed as if she had gone for good. Then she would heave up on to the crest of a wave, to be smothered by the spume as the wind-hounded combers raced, pinnacled, and broke over her. It seemed incredible that a living person could find a shelter on that half-tide rock of straining steel. Yet when the *Wallowoo* hove to to windward there was seen the flutter of a white sheet from the gratings over the forward end of the fiddley. Her wireless had long since ceased to function; her boats were gone; the tatters of a tarpaulin flapped into the air above the topsides like naked brown arms beseeching help; from her fore truck flew the remnants of a hoist of flags.

The crew of the *Wallowoo* lined the lee rail. Some of them smoked, while others commented on the prospects of a salvage job. 'Good money if we could tow her into port,' the bos'n remarked. 'But only hard graft and a bloody dousing if we go after the crew.'

'Muster the men on the bridge deck in the lee of the fiddley,' Captain Slocum said to the mate after he had surveyed the helpless craft through the long glass.

In a few minutes the mate reported the men mustered below.

'Stay up here, mister,' Captain Slocum ordered. 'I'll be back in a second.'

He went down the ladder, walked slowly along the deck, and stopped, with his back to the bulwark rail, when he was abreast of his crew. For a moment or two he looked from one to the other, all along the line, while the fine spray, carried on the swirling wind, flung like a mist upon them.

'Men,' he began quietly, 'I want a boat's crew. The *Deeperoo* cannot last much longer. It will be dangerous work, hard work, and you may all lose your lives. I want volunteers. Step forward, the men who are willing to take a chance.'

The men looked at each other. One stepped forward — another — another — and twelve sailormen stood ready to answer the call.

'All right, men,' Captain Slocum shouted. 'That's enough.'

He turned to the second mate.

'Pick your crew, Mr. Smudge. Eight men is all you need.'

He swung toward the men again.

'Best luck to you, my lads. I'll aid you all I can.'

Mr. Smudge was speechless. Captain Slocum was on the bridge before he could open his mouth to refuse. He made a step as if to go after him, then hesitated. The eyes of the men were upon him. He must not waver — he must not; to hell with the duty! He took a step toward the bridge.

'Pick me, sir!'

Mr. Smudge looked round, and saw a little runt of a fellow with an eager fire in his eyes.

'All right, Smith! You come along! And you, Woodcock. Lamps, Brown, Jerry, Donkey. You'd better remain on board to lower us away, Bos'n. You, Dan — Jorgensen.'

In the wink of an eye he had a crew.

The mate came toward him.

'The Old Man wants to give you some advice. I'll make everything ready.'

Mr. Smudge went on to the bridge. On the way he had thrown off his oilskins and sou'wester, and he stood before the Captain bareheaded and eager. Within him there raged a turmoil of conflicting emotions, but, in the flattery of the crew's trust, fear was dulled. In later years he whispered to himself that, for one moment or one hour in his life, he was able to forget himself. And for that he was forever thankful. He listened attentively to the advice of the Captain, and perceived that it was advice that was given, and not orders. It thrilled him.

'Do the job yourself, Smudge, in your own way,' Captain Slocum concluded. 'Good luck!'

'Thank you, sir,' he heard himself mutter as they shook hands.

The lifeboat had been lowered from the boat deck, and was held, boused in against the bridge-deck stanchions to keep it from being smashed against the side as the vessel rolled, when he stepped on board. A tremor of fear passed through him when his eyes caught sight of the swirling water gurgling under the lee. The oil which the engineers had pumped overboard to smooth the ragged edges from the whitecaps gave a ghastly appearance to the surface of the sea. Like blood from a wound mingling with a disinfectant, he thought.

'Clear away!' Captain Slocum shouted peremptorily.

'Ready there?' inquired the mate.

Mr. Smudge pulled himself together.

'All ready, sir,' he shouted. 'Lower away!'

The bousing lines were cast off. The falls grunted over the sheaves. The water, great smooth swells, heaved up to grasp the boat.

'Stand by to cut the painter, Lamps! Stand by the releasing gear, Jerry!' Mr. Smudge shouted as he took into his hands the sweep with which to steer the boat.

'Get the lee oars out! Have the others handy.'

Men jumped to stations. The pulleys sang. A wave kissed the bottom of the boat — kissed it gently and went past. Mr. Smudge watched anxiously as the boat swung out on its tackles. A wave leaped up!

'Let go!'

A swing of the releasing lever, and the lower tackle blocks swung free. The lifeboat took the water with a splash.

'Cut her adrift!'

A slash of the axe! The painter parted with a twang, and the first danger had been cleared. Mr. Smudge lay heavily on the sweep to head the lifeboat away to leeward before the indraught should draw her to destruction against the rolling hull of the vessel. The men bent on their oars, lay back, and, before they had settled

to their task, the lifeboat was out of the lee and speeding before the heft of the storm. Seas leaped at them, broke, and covered them with spray. But the boat was lively, buoyant, and took no heavy water. Lamps began to sing a chantey.

V

Mr. Smudge thought that it was not so bad after all. But he changed his mind when he saw the waves breaking over the heavily listed hull ahead. There was no oil on the water to smooth their landing; there were no men ready to aid them. It was like being driven against the cliffs — with the seething waters eager to engulf their craft.

Nearer and nearer they drew.

Mr. Smudge kept the boat heading for the stern of the helpless hull. He knew that he must keep as near as possible — yet not too near.

He could hear the water breaking now — see the foam reaching far on all sides. He was glad that his men had their backs turned to it all. There was no sign of life on the vessel. She could not be more than fifty feet away. The boat was flying down on her. He had her in too close. She would not clear.

A wave caught the boat on its crest and sent it forward at a great speed.

'Look out!' he yelled, and lay heavily on the sweep. 'Pull like hell!'

The lifeboat was abreast of the stern — lifted to the level of the poop on a sea. He pulled on the sweep. The lifeboat passed to safety, and the men 'lay to' on their oars about thirty feet to leeward of the wreck.

Mr. Smudge breathed easily as he surveyed the decks. Men were clinging to the storm rails in the lee of the deck houses. The breaking waves were tumbling over her and falling in an avalanche into the sea.

'Give way easily,' he ordered.

When about twenty feet separated the lifeboat from the vessel he told them to stop rowing and keep the boat head to leeward in readiness to pull away should the suction draw them too close. He stood up and cupped his hands to his mouth.

'You'll have to jump into the sea!' he shouted. 'We'll float lines with toggles attached. Make for them, and we'll pull you on board. Not too many at a time — but hurry, for there's a shift of wind coming!'

The lines were floated. Men jumped — disappeared beneath the water, to bob up near the toggles. It was hot work hauling the men on board and attending to the oars. The rescued lent a hand, but with the additional weight the lifeboat floated lifelessly on the water.

A deluge of rain came as the captain was hauled out of the sea. He was haggard and worn, and did not speak. Instead he nodded to Mr. Smudge, who beamed back at him.

'We were just in time, sir!' he shouted.

It had all seemed so easy.

A long blast on the whistle of the *Wallowoo* brought him back to the work in hand. He looked around, and saw a flag being jerked up and down on the foremast. He also saw a black squall banking up to the westward. The sky was hardening — a dark line lay on the horizon.

'Give way together!' he shouted. 'There's a shift coming!'

The wind fell light as the men laid back on their oars. A cool breath came away. A warning!

'Double-bank the oars!' he yelled, sculling with the sweep to aid the speed of the boat.

Captain Slocum had taken the *Wallowoo* to leeward of the *Deeperoo* after the lifeboat had left. She was now in position, waiting to receive them on board.

Mr. Smudge could see the squall advancing. The sea had become confused.

'More weight on the oars!' he screamed.

VI

He had worked the lifeboat alongside the *Wallowoo* before the squall broke. More than half of the rescued had clambered, or been hauled, to safety. The wind blew in fierce gusts, driving the rain into his face. The lifeboat was flung heavily against the hull. The blow jarred her — split the planking. He could see the water seeping in and hear it swishing about ominously. The men were clutching at the lines. They were dangling in space. The west wind had swung the *Wallowoo* across the sea, and the waves were leaping upon him. The painter, by which the lifeboat was held, tautened with a twang, but did not part! Only a few men were left.

'Blast your souls!' he screamed. 'Jump, or we'll all be drowned!'

A line flung by a sailorman on deck hit him on the face. He grabbed it blindly and held on. The boat was rising violently. It brought up with a jerk that sent him tumbling. He heard the painter part — heard the warning cries of the men on deck. But he could not help himself. The boat fell from under him. The water went over his head, rushed past, and carried him with it. The line in his hands tightened with a jerk. He grit his teeth and held on like a drowning man to a straw. He came out of the water and swung like a pendulum into the bosom of the succeeding wave. His back flopped against the hull, and he felt himself being hauled up hand over hand.

But at that moment he did not care what was happening to him. A great weariness had come over him. If he could only die, what a relief it would be! He was afraid of the safety that might hold such another experience — and he was afraid to let go of the line.

'Take him along to the saloon,' he heard Captain Slocum say as from a great distance.

They were carrying him along the deck. A blast of warm air that carried the odor of food nauseated him. If they would only leave him on deck!

He struggled weakly, and they set him on his feet. He leaned wearily against the cross bunker hatch and slowly opened his eyes.

'Here! Drink this, mister,' Captain Slocum said. 'It will steady you.'

A glass of whiskey was held out. He took it in his hand, but when he raised it to his lips the smell was too rank, and only increased the twanging of his nerves, which seemed to be playing a tune within his head.

'You'd better go and turn in, mister,' Captain Slocum said. 'Never mind about your watch. I'll use the officers of the *Deeperoo*. Here, steward! Give Mister Smudge a hand to get his wet clothing off and into his bunk.'

'Thank you, sir,' he heard himself saying.

'Thank me, be damned! You're a hero, mister,' Captain Slocum shouted. 'And there's fifty men on board here that know it.'

The men cheered as he went along the deck to his cabin. He did not raise his eyes to them. If he did, they would see him as he really was, he thought.

The Captain had called him a hero. He wanted to laugh, but the weariness was overpowering.

A hero! He played with the thought as the wet clothing slipped to the deck and he tumbled into bed. The light was switched out and the door banged shut as the steward went away.

A hero! Perhaps after all there were other men such as he. He yawned wearily, snuggled under the blankets on his bunk, and was soon fast asleep.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO[1]

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

UPON the outskirts of the city of Naples lies the tomb of Virgil. The body of the great poet was laid there nineteen years before the beginning of the Christian Era, and during all the tumultuous centuries which followed he was never entirely forgotten. The Italians, with the indestructible monuments of Rome constantly under their eyes, could never entirely forget that her greatness had been a physical reality, and in their minds no name was more closely associated than his with the grandeur which he had celebrated.

His fame had, indeed, undergone strange transmogrifications. Few to whom his name was still vaguely familiar had any idea of the character of his works, and fewer still had read them. He must, they thought, have been a mighty magician — like Aristotle. He had, so legend asserted, created a marvelous brazen fly, and from him Reynard the Fox had learned certain valuable secrets. Even as we approach the period with which we are concerned, a period during which he was again read as a poet, we see that certain fantastic notions still prevailed. For had he not, it was asked, definitely revealed the divine character of his inspiration by clearly predicting in one of his *Eclogues* the coming of Christ, and did not even students of profane literature agree that his deepest significance lay, not in the vain fables which he recounted, but in the allegorical meanings which were hid within them?

Virgil was, in short, a symbol of intellectual greatness which each age had interpreted in terms it could understand, and though the time had come again when certain newly refined ears caught his sweet melody, they were frightened by the perception of delights which had no relation to that plan of salvation which, so the Church insisted, should be the sole concern of man.

Here undoubtedly was the voice of the world, hints of that human culture which had no relation to the only culture tolerated by a harsh God, and timidly men sought to deny that it contained any principle inimical to the philosophy which they accepted. But more and more his voice was heard. Ideas of fame and glory, aspirations toward tenderness and beauty, began to attach themselves to his name. He was the great poet in a sense unknown to the grim ages just past, and his fame was a glimmer from some civilization which had begun to seem once more desirable.

This Virgil had lain some thirteen centuries in his tomb when a young Italian in his ardent twenties stood meditating at night beside it. His

[1] There are many doubtful points in the biography of Boccaccio. In this study I have always adopted the one of several possibilities which seemed to me the most probable, without stopping to debate the question. The best recent treatments of the life as a whole are Edward Hutton's *Giovanni Boccaccio* and Henri Hauvette's *Boccace*. To both of these I am much indebted. — AUTHOR

father was one of those Italian merchants who were establishing the solid bourgeois prosperity upon which the culture of the Renaissance was to be founded, and he himself was, without exactly knowing it, a typical representative of the new man. He had been accustomed from boyhood to cities more stately and more comfortable than any known in the Western world outside of Italy; he had been at a court whose fashion and sophistication made it infinitely removed from the semi-barbarous state of society which still dominated the rest of Europe; and though he had applied himself somewhat to study, he was, by nature and experience, worldly. As he stood in a ferment to which love added its perplexities, his mind turned to that 'sweet poesy' which since childhood had delighted him, and the soul of Virgil spoke across the centuries.

> Contemplating that tomb and meditating for a long time with suspended soul both upon him whom the tomb enclosed and the fame of those bones, he began suddenly to accuse and to lament the fate which had violently constrained him to devote himself to trade, which he hated. From this he was seized with a sudden love of the Pierian Muses, and returning to the house he broke with all merchants and gave himself ardently to the study of poetry; in which, in a short space of time, his noble intelligence and his ardent desires being joined, he became admirably proficient.

Such at least is the account given of the conversion of Giovanni Boccaccio by his contemporary and earliest biographer, Filippo Villani, who wrote it down in his *Le vite d'uomini illustri fiorentini* six or seven years after Giovanni had died.

One may, indeed, suspect a touch of poetry in this account itself, but if poetry is there it is poetry of that sort which reveals the deepest truth, for if it is not literal fact it is at least significant allegory. The world of things human, not the world of things divine, was the one which Boccaccio longed to feel and to sing; he was compelled to reach back across many intervening centuries to touch hands with men who had dropped the thread which he was to try to pick up, and it was at the ashes of Virgil that he would light his own torch.

Two other men, Dante Alighieri and Francesco Petrarca, shared with him the literary fame of his century. Succeeding ages have studied both more assiduously than they have studied him, but he was, nevertheless, more completely than either of the others a representative of a new kind of culture.

From whatever the other two wrote concerning life as their contemporaries lived it, certain lines went out to points of reference outside that life. In Dante they went out to great principles, fixed in eternity, by which all human events must be judged; in Petrarch they went out to the customs and the opinions of the ancient world; but in Boccaccio the world of sense and experience was, for the first time since the classical age, complete in itself. Life as he and his fellows lived it needed nothing which it did not itself furnish to establish its values. Even if God had never existed and the Romans had never lived, Florence and Naples contained delight enough and meaning enough to form the subject of art. He took time, not eternity, for his province, and experience as his only guide and judge.

II

It is not certain whether Paris, Florence, or the little town of Certaldo gave Boccaccio birth, but he was born in the year 1313, and born, significantly enough, from a temporary union between his father and a Parisian woman

whom the former had met in the course of a mercantile journey and whom he shortly after abandoned. Giovanni, as a matter of course, received an elementary education, and, as a matter of course also, was apprenticed to another eminent merchant in order that he might learn the trade of his father; but before he had even learned what poetry was he had made little rhymes of his own, and he spoke bitterly in later life of the six years which he had wasted in trade.

His father, anxious to see him established in some lucrative profession, suggested the study of the canon law, but the affairs of the Church interested him as little as those of trade and the only result was the loss of another six years. He had, however, managed to make that study serve as an excuse for taking up his residence in the gay city of Naples, and it is there that the real story of his life begins.

Naples under the rule of King Robert was not a city to which either a merchant or a scholar would entrust his son without misgiving, for the refinement and freedom of its manners might well be expected to corrupt both the prudent industry of the one and the moral gravity of the other. Robert, like so many of the petty rulers of the Renaissance, was suspected of having mounted the throne over the murdered body of his brother, but he was a liberal and capable ruler, and his ideals were the new ideals of refinement and beauty which were rapidly undermining the whole mediæval world. Under his rule Naples had become the centre of fashion in Italy at a time when Italy was leading the world in the achievement of that bodily comfort which makes fashion possible. Poets and scholars were honored there, but the day was already passing when poetry and scholarship were affairs of the cloister or inevitably connected with an austere piety. At Naples the days were given to *fêtes champêtres*, the nights to splendid entertainment and amorous intrigue; there, in short, had already been founded that paradoxical society, nominally Christian but in all its acts fundamentally pagan, which was to rule Italy for two centuries and gradually reach the depths of hypocritical corruption which made it possible for a Borgia to sit upon the papal throne and hold his orgies in the Vatican itself.

We do not know at what age Boccaccio first saw the resplendent city, but he seems to have been taken there as a child, and he has left us an account — how fanciful we do not know — under the guise of an allegory which describes his first sight of the new streets and which tells how his heart beat with delight when he met 'a most beautiful girl, in aspect gracious and fair, dressed all in garments of green which befitted her age and recalled the ancient dress of the city,' who welcomed him to it with a kiss. In any event, the memory of the city seems to have remained in his mind as that of a sort of earthly paradise, and he was glad of any excuse — trade or the common law — which would enable him to become one of its citizens. In Naples he instinctively recognized his own spiritual home, and it in turn developed in him the joyous aspects of his nature.

Hitherto he had been compelled to listen to merchants 'skillful only in putting money into coffers' maintaining that poetry was not lucrative, when 'they ought to have blushed to attack celestial things which they do not comprehend and should have confined themselves to crawling among things which the baseness of their spirits makes them barely able to understand.' Here, on the other hand,

poetry was valued at its true worth, as the sole means by which a man's memory might be carried down to future ages, and here too was a daily life which afforded a perpetual gratification to his wakened and eager senses.

Boccaccio's sensuality — of which more must later be said — was of a sweet and gentle sort. Nothing merely coarse or ugly delighted it, and it was marked by none of the ferocity which so often accompanied the sensuality of the Italian; but young and fresh though it was, it had seldom any admixture of anything not essentially sensual. He loved fields and flowers because he was exquisitely sensitive to the beauty of form and color and not at all because he saw in them anything of a mystical beauty too deep for tears; and so also he loved women for the grace and beauty of their bodies and not at all because love was, as his master Dante thought, the lowest rung in the ladder which leads up to God. For such a nature, Naples, with its sunny days spent with beautiful women in the fields and its soft nights spent with these same ladies in brilliant assemblages, was a very paradise.

III

It is hardly necessary to say that in such an atmosphere Boccaccio fell in love. Indeed, he did so more than once, and he has left us the literary names of two ladies, Pampinea the 'white dove' and Abrotonia 'the blackbird,' who played the Rosaline to his Romeo. But the lady who remained for him throughout his youth the symbol of love was she who has come down to us under the name of Fiammetta, or the 'little flame.' The first of his books was written, he tells us, at her command, and in all but one of the other works of imagination which he wrote in the vulgar tongue she plays the rôle of a sensual Beatrice.

Doubtless the element of literary convention plays a part in all this. Petrarch with his Laura as well as Dante with his Beatrice had made it obligatory upon any poet to exalt a queen of his heart, and if Boccaccio had experienced no enduring passion it would have behooved him to invent one. But Fiammetta was a woman of flesh and blood whom Boccaccio had, in the flesh, embraced. Try as he would, in describing his love, to refine it away into that pale and decorous shadow which the convention of courtly poetry demanded, it remains substantial and real. In the person of Fiammetta one may recognize, not the inspirer of an ideal passion, but the woman who first called out and satisfied the most ardent desires of which he was capable and who therefore remained in his mind as the symbol of that substantial sort of love which it was his particular function to celebrate.

This Fiammetta has been almost certainly identified with one Maria, the illegitimate daughter of King Robert, but practically all that we know of her comes from Boccaccio himself, who wove some version of their love affair into more than one of his works. His stories are not in all respects consistent with one another, and all are embroidered with fancy. It is easy to see him forming a legend on the model afforded by the story of Dante and Beatrice, and far less aware than later readers have been of how different the meanings of the two stories were; but all that he tells us of her is significant both of the literary conventions of his day and of the way in which he was preparing himself for his greatest achievement by discovering how inappropriate these conventions were for the expression of what was most important and valid in himself.

On a beautiful spring morning, Saturday the Vigil of Easter, he had gone with a fashionable company to the ten o'clock Mass in the Franciscan Church of San Lorenzo. Gay as the court of Naples was, intellectual skepticism was no important part of the life there, and Boccaccio was no more inclined than his companions to question the authority of the Church or to neglect its ceremonies. On this particular occasion he noted in himself the sweetness of the melody which the choir was singing and he listened to the holy Mass being celebrated by a priest, 'successor to him who first girt himself humbly with a cord, exalting poverty and adopting it.'

For the moment at least he was living spiritually in that mediæval world of which Francis was the finest flower, and he felt himself touched by its sober poetry.

Yet at that very instant the Renaissance entered. Suddenly he became aware of the presence of a beautiful young woman, and in an instant there rushed in upon him the whole complex of ideas and desires of which a beautiful woman is the symbol. At the vision he forgot both the humble Francis and the pale God whom Francis served. The prayers which he had addressed to them had been half the result of habit, — the voice of his forefathers, not of himself, — but now a prayer gushed forth to the god who was really his.

'O Love,' he cried, 'most noble lord whose strength not even the gods were able to resist, I thank thee for setting happiness before my eyes: already my cold heart, feeling the softness of thy rays, begins to warm itself. Therefore I, who for a long time have fled frightened from thy mother, now pray thee to enter with thy deity into my heart. No longer is it possible for me either to fly from you or to desire to fly, but humbly and devotedly I surrender myself to thy will.'

Of this lady who now made him the worshiper he had doubtless long wished to be he has left no description which will differentiate her from the subject of countless poems in the tradition of courtly love. She was, he says, tall and slender. Her hair, 'so blond that the world holds nothing like it,' shaded a white forehead of noble width, beneath which were the curves of two black and most slender eyebrows, two roguish eyes, and cheeks 'of no other color than milk.' Yet this very absence of particularity is significant in the history of one who was already in love with love, and when Boccaccio saw Fiammetta he felt all of the emotions he was supposed to feel.

'No sooner had I seen her than my heart began to tremble so violently that I felt it through every pulse, and not knowing why nor perceiving what had happened, I began to say, "Alas, what is this?"' But when he saw that she, aware of his gaze, hid her face with a veil, he moved from his place to another from which he could still see her, and, probably not wholly aware of the irony, he feasted his eyes upon her beauty while the priest sang the office 'full of sweet melody.' Once she looked at him, and when the service was over he joined his companions at the church door and saw her pass out.

Next day — it was Easter — he went again to the church, and was rewarded by a sight more beautiful than before. She was shining with gold, made beautiful, he says, 'by both nature and art,' and when he saw her he remembered the little girl, dressed, like her, in green, who had welcomed him to the city of Naples and who had later appeared to him in a dream. 'This,' he said to himself, 'is she who was ordained to rule my mind, and

who was promised me for lady in my dreams.'

IV

Now when Dante, whose story of the beginning of his 'New Life' here doubtless colored strongly Boccaccio's experience, first saw Beatrice he went away and meditated. He talked with her only once, and he made no effort to cultivate in the flesh even a friendship with her who was the symbol of his desire and his salvation. The theologized love which he celebrated was detached wholly from love in the earthly sense, and he had no idea of compromising the value of Beatrice as a symbol by any knowledge of Beatrice as a woman. Boccaccio, on the other hand, however much he might admire Dante and however much he might fancy their experiences similar, was by no means capable of understanding such odd behavior in a lover. The experience which he had just received was no mere unadorned lust of the flesh, for it was the inspiration of a thousand beautiful fancies and poetic ideas, but neither was it an affair of the mind alone. He could meditate beside the tomb of Virgil, but he could be a practical gallant as well, — doubtless, even, had been one before, — and so it was toward practical steps that he turned his attention.

Fiammetta was married. Some youth nearer her own station in life than the humble student who had glimpsed her at her devotions had already taken her from the convent where she had been bred and established her as one of the reigning beauties of Naples.

Well might Boccaccio lament, as he tells us that he did, the social gulf which separated them, and not without excuse were the moments of despair which alternated with youthful hope. But if this difficulty was great, it was, fortunately for him, the greatest which he had to face, since the technical virtue of Fiammetta was more easily assailable than the pride of her position. She was known to have had lovers before now, and she would be committing no very startling infraction of the code of Naples if she should have them again.

In those days love, springing into a new luxurious growth, had not yet been assimilated by society, and it was essentially a lawless thing. The mediæval Church, with its utter distrust of the flesh, had looked with suspicion upon ardent passion even in marriage, and the new sense of its worth had grown up as a thing apart, an affair of poets and courtiers, not of moralists or theologians. It had its code, — both Boccaccio and Fiammetta had heard it expounded during the sessions of that Court of Love which constituted one of the amusements of Naples, — but that code had no relation to the code of the Church. Ovid's *Art of Love* was an important part of its canonical scriptures, and Ovid was no great respecter of the matrimonial institution. Decorum required that love should be secret, but the ladies of Italy had accepted the Spartan conception of virtue — it was necessary only that one should not be found out.

It was, then, no difficult matter for Boccaccio to make the acquaintance of his lady. He encountered her at a fashionable gathering, — in the parlor of a convent! — and, the talk turning upon the romances of love which ladies read in their hours of idleness, Boccaccio spoke of the ancient tale of Flore and Blanchefleur, and Fiammetta, turning to him, bade him write down for her such a romance as that. 'Hearing,' he says, 'the sweetness of the words which came from that gracious mouth and remembering that never

once till this day had that noble lady asked anything of me, I took her prayer for a command and saw therein hope for my desires.' For us the result was some seven hundred pages of youthfully elaborate prose; for him it was the first step in his serious literary career and a new claim upon the attention of his lady.

V

Here, as everywhere, the story of Boccaccio is confused, but from now on the love affair which was to remain for him the most emotionally significant event of his life, and which was to furnish the centre of the experience out of which he formed his art, developed with great rapidity. At first Fiammetta would have none of him and he was cast into despair, but soon he became an accepted member of her band, and in the ambiguous, half-formal rôle of *cavalier servente* he spent his days and nights either in gay society or in inditing amorous verse. Whatever pretense he may have kept up before this to a study of the canon law was now abandoned. But to Boccaccio in the full tide of his romantic awakening the sage reproofs of those who reproached him with wasting his time did no more than reveal their groveling souls, and speaking of Love he could triumphantly reply: —

> Oh, how many are the good things that proceed from him! Who moved Virgil? Who Ovid? Who else but he inspired both them and the other poets who have established their eternal fame in sacred verses which would never have come to our ears had it not been for him? What shall we say of his virtue? What indeed if not that he had power to give such sweetness to the harp of Orpheus that he called with that sound the surrounding forest, that he made the running streams pause, and the fierce lions and all the other animals come with the timid deer into his presence; that likewise he quieted the infernal furies and gave sweet repose to sorrowing shades; and besides all that, that it availed to recover his lost wife.
>
> Therefore Love is not the slayer of honor, as you say, nor the cause of indecent perplexity, nor the provoker of vices, nor the donor of empty anxiety, nor the unworthy occupier of other people's freedom; therefore with all skill and all effort ought everyone who is not his servant strive and endeavor to win the grace of so gracious a lord, and to become his servant quickly, because it is through him that we become virtuous. That which is pleasing to the gods and to the strongest men should be pleasing to you also; follow him, love him, serve him, and may such a lord live always in our souls.

One day when a company had repaired to a wood he found himself alone with Fiammetta, and she gave him such proof of her favor that he knew that the time had come when he might hope for more than a mere tolerance of his love. But he knew also the depths of her coquetry, and that he must appear to seize what he would have. Bribing her maid in the absence of the husband, he made his way to her chamber and there, while she accepted his presence but seemed to reject his further advances, he poured out the eloquence of his love; and when that was not enough he, not unwillingly, played out the comedy to its last extravagance. Drawing a dagger from his belt, he exclaimed: 'I come as an ardent lover to obtain relief for my burning desires; thou alone canst assuage them, or tell me to die; surely I will only leave thee satisfied or dead. Not that I seek to gratify my passion by violence or to compel any to raise cruel hands against me; but if thou art deaf to my entreaties, with my dagger I shall pierce my heart.' Not even Fiammetta could demand gallant rhetoric more extreme or more accomplished than that, and now for the first

time she yielded to her enraptured lover.

Even though space allowed, the modesty of English would scarcely permit to be translated here the passages in which Boccaccio describes this meeting, and yet only by reading them can one quite grasp the state of his soul. For him, if not for Fiammetta, the gallant game had grown earnest, and he reached the height of sensual experience. Untouched by mystical solemnity, it was nevertheless enriched and intensified by the whole complex of ideas with which his love of poetry connected it. It was the great secular sacrament, and in it he was experiencing for himself that which was the subject of the great poets whom he had studied. All the fresh, full ardor of his nature found itself here for the first time satisfied, and he had not yet learned the meaning of satiety. He could conceive of no felicity beyond this and he could not perceive in it any lack. As long as even the memory of it remained vivid it was bound to seem the most significant of human experiences, something beside which all creeds and doctrines were pale.

But, if Boccaccio was thus essentially naïve, Fiammetta was an experienced coquette. Love was no new thing to her, and she gave herself with no illusions like this. For some months, for a year perhaps, their felicity endured, but at the end of that time Boccaccio could hide from himself no longer the fact that their union was not what he had supposed. Fiammetta had passed on to other delights and he was expelled from the only paradise which it is given to a nature like his to know.

Doubtless he had thought little of the future, but the future was now before him. Some sort of calamity overtook his father, with whom he had quarreled, but upon whom he had nevertheless depended. Sometime after the close of the affair with Fiammetta, Boccaccio was called upon to leave even the scene of his happiness and betake himself once more to the grim city of Florence, which had always seemed to him so cold and so ignoble. In Naples he had lived poetry; here at best he could only write it.

VI

Such was the *donnée* of experience with which Boccaccio began his literary labors, and, commonplace as it may seem in its superficial aspect, it was sufficient to furnish him with as many problems as his genius could, in its whole lifetime, solve. The whole of his passionate youth had been thrown into that experience, and the thoughts and feelings which it generated were the realest things that he ever knew. No art and no philosophy which did not recognize and interpret what he had there lived through could ever, until the coming of middle age had quieted his passions, have any validity for him.

He had given himself to an experience in the course of which his consciousness had reached the intensest level of which it was capable, and it was the quality of that experience which he must somehow communicate. Innocently sensual as a faun, and quite as ignorant of the fact that the tortures of the flesh are no less real than its ecstasies, he had surrendered himself to love only to awake and find how bitter an awakening can be. And his tragedy was not one which could resolve itself in any traditional way.

What he felt was not the sense of sin which theology would have taught him to expect and for which it could offer its remedies. His suffering led him toward no renunciation of the flesh,

for the flesh was still for him, potentially at least, the source of all beauty. A natural man in a natural world, he had been deprived of the thing which made that world most delightful, and though his tragedy was purely secular it was immeasurably poignant for all that. He knew that love, considered merely as a natural phenomenon, was great and powerful, but he had no fit vehicle for the expression of the intensity of emotion which he had felt.

Dante, the only one of his contemporaries who had written passionately of passion, had been able to do so only by identifying it with God and the universe. And that, according to current modes of thought, was the only way in which it could be done. Moreover, the half of Boccaccio which was scholar and critic recognized the supremacy of Dante and of Petrarch. In his humility he never dared to imagine any lack in either of them, and yet in neither could he find anything which corresponded to his own experience, for neither had ever been capable of anything at once so intense and so purely human. The passion which the tepid Petrarch could never have understood Dante had reserved for God and ambition, and if any other poet of his time had given himself so utterly to a purely human passion, that poet had not been able to communicate his experience. There were ways in which what passed for the love of God could be expressed, and there was a courtly convention which, under the guise of allegory or through the use of classical mythology, one might use to elaborate gallant conceits; but there was no contemporary literature of passion as intense and yet as unadorned as his needed to be. It was not the Platonized love of Dante which had been visited upon him any more than it was the mere literary convention of Petrarch, but instead the implacable Aphrodite whose might the pagans had felt and whose power Boccaccio was now constrained to admit. He had to confess and to consolidate a worldliness, passionate and yet wholly naturalistic, which had grown up in the Italian courts without ever having found literary expression, and he was not yet capable of creating a new literary style which should imply, as it must, a new sort of acceptance of the natural universe.

Nor did Boccaccio, in any of his youthful works, succeed in approaching his subject matter except through the devious ways which the tradition of allegory suggested. Sometimes he imitates the allegory of Dante, and sometimes he and Fiammetta are transmogrified into huntsmen and nymphs. They inhabit, not Naples of the fourteenth century, but some vague classic Arcadia, and they speak, not the language of their passion, but a poetic jargon pieced together out of the showy scraps of a rhetoric which is tawdry and faded. Boccaccio was feeling with intensity and vigor, but he was interpreting his emotions in terms not genuinely appropriate to the quality of his experience.

Neither the *Filocolo* — which he undertook, it will be remembered, at Fiammetta's bidding and which he was years in completing — nor either of the other two works, the heroic *Filostrato* and the epic *Teseide*, which he wrote while still at Naples, carried him far upon his way. Concerned as each of them is with an old story, and, as far as he could make each, conventional in feeling, none represents a real struggle with his problem, and not until, returned sadly to Florence, he embarks upon his *Ameto* does he come to grips with it.

Written partly in prose and partly in verse, the form of this piece is that

of the pastoral, and its theme is love. Ameto, a semi-savage youth who subsists upon the spoils of the chase and who may be taken, perhaps, as a symbol of the animal in man, happens one day to come suddenly upon Lia, a divinely beautiful nymph, and he is seized with the, to him, unknown passion of love. Through its miraculous influence he becomes aware of his own rudeness and, inspired by a new vision of human refinement and feeling, he persuades Lia to accompany him in the hunt. Winter, however, separates them, and it is not until spring has come again that he finds her with a company of nymphs and shepherds in the neighborhood of a temple. Each of the nymphs in turn now tells the story of her life and love, and by each the soul of Ameto is ravished still further. While he listens with his ears, his eyes devour the charms of each nymph in turn; and, picturing to himself in no very delicate terms the delight of possessing one of them, he is all but lost in a sensual ecstasy, when suddenly the goddess of true love descends in her own person and reveals herself, no less to the surprise of the reader than to the surprise of Ameto, as the queen of a quite Christian heaven. Briefly she rebukes his sensual misconceptions; she bids him accept all that he has seen as symbolical, and the pastoral comes to an abrupt close with a hymn to the Trinity. Looking back, we perceive that the company of nymphs, in spite of the wholly gallant character of their adventures, really represent a collection of the chief abstract virtues and that the whole composition is a grotesquely unsuccessful allegory.

In this preposterous mélange one may easily discover certain significant features both in the feeling and in the expression. But more significant yet is the theme upon which the *Ameto* begins. Later, in one of the most famous and perfect tales of the *Decameron*, he returned to it with perfected art, yet even here instinct led him to the meaning of that Renaissance of which he was a significant part, for love was at once the beginning and the symbol of that secular culture whose value it was his function to affirm, and, in spite of the inappropriate tag with which the *Ameto* is concluded, it is this which he is inarticulately struggling to assert.

(*To be continued*)

TEACHER OR FACTORY HAND?

A Scholastic Meditation

I HAVE heard my physician say that seeing more than two patients every hour works unfairness both to her and to her patient. Is there any judge who believes he best serves the state when he holds simultaneous investigations of thirty-five different persons every hour? What minister attempts to aid and comfort the same number in platoons? Let me give the schedule of my average day this term.

At 8.45 I meet a little regiment of thirty-five. From 9.30 to 11.00, I sometimes have to keep quiet one hundred and fifty restless souls (a third of a crowded study hall), one fourth of whom know how to study; at other times I have to do clerical work connected with my 'home' room or recitation classes or fill out cards and circulars sent by the school board. Occasionally I rejoice when I can correct a few themes in that time. From 11.00 until 2.50 (Thursdays and Fridays generally until 3.30), with forty minutes out for lunch, there sit before me for instruction four more classes of thirty-five to forty pupils each. For my second class, seniors, I have to bridge a three and a half years' gap — the first class were freshmen. The third class, which follows five minutes after the last senior has left the room, requires another change of attitude — they have been in high school three terms. The same presentation will do for the fourth class, but the last class necessitates a jump back to treatment for seniors.

The doctor tries to effect a physical and mental readjustment back to health; the judge attempts to place the asocial person in harmonious agreement with the rest of society; the religious leader instills faith in right living. As a teacher, I am responsible for the health of students in my five recitation classes as well as for that in my 'home' class of fifty-four. Not only should my method of conducting recitations aid each of the one hundred and seventy-five students under my care to become peaceable citizens, but it is my job to foster leaders among them. As a teacher of adolescents, I must encourage moral responsibility. Mind you, all this is outside the objectives of my subject. As an English teacher, I must teach one hundred and seventy-five pupils — different ones every six months — to use the English tongue correctly in writing and speaking; I must inculcate unswerving application to the doing of the daily task, no matter how monotonous it may seem; I must teach how to extract meanings from difficult passages; I must achieve articulateness and initiative on the part of my pupils; it is my task to encourage those with distinct literary ability to do original work; I must foster in all a love for great books, so that sublime and moving truths may create a yearning to live useful and beautiful lives.

How do I spend my day after three o'clock? Instead of taking needed exercise, I must sit at least once a week in a crowded lecture hall. My

board of education has just passed a law requiring me to show evidence from some institution of higher learning of thirty hours of successfully passed work every year if I wish my annual salary increases. One correspondence course may be submitted in fifteen years. Study groups, travel, and reading innumerable books from which I get much more stimulation are not, in the opinion of my board of education, either educational or broadening. Two to three hours' travel to the big city universities, an hour's lecture, and one afternoon is gone. Two Mondays of every month after school hours are spent in long faculty meetings, and twice every term there are the lengthy, if interesting, meetings of the English Teachers' Association. On other days I plan and read for three different grades of English, each grade taking four types of work — literature, oral work, composition, and grammar. Planning for three grades for one half term took me, this semester, the best part of two weeks. A forced absence from school during the first two weeks of the semester because of a broken leg gave me the necessary leisure; I am not always so lucky. When I am not attending regular or special meetings, or planning work, there are one hundred and seventy-five papers I must correct every two weeks — they should come every week. Sometimes they are a page long, sometimes much longer. If I were a machine for spelling, sentence construction, punctuation, ability to follow assignment adequately, and originality, I could read and correct a page-long composition every three minutes. Being no Robot, I take considerably longer than 525 minutes for 175 themes.

Then, too, since extra-curricular activities loom large in modern educational objectives, I must bear my share of the burden without any reduction of teaching hours or other duties. That share is management of the debating team. I expect to spend every Saturday morning and much time during the week helping these four youngsters to learn to collect and organize material, to say nothing of teaching them effective delivery. To keep in sympathetic touch with my students' minds, I have to read books my students delight in, and reading books on education and psychology is necessary professionally. To keep from senile decay and to retain remnants of the faculty to appreciate the æsthetic, I must wedge in the reading of worth-while new books and an occasional classic. Not much time for repairing my clothes, — my salary does not admit of a lady's maid, — for most necessary meetings with my friends, attending theatres, museums, and so forth, is there?

When I compare my lot with that of the three other professions dealing with close contact between person and person, I do not write to induce my superior officers to reorganize the schools on a private-tutor basis; however delightful that might be, such an arrangement I know is out of the question. I write for the layman and superior officers who forget that teachers deal with moving material just as do doctors, lawyers, and ministers; not with cans of peas, or reams of paper, or figures on a balance sheet that can be shifted with impunity. I write specifically for those who are responsible in my city for increasing the already heavy load of English teachers from twenty teaching hours a week to twenty-five, from four classes to five, and in many schools of the city to six. I write for the school executive who forgets the nerve tension on one mind of the simultaneous workings of thirty-five to forty minds, for the man or woman who regards a school as an

example in division, with the teaching staff as a fixed divisor and the pupils an ever-increasing dividend.

The injustice to me as a teacher dwindles to insignificance when I think of how the child is cheated. Large classes and too many teaching periods a week prevent the personal interview so necessary to doctors, lawyers, and clergymen. It is only by accident that I learn of tragic difficulties under which pupils struggle. A chance smile in the hall opens Martha's floodgates: she has to spend all her hours at home taking care of her sick mother. Camille is just one in a sea of faces until she writes on a short daily test, her third failure, 'I need your help in *Ivanhoe*.' Frank is, after six months, only rather a diffident, intelligent youngster, until one day, when pressed to try out for debating, he says with an old man's tragedy in his black eyes, 'You know I have n't got the personality.' They are my nightmares, these Marthas, and Franks, and Camilles. Because of the increase in size and number of my classes, I am forced to decrease the number of themes from each pupil. I have learned more about teaching and pupils' problems from students' themes to me than from any professor of pedagogy.

I want to help and encourage every youngster that sits in my classroom. I feel that I was meant to teach adolescent boys and girls; my present enjoyment of teaching, even under great difficulties, ought to prove that. I agree with prominent educators in Washington and in Albany when they preach creative teaching and individual instruction. But the board of education in the largest and richest city in the United States has another picture of me. They think of me as in a factory, a very noisy factory, where I am minding 175–250 bobbins to see that they all turn with the same speed. But I am a poor factory hand. Very often a bobbin breaks or the thread that is being wound gets tangled. I quickly discard the broken and the tangled spools so as not to disturb the even whir of the other bobbins. But, because my foreman almost always sees my bobbins running smoothly, he thinks I am an efficient worker: he does n't know what a cheat and a liar I am.

And the dreadful fear that comes to me is that perhaps some day I may agree with him.

APRIL

Sweet spring, which in the gentle heart dost burn,
Thou giv'st to men more joy than is their due.
Now it is April, and the birds return,
And every field is spread with verdure new.
And, each in its known hue,
The firstling garlands of the woodland shy
Have strewn the withered groves with their delight.
The cornel and the shad tree, high and white,
Like troops of dancers on the hillside fly.
For now that tide is nigh
When, hoarse with tumult in the clamorous plain,
The wild voice of the stream wakes all night long,
And, day by day, the waters' rustling song
Sounds in the swollen pastures, steeped with rain.
April, thy sweet domain
Is filled with wakefulness in every part.
The brooding farmer, restless with the year,
Hath eyed his plough with newly quickened heart.
Daily, birds come; the first weak moths appear;
And, to the hillside near,
The sun at evening lingers to depart.

John Finley, Jr.

PROVERBS CONSIDERED

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

I

A PROVERB, says the Oxford Dictionary, is 'a short pithy saying in common and recognized use; a concise sentence, often metaphorical or alliterative in form, which is held to express some truth ascertained by experience or observation and familiar to all; an adage, a wise saw.' This definition has the fullness and clarity which we invariably find in the Oxford Dictionary, though it might be extended to include rhyme. 'A cat may look at a king' is both metaphorical and alliterative, but 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip' and 'He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing' are examples of a widely represented type.

Mankind likes to have its wisdom presented in potted form. Every civilized language is rich in proverbs, the same elementary lessons being common to all, 'though expressed,' as I have said in the Preface to my Etymological Dictionary, 'in a notation which varies according to national history, tradition, pursuits and characteristics.' Collections of proverbs are among the earliest literary records of ancient races, and explorers find rudimentary examples in the folklore of the least cultivated tribes. Sometimes the difference between two languages is slight: for example, to 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush' corresponds the German 'Ein Sperling in der Hand ist besser als zehn auf dem Dache'; but French says, 'Un tiens vaut mieux que deux tu l'auras.' The 'bird and bush' saying is also an example of the way in which proverbs gradually settle down from numerous variants into one accepted cast-iron form. Its Greek equivalent is found in Theocritus. The first recorded English example (fifteenth century) is 'A birde in hond is better than thre in the wode,' the current form not being established till 1581. The difference between Aristotle's 'One swallow does not make a spring' and the English form of the proverb is obviously one of climate.

The fascination which this mode of teaching has for mankind is shown by the number of synonyms, or approximate synonyms, for 'proverb' which the language possesses. I doubt whether any other form of verbal composition has anything like the same number of names. The Anglo-Saxons, following their usual practice, rendered the Latin *proverbium* by the native compound *biword*, still surviving as 'byword,' with a sense which preserves what is one of the most characteristic features of the proverb — namely, its condemnatory, minatory, cautionary character. The great majority of proverbs are less concerned with 'do' than with 'don't.' As a rule they tend to inculcate that somewhat puritanical self-righteous kind of philosophy which the more epicurean philosopher derides. Lamb dissects several of them in his *Popular Fallacies*. Sharing Voltaire's opinion of 'le superflu, chose très nécessaire,' he makes short work of 'Enough is as good as a feast': 'Not a man, woman, or child, in ten miles round Guildhall, who really

believes this saying. The inventor of it did not believe it himself. It was made in revenge by somebody who was disappointed of a regale. It is a vile cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism, a lie palmed upon the palate, which knows better things.'

The first record of the word 'proverb' in the Oxford Dictionary is from Robert of Brunne (1303) and refers to the Proverbs of Solomon. As early as Wyclif we find the reproachful element in the word, the implication that a proverb is the record of a disaster: 'Israel shal be into prouerbe and into fable, to alle puplis' (1 Kings ix. 7), where Coverdale has 'a byworde and fabell' and the Authorized Version 'a proverb and a byword.' This use of 'fable,' with which compare French 'Être la fable [*or* la fable et la risée] du monde,' is naturally linked with that of 'proverb' and 'byword,' for the most dramatic proverbs are really condensed fables, or short lessons expressed by metaphor, hardly to be distinguished from the parable and the allegory. 'Don't count your chickens before they're hatched' is an obvious example, from the fable of the optimistic market woman. It has often been pointed out that many proverbs have opposites: for example, 'Look before you leap' is contradicted by 'Nothing venture, nothing have'; 'Look after the pence and the pounds will look after themselves' by 'Penny wise and pound foolish.' It would seem that the optimist and the pessimist have struggled for the mastery, but, on the whole, the moral is 'Safety first.'

The other native name for proverb is 'saw,' literally 'saying' (cognate with the Norse *saga*). It is used in the title of a Middle English collection of about the middle of the thirteenth century, called the *Proverbs of King Alfred*. We still speak of an 'old saw' and, after Shakespeare, of 'wise saws and modern instances' (*As You Like It*, ii. 7). The sixteenth century eagerly adopted the Latin 'adage,' though Shakespeare uses it only twice and 'proverb' about twenty times. The popularity of the word was no doubt due to the *Adagia* of Erasmus, with examples from Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. This work was first published in 1500, and much of the author's life was spent in revising and enlarging it, a curious testimony to the attraction which this form of literature had for the greatest minds of the age. To Erasmus also is probably due the adoption by French and English of the almost synonymous 'apophthegm.' 'Aphorism,' introduced at about the same date, was originally the statement of some physical law, as in the *Aphorisms* of Hippocrates. It would be possible, but profitless, to try to distinguish by definition these various labels for what the latest writer on the subject calls 'a crystallized summary of popular wisdom or fancy.'

II

Proverbial expressions may be roughly divided into two classes, the sententious quotation and the traditional metaphor. When we say that 'Procrastination is the thief of time' we are simply quoting, from Young's *Night Thoughts*, a line which, by its natural effectiveness, has become a received maxim. 'Coming events cast their shadows before' is from Campbell's 'Lochiel's Warning.' This type is somewhat rare, generally traceable to its origin, and sometimes to be attributed, so far as evidence goes, to a comparatively obscure writer. It is naturally not possible to say how far the author has altered or remodeled a proverb already current. The fact that 'circumstances alter cases' must have occurred to many people before its formal statement by Judge Haliburton ('Sam Slick'). 'Imitation is the sincerest of

flattery' is one of the (apparently original) aphorisms in C. C. Colton's *Lacon* (1820). 'It's a long lane that has no turning,' from Foote's *Trip to Calais* (1776) is a variation on 'It's a long run that never turns' (1670). 'Discretion is the better part of valour' is Shakespeare misquoted (1 *Henry IV*, v. 4). 'Every bullet has its billet' was, according to John Wesley, William III's version of a belief expressed by Gascoigne (1575) in the words 'Every bullet hath a lighting place.' 'None but the brave deserves the fair' is from Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, but long before Dryden's time Old French said, 'Jamais couard n'eut belle amie.'

Abraham Lincoln is credited with saying, 'It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river.' 'Handsome is that handsome does' owes its wording to Goldsmith (*Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. 1), the earliest of the older variants being 'Goodly is he that goodly dooth' (1580). In 'Hell is paved with good intentions' Dr. Johnson stereotyped a saying familiar to the sixteenth century. 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' is Sterne's rendering of the familiar French proverb, 'À brebis tondue, Dieu mesure le vent,' which George Herbert (1640) had translated, 'To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure.' John Howard Payne's famous song (1823) fixed forever, in the words 'Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,' a proverb already found in Heywood (1546). In the quite mendacious 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,' the nineteenth-century song writer, Thomas Haynes Bayly, attempted to refute the prehistoric truth, 'Out of sight, out of mind.' 'Every cloud has a silver lining' is a mystery. It has certainly been familiar orally to three or four generations, but apparently first attained print in Gilbert's *Mikado!* It is obviously inspired by Milton: —

> Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
> Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
> (*Comus*, ll. 221–222),

lines which were familiar to Mr. Harold Skimpole (*Bleak House*, ch. 18). 'Accidents will happen' is recorded from the eighteenth century, but Mr. Micawber is responsible for the addition 'in the best regulated families' (*David Copperfield*, ch. 38).

The true proverb is a condensed allegory. Though it may have literary record as far back as the Greeks, and may even be traceable in Hebrew and Sanskrit, it is rather the spontaneous product of human experience than the expression of the meditations of any individual sage. In its final form it is, in the words of Lord John Russell, 'the wit of one man, the wisdom of many.' 'Beauty is only skin deep' (though, as the American humorist says, that is deep enough for most of us), recorded for 1606, does not seem to me one of the true breed. Nor does 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' though it is found in Greek and Hebrew. These are moral maxims after the manner of Solomon, shallow and literal, while the true proverb should suggest a little drama and express its meaning by metaphor.

There is, in fact, a whole series of gradations between the natural proverb and the copy-book maxim. An example of the latter is 'Knowledge is power,' apparently first formulated, in Latin, by Bacon. The morals of familiar fables have often become proverbial, but the perfect proverb should itself be the recognizable germ of a possible fable, susceptible of many variants; above all it should call up a picture. Examples of the perfect type are 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' 'All is not gold that glitters,' 'Still waters run deep,' 'It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest,' 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating,' in our use of which we are com-

monly thinking of things altogether remote from stones, gold, water, birds, and pudding. These are expressions of homespun wisdom suggested by naïve observation of the external world and current among the common people for centuries before being reduced to writing. Ovid wrote 'Exitus acta probat' (*Heroides*, ii. 85) and in a Middle English romance of Alexander we read: —

> Hit is y-writein, every thyng
> Himseolf shewith in tastyng.

The transformation by a later age to 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating' is the result of communal conviction, not of individual selection. It is the conversion of the abstract into the concrete, the restriction of the general to the particular, the reduction of 'everything' to 'pudding.'

Finally, the proverb may be said to have completely established itself when an allusion to it is readily understood without explanation, as when we call a man a 'rolling stone,' a 'willing horse,' a 'dog in the manger,' a 'creaking gate,' a 'new broom,' or a 'beggar on horseback,' or speak of 'crying wolf,' 'paying the piper,' 'edged tools,' the 'last straw,' or a 'stitch in time.' It would seem also that any saying, however modern, has a right to be called a proverb when it is constantly quoted or parodied. Mr. Bumble's expressed opinion that 'the law is a ass' is of curiously wide application. Tennyson's 'Kind hearts are more than coronets' has recently inspired Mr. Guedalla to head an article on an inquest, 'Kind hearts are more than coroners.' Mr. Guedalla is, of course, the great master in this field. The most recent of accepted maxims suggests to him the reflection that, in matters of business, 'Gentlemen prefer Monds,' but his finest effort seems to me his description of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald 'twanging his heartstrings' in his Sentimental Journey through the United States and Canada (October 1929).

III

It would be interesting to trace the use made of our proverbs by Chaucer. So far as I have noticed, he quotes with some frequency sayings which were evidently in popular use, but his version often varies considerably from that now current. 'Mordre wol out' (B. 1766) differs from the modern version only in spelling. 'Hit is not al gold that glareth' (*House of Fame*, i. 272) uses a verb in a sense now obsolete. The gist of 'Wonder last but nine night nevere in toune' (*Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 588) is contained in our 'nine days' wonder.' The proverb about 'glass houses' and 'stones' is first booked by George Herbert (1640). Chaucer's early equivalent is clumsier: —

> . . . Who that hath an heed of verre,
> Fro cast of stones war him in the werre!
> (*Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 867)

'Till May is out, ne'er cast a clout' appears to be comparatively modern, the earliest record being 1732, but worded rather differently. The sense is, however, in Chaucer: —

> After greet heet cometh colde;
> No man caste his pilche [cloak] away!

These lines come from one of Chaucer's two deliberate attempts at proverb writing. The other, with its

> Whoso mochel wol embrace
> Litel therof he shal distreyne,

is equivalent to the French 'Qui trop embrasse mal étreint' or our 'Grasp all, lose all,' a favorite maxim of which a variant is found as early as Layamon (*circa* 1205): —

> For the mon is muchel sot [foolish]
> The nimeth [taketh] to him seolven
> Mare thonne he mayen walden [can manage].

More easily recognizable is

> Therfore biboveth him a ful long spoon
> That shal ete with a feend. (Chaucer, F. 602)

Enough of Chaucer, though I have only scratched the surface. Shakespeare often refers to proverbs, and is apparently the 'only begetter' of several; for example: 'Conscience does make cowards of us all' (*Hamlet*, iii. 1), 'Brevity is the soul of wit' (*Hamlet*, ii. 2), or the usually misquoted 'The better part of valour is discretion' (1 *Henry IV*, v. 4). He is also our earliest authority for 'Give the devil his due,' though, as the context shows, it was already in use: 'Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never a breaker of proverbs. He will give the devil his due' (1 *Henry IV*, i. 2). He uses 'adage' twice only: in 3 *Henry VI*, i. 4, in reference to the familiar 'beggar on horseback,' while the other example is the 'poor cat i' the adage' of *Macbeth*, i. 7, 'letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"' an allusion to the very ancient saying of the cat that would eat fish, but would not wet her feet, which, if not obsolete, is at any rate unfamiliar to a modern ear.

An immense number of proverbs at one time in common use are quite certainly and definitely dead. A good example is 'The parrot must have an almond' (Skelton); compare with this 'The parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab' (Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2). It is not found after the seventeenth century, but appears to live again in the recent English slang, 'A little bit of sugar for the bird.' Another is 'Cat will after kind,' which occurs in the *Proverbs of Alfred*, 'For ofte museth [mouseth] the kat after hire moder.' It is used by Touchstone as a rhyme to Rosalind (*As You Like It*, iii. 2), but is not found after the eighteenth century.

In others one of the essential words has changed. Chaucer has 'I wot best wher wringeth me my sho' (E. 1553) and 'wring' prevails up to Dryden, the substitution of 'pinch' first appearing in Urquhart's *Rabelais* (1653). 'Spilt milk' as a symbol of the irreparable was 'shed milk' until the eighteenth century. A curious transformation is seen in the metaphor to 'bury the hatchet.' From about 1300 a cessation of hostilities was described as 'hanging up the hatchet.' It was not till the end of the eighteenth century that acquaintance with the Red Indian rite of 'burying the tomahawk' resulted in a blend of the two expressions.

Sometimes an old proverb is completely superseded. Langland, Chaucer, and Caxton refer to the 'beguiler' being 'beguiled,' and *Wily Beguiled* is the title of an old play dating from 1606; but by the end of the seventeenth century 'the biter bit' had become the recognized form.

IV

There is a great deal of literature on proverbs, from the so-called *Proverbs of Alfred* down to the present day. Of the earlier collections those of Heywood (1546) and Ray (1670) are the best known, the former probably inspired by the *Adagia* of Erasmus, Englished by Taverner in 1539. Heywood is the dullest of hacks. Nothing could be more depressing than the wretched doggerel in which he strings his proverbs together, the occasion for this outpouring being a query from a young friend contemplating matrimony and hesitating between a rich widow and a penniless maid. He seems, however, to have dragged in almost every well-established proverb in the language, along with many that are now quite unfamiliar and were perhaps never really current. In collections of this kind, the compiler is tempted to regard as a proverb anything of the nature of a compari-

son or allusion; for example, such expressions as 'The fat is in the fire,' 'At my fingers' ends,' 'A sleeveless errand,' 'A day after the fair,' 'To sit upon thorns,' and dozens more included by Heywood are rather figures of speech than proverbs. He also gives us some similes of the 'drunk as a lord' type.

Ray follows the same practice, classifying his sayings in a rather irritating way under subjects — county sayings (these mostly from Fuller's *Worthies*), 'joculatory proverbs,' 'proverbs that are intire sentences,' 'proverbial phrases and forms of speech that are not intire sentences,' and so on. He includes even more dirty sayings than Heywood, but, being a scholar and a gentleman, he apologizes for them: 'The useful notions which many ill-worded proverbs do impart may, I think, compensate us for their homely terms; though I could wish the contrivers of them had put their sense into more decent and cleanly language.' He also gives the foreign equivalents or supposed foreign originals of many sayings, his 'French' (or that of his proof reader) being of the type made familiar to us by our contemporary best sellers. A large proportion of the sayings he books were certainly never in popular use. He makes many edifying comments: in the section on 'Proverbial Similies' (*sic*) we find 'As drunk as a beggar,' with the remark, 'This proverb begins now to be disused, and instead of it people are ready to say, As drunk as a lord; so much hath that vice (the more is the pity) prevailed among the nobility and gentry of late years.' Or again, 'As false as a Scot' — 'I hope that nation generally deserves not such an imputation; and could wish that we Englishmen were less partial to ourselves and censorious of our neighbours.' The edition here quoted is the third.

The most recent collection, and one that will supersede all others, is Mr. G. L. Apperson's *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases* (Dent, London, 1929). The compiler has embodied all that is worth salving from his predecessors, but his work, taken as a whole, is compiled from original sources — from the reading and rereading for many years of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Scott, the publications of the Early English Text Society, and other societies which print early documents, and, in fact, of all that part of English literature which may be called racy of the soil. I do not, however, notice any references to Hakluyt, Purchas, or Captain John Smith, where he would, I am convinced, have found earlier records of some nautical sayings, such as 'Ship-shape and Bristol fashion,' for which his earliest authority is Scott. Only after reducing his vast material to order has he supplemented it by occasional quotations from the Oxford Dictionary. Each proverb is carefully documented, with exactly dated references for its variations and use from the earliest recorded occurrence down to the present day. The order is the rational alphabetical, the place of each proverb being determined by its key word, while cross references are copious and helpful. Occasionally a Greek or Latin original is quoted, but considerations of space have prevented him from following Ray's example of giving Continental equivalents.

It seems pretty evident that a certain number of proverbs booked fairly late are simple translations from French; for instance, 'The game is not worth the candle' looks like a literal rendering of the much earlier 'Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle'; 'He laughs best that laughs last' is first found in Vanbrugh (1706) and is referred to by Scott (*Peveril of the Peak*, ch. 38) as a French proverb ('Rira bien qui rira le dernier'). For 'A burnt child dreads the fire' the

seventeenth century sometimes said, 'The scalded cat fears cold water,' closely translated from 'Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide.' Other languages have made hardly any contribution. In Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote* (1612–20) are many sayings translated from Spanish, perhaps the most sententious of European languages. Some of these had a sort of literary currency for a century, but were probably never received into popular speech.

A curious phenomenon is the very late appearance of many saws which have all the atmosphere of extreme antiquity. The actual documentary record of these elements of language is, of course, largely a matter of accident, and investigators are occasionally unlucky in missing useful sources. 'A bull in a china-shop' is first booked in Smedley's *Frank Fairleigh* (1850), 'Right as rain' for 1894 (I remember it in use long before), and 'Two is company, three is none' for 1871. The 'thin end of the wedge,' which one would be inclined to attribute conjecturally to Archimedes, appears from the Oxford Dictionary to be no older than the nineteenth century. 'Nothing succeeds like success' is attributed to Sir Stafford Northcote, afterward Lord Iddesleigh (+1887), the colleague of Beaconsfield. In my Etymological Dictionary I have given it, on the strength of an Oxford Dictionary quotation for 1868, to Sir Arthur Helps. To wash one's dirty linen in public is a modern metaphor for a practice lately reprobated by an Irish journalist in the eloquent words, 'This washing of dirty linen by those who govern only tends to undermine the Ship of State in a country which has so lately passed through the fires of sedition.'

A special section of the subject is furnished by the vast amount of proverbial lore associated with names of counties, towns, and villages, and usually reflecting local patriotism or prejudice. The collections of Fuller and Ray are very rich in these sayings, now usually inexplicable, such as the Essex saying, 'Braintree for the pure, Barking for the poor, Coggeshall for the jeering town, Kelvedon for the lady of easy virtue,' quoted by Ray. Sometimes a stupid pun is intended; for example, to 'go to Bedfordshire' — that is, to bed — is recorded *circa* 1600. The disobedient were warned that they would be 'sent to Birchin Lane' (in the City of London) and would 'come home by Weeping Cross' (a hamlet in Staffordshire), and the improvident were told that they were 'on the highway to Needham' (in Norfolk). Equally dull and obscure are the allusions to numerous unknown people whose memory is perpetuated in 'As drunk as David's sow,' 'As queer as Dick's hatband, that went nine times round and would not meet at last,' or 'As Clayton clawed the pudding, when he ate bag and all.' Sometimes in these phrases also an elementary pun can be detected: to 'send by John Long the carrier' is to send by a slow and circuitous route.

Mr. Apperson's *Dictionary of Proverbs* should be in every academic library and on the shelves of everyone who is interested in the history of the language. One may perhaps regret that the compiler has not supplied more explanations, such as the tennis origin of 'From pillar to post' or the fantastic transformation involved in 'To take heart of grace.' Perhaps his abstention is the result of nausea evoked by the 'anecdotic' explanations to be found in Brewer and other early compilers and repeated without examination by later copyists. For this kind of compilation has often been carried out by the unqualified and has resulted in what can only be called impudent bookmaking.

I have before me a volume called a *Desk-book of Idioms and Idiomatic*

Phrases, from which I learn, *inter alia*, that 'jimber the kibber' is 'the fastening of a lantern to a horse's neck and checking one of its legs so as to make the light swing as a ship's light, a practice of wreckers to allure ships to shore,' and that '"haeremai," literally "Come hither," is a phrase of welcome adopted in New Zealand from the speech of the aborigines.' Along with such familiar English idioms as the above we find the elucidation of more obscure problems — for example, that a 'fly' is 'a two-winged dipterous [does that make four wings?] insect common in dwelling-houses,' that a 'silly ass' is 'a person given to idiotic blundering,' and that '"Glad to see you back" is said on a return from a journey or voyage.' After this we are not surprised to learn that 'anon.' is an abbreviation of 'anonymous,' and is not to be mistaken for a man's name, that a 'husband' is 'one who is house-bound,' and that the Middle English 'Heo is ful itowen' means 'He is full of strife,' and not, as philologists have hitherto supposed, 'She is foully trained.' I must apologize for quoting all this foolery, but the accident of the two books reaching me together made a comparison inevitable.

V

The phrase maker still flourishes and contributes periodically to the language. 'Acid test' and 'The world must be made safe for democracy' are both recent additions. The comic song and the comic paper sometimes throw off lucky phrases that may almost be called proverbial, such as 'The only pebble on the beach' or 'The curate's egg'; but it does not seem likely that we shall ever coin new proverbs. 'A man's liver is his carburettor' is suggested by a contemporary writer as the kind of maxim which might replace the old, useless proverbs; but the suggestion seems to lack conviction. True proverbs, as distinguished from sententious phrases, belong to the direct observation and simple life of a primitive age. Not only do we fail to increase the supply, but we allow the original store to fall out of use. 'Who sups with the devil must have a long spoon,' of which I have quoted Chaucer's version, would have needed no explanation a generation ago. In fact, its use by Joseph Chamberlain once gave grave offense to a foreign power. The other day I tried it, first on a gathering of exceptionally clever young women, none of whom had ever heard it, and then on a gathering of learned philologists, some of whom were in the same sad case.

It is true that nothing can be more exasperating than the constant recurrence of proverbial *clichés*, though one can endure with patience the slow speech of the old-fashioned rustic, with his regular parenthesis, 'As the saying is.' Yet it remains true that this pithy lore, which belongs to the very kernel of the language, saturates the literary texture of the giants most deeply rooted in their native soil — Chaucer, Shakespeare, Scott. Shakespeare, especially, not only absorbed the sententious wisdom of the ages, but gave it forth again in a contribution to English phraseology so tremendous that no one has ever dared to try and measure it. Contemporary literature shuns such allusions. We may except Mr. Bernard Shaw, but he is no longer young, and, moreover, is one of the half-dozen or so writers who still carry on the great tradition of good English. I have recently had the curiosity to read, from this point of view, a quite modern novel by a quite modern young lady, the type of book described in the flowery 'blurbiage' of the publisher as 'written with a daring and frankness that might shock a reader not cognizant of its high and pure purpose,' and from cover to cover I only detected

one fragment of proverbial lore, a solitary allusion to the 'last straw.'

The same kind of anæmia (in spite of the fashionable and frequent 'bloody') afflicts our spoken language. The speech of the old, especially the country-bred, is still full of meat, but that of the young townsman is a very thin brew, with a kind of cheap cinema slang as its chief ingredient. Lord Chesterfield, who was of opinion that a national proverb was not becoming to the conversation of a man of breeding, may sleep peacefully in his grave. It is true that, in his day, the use of conversational clichés seems to have been almost a mania. Swift derided the practice in his *Polite Conversation* (1738). A comparison between his malignant cleverness and Heywood's dreary monotony is a comparison between the genius and the hack. Mr. James Branch Cabell would appear to like popular truisms as little as the Dean: 'She now spoke of more and yet more evil matters such as were very well adapted to incite Gerald to brutality. She spoke of the battle of life, and of the feast of reason, and of the irony of fate, and of the lap of luxury. She talked of the writing on the wall, and of the scroll of fame, and of the lexicon of youth, and of the cloud that had a silver lining. She touched upon the two seas, of troubles, and of upturned faces. She discussed the durance that was vile, and the hours that were wee and sma', and the consummation that was devoutly to be wished for, and the light that was dim and religious, and the heat which was not humidity. She indicated the balm in Gilead, the place in the sun, and the safety in numbers. She afterwards gave succinctly the recipes for making a mountain out of a molehill, a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and a virtue out of a necessity. For no evil phrase of any sort was hidden from the wisdom of Evaine' (*Something about Eve*).

CLIMATE AND HUMAN HISTORY

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

Of late years a determined attempt has been made to rewrite history in economic terms. But this does not go deep enough. Man's thought and social life are built on his economic life; but this, in its turn, rests on biological foundations. Climate and geology between them decide where the raw materials of human industry are to be found, where manufactures can be established; and climate decides where the main springs of human energy shall be released. Changes of climate cause migrations, and migrations bring about not only wars, but the fertilizing intermingling of ideas necessary for rapid advance in civilization.

Disease and hygiene play as important a part; half the population of the world is permanently below par on account of animal parasites such as

the hookworm and the microscopic malaria germ; and disease may bring about the rise or fall of empires. Nor has selection ever ceased its rigorous activity. To pass from one mode of life to another is not a simple affair for a people; a settled agricultural life demands a very different temperament from hunting, and the hereditary make-up of the race must be altered if a people is to pass successfully from one to the other. Most migrations, too, are selective; to take but one example, the Puritans who first colonized Massachusetts did not bring with them a random sample of the genes responsible for the qualities of the English people. But selection is altered and reduced. The better care of the young and the elaboration of social life allow all sorts of variations, which otherwise would be snuffed out, to survive and often to play an important part in progress. Knowledge for knowledge's sake is out of place in a primitive hunting tribe.

When the world's climatic belts are sharply marked (as they are to-day, in contrast to epochs like the late Eocene, when climate was much more uniform), the temperate zones, flanked poleward by the subarctic and the arctic, are separated from the tropics by two dry belts, along which all the world's great deserts are strung. The only zones where vegetation is abundant and man can easily flourish are the temperate and the tropical. But the temperate has another advantage. It contains the belt of cyclonic storms — in other words, of rapid and frequent changes of weather. And this type of climate, as Ellsworth Huntington has shown, is the one most stimulating to human energy and achievement.

We are still so ignorant of the earliest steps in the evolution of man from his simian ancestors that ideas as to the influence of climate on this phase of his history are highly speculative. It can scarcely be doubted, however, that the progressive desiccation of the world that took place in the late Tertiary Era helped to drive our ancestors down from the trees and out into the plains. We know that the Himalayas were elevated at this time; and it has been plausibly suggested that man originated to the north of them. For, as the land here grew drier, the forests shrank southward, where they were met by the impassable mountain barrier, and disappeared from Central Asia. Their anthropoid inhabitants were therefore forced either to disappear too or to become adapted to the new conditions, growing more terrestrial and more carnivorous. However this may be, men of a sort were undoubtedly in existence before the beginning of the Ice Age, half a million years ago. But until we shall have found new traces of Eolithic and Lower Paleolithic man in other parts of the world than Europe (which was doubtless a mere outlier of human development) we shall not be able to piece together the fascinating story of the influence of the different advances and retreats of the ice, or the slow progress of Old Stone Age man. We must content ourselves with the last chapter only.

When the ice of the Glacial Period was still in the early stages of its last retreat, the storm belt must have lain over North Africa, making what is now the Sahara green and fertile. It was through Africa and perhaps eventually from Southern Asia that Europe received its modern men, perhaps about 20,000 B.C. (Until about 4000 B.C. our dating must be regarded as provisional only; for the most part the chronology of Peake and Fleure, in their series, *The Corridors of Time*, is here followed.)

Gradually, as the ice withdrew

northward, the belts of climate followed it up. The Sahara began to come within the limits of the dry belt. To-day, in certain parts of the Sahara, crocodiles and certain fresh-water fish exist in scattered oases. But these oases are isolated, without possible connections with other bodies of water. The water beasts that inhabit them are living in the sparse remnants of the well-watered, and indeed probably swampy, expanse of verdure that once spread over the Great Desert. This drying of the Sahara must have sent wave after wave of migrating men out of it, both northward and southward.

II

Meanwhile the zone of greatest fertility and greatest human vigor came all along the Mediterranean, through Mesopotamia and across to Turkestan. This again set great movements afoot. The Magdalenians, last of the Old Stone Age men, pushed northward with the forests in the wake of the retreating game of the treeless plains; till eventually, hemmed in between forest and sea, they were forced to lead a wretched existence as gatherers of shellfish and berries on the Baltic coast. The descendants of the other Stone Age peoples, who had remained behind in North Africa and Spain, evolved what is called the Caspian culture; later they too trekked northward and eventually fetched up in Western Asia.

As the open plains shrank before the advance of the forests, big game grew scarce, and men turned to other sources of food. They became food gatherers as well as hunters, eating nuts and berries and wild grain. This must have seemed a misfortune to those early hunters. But it was the spur to progress, for from food gathering to food growing, to real agriculture, was a natural step. It seems to have been somewhere before 5000 B.C., in the Near East, that the art of agriculture was discovered. Legend has it that Isis, the great goddess, found corn on Mount Hermon in Syria, and gave it to her sacred son. The legend may well contain two kernels of truth. It is probable that women rather than men first hit on the idea of planting grain, for the men's work would still be afield, hunting; and it is probable that it was discovered somewhere in Syria or its near neighborhood. By 5000 B.C. grain growing had spread round from Palestine to Mesopotamia, and permanent settlements had come into being. The polish gained by stone implements used for hoeing probably gave men the idea of deliberately polishing their tools; if so, agriculture was the cause of the change to the Neolithic Culture. In any case, agriculture and polished neolithic stone implements appear at about the same time.

The arts of pottery and weaving were in all probability discovered about the same time as that of grain growing, and the first permanent houses were built. Domestic animals followed soon after; domestication seems first to have been learned by hunters, but the art spread rapidly and was extended and improved by the settled agriculturists. Metal working was not long behind, though for centuries only copper and gold were employed — copper for use and gold solely for ornament.

The Glacial Period did not die steadily away; it left the earth in a series of spasms or oscillations, a time of rapid retreat being followed by a standstill or even an advance of the ice, brought about, it would seem, by an elevation of the land. For a century or so about 4500 B.C., there was such an elevation. This seems to have had

two interesting consequences. For one thing, the increased snowfall round the Mesopotamian basin gave rise to such violent spring floods, year after year, that some towns were abandoned, and the memory of the disastrous time has been preserved, it seems, in the story of Noah's flood and the corresponding Mesopotamian legends. But more important was its effect on Egypt. In the centuries before this time, the Nile Valley seems to have been marshy and largely uninhabitable; the elevation must have drained it. And the long ribbon of marvelously fertile land thus provided for the use of man tempted in the agriculturists of neighboring countries. This, it appears, was the real beginning of the civilization of Egypt; but, once started on its career, its geographical position was such that it soon outstripped its rivals.

Thus, largely as a result of the pressure of changing climate on early man, hunting gave place to agriculture. Well before 4000 B.C. what we may call the Archaic Civilization, based on corn and a settled life, — with houses and pottery, woven fabrics and metal work, in addition, — was fully established, from Egypt round by Syria to the Tigris and Euphrates. This corner of the globe was predestined to be the cradle of the modern world — by its climate, by its great rivers, by the fact of its being the original home of wheat, by its being a natural meeting place for different streams of culture brought by different migrations of men, east and west as well as north and south.

Before 4000 B.C. there had been added to the achievements of settled man the art of writing, the framing of a calendar, irrigation, the wheel, and the making of fermented liquor. Through the whole of the next millennium this remarkable civilization was free to develop its own potentialities. It was a time of depression of land, a moist time over the steppes and the Arabian peninsula, and so a time when the nomad inhabitants of these regions could thrive and multiply in their own homes, not driven by drought to irrupt into the lands of their richer neighbors. To what height the Mesopotamian civilization reached is attested by the marvelous workmanship of the objects from Ur of the Chaldees, which date from about 3500 B.C. The organization of the State under a priest-king, even the welding of empires a million strong, stone architecture, the arch, written codes of law, seagoing ships — these were some of the achievements of this millennium.

But the available land in this corner of the world was being filled up by the natural increase of population; and this filling up coincided with a new elevation of the land and a new period of drought. Between them, the two caused such a movement in the world of man that the Archaic Culture, though made to totter in its original home, was forced to spread its influence far and wide over Europe, Africa, and Asia.

III

The new millennium dawned favorably enough. Egyptian civilization, borne along on its own momentum, reached new successes. Beautiful temples of stone, and the Pyramids, with their astounding exactitude and colossal size, date from its earliest centuries. Mathematics and astronomy take their rise; the State is run by a regular bureaucracy. A little later, in Mesopotamia, King Sargon comes on the scene, the first of the great conquerors to build an empire with armies.

For armies were another new invention. The primitive hunters had

doubtless fought, but it had probably never been organized fighting; and the early food gatherers and cultivators seem to have been peaceable on the whole. There was assuredly never any Golden Age of Peace, as Perry and other enthusiasts imagine, but the early ages of human life were probably on the whole peaceful, because deliberate and organized warfare was not necessary and did not pay. War began as settled man quarreled over his property and his privileges. The idea of war soon spread to the less civilized peoples who fringed the settled lands; and it became possible for these peoples to practise war efficiently because they had passed from the state of hunters to that of nomads, disciplined herdsmen, and horsemen. The horse must have been domesticated on the steppes somewhere before 3000 B.C. A little later, drought began, and the nomads, lacking food at home, poured down on the settled lands with their horses. These were as terrible an innovation in warfare then as were the tanks in the wars of our own day some 4500 years later; and both Egypt and Mesopotamia were overrun and their civilization put in peril.

Meanwhile the pressure of population, of climatic changes, of invasions in the rear, forced the grain growers out in all directions. Not till about 3000 B.C. did any settle on the continent of Europe; but well before the close of the succeeding millennium they had spread over its greater part, to Thrace, to Germany, to Belgium, to France. And the push was felt by sea as well as by land. The whole Mediterranean became a great trade-lake, and the Ægean sailors had reached the Atlantic at latest by 2200 B.C. At the same time a great wave of migration spread eastward, and a new culture reached Northern India and right across to China, which thus seems to have received the first rude germs of her culture. It is possible that the American continent also received its first dose of civilization during this period, by a migration over the landbridge where now are the Behring Straits.

The maritime expansion continued into the next millennium, and so did the dry climate, which was especially marked in Northwestern Europe. Sea trade reached Ireland and Scandinavia. Ireland attained a very high level of culture, which was probably only made possible by this dry and bracing climate, before the excessive moisture of later centuries damped the energies of her inhabitants.

About 1800 B.C. there was again a change. The climate became gradually moister and cooler. From about 1200 B.C. to 200 A.D. there was a new cycle of wet and cold, reaching its maximum about 400 B.C. and then gradually falling off, to pass over to drought about 500 A.D. The belt of storm tracks again passed through the Mediterranean, giving opportunity for the rise of Babylonia and Assyria, Canaan and Phœnicia, of latter-day Crete and Egypt, of Mycenæ and Troy, Greece, Carthage, and Rome. North Africa was then the granary of the world. The Mediterranean was the focus of human energy, and, since the nomads could live comfortably on their steppes while the wet time continued, could pursue its destiny little troubled by barbarian invasions.

But the change of climate was disastrous to the northern lands. On them, cold and wet descended; the peat bogs spread; the forests died off as the swampy moors extended. There was a marked falling off of culture in Ireland and Scandinavia; and the worst cold spell, in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., has apparently left its permanent trace in the northern legend of the Twilight of the Gods, which

pictures a disastrous world bound in the grip of snow and ice.

After this, the classical Mediterranean civilization began to fail. Jones, some twenty-five years ago, suggested in a remarkable book that the downfall of Greece was due to malaria imported from Africa. Now that we know that a progressive desiccation was in progress at the time, the idea gains in probability. The rivers, drying up to a series of pools in summer, would afford countless new breeding places for the larvæ of the malaria-carrying mosquitoes. Malaria probably contributed to the downfall of Rome as well; but since Italy has more rainfall than Greece, the malaria-spreading change would have struck her later. But in addition the yield of agriculture in the Mediterranean began to grow less; and about the same time the first of a new series of barbarian invasions poured in.

For the period from 500 to 1000 A.D. was definitely a dry one. This it seems to have been which in the South drove the Huns and Goths to the limits of Europe, and stimulated the expansion of Islam from drought-stricken Arabia. But it brought new life to the swampy North. The culture of Ireland revived. In Scandinavia this was the great age of the Vikings, the Norsemen. As toward its close it grew less dry, the wet began to rob the Vikings of their livelihood and their lands as surely as the drought had robbed the steppe dwellers of theirs; and they poured forth in a burst of migration which took them across the Atlantic, and eventually, in the guise of Normans, as far as Sicily.

IV

In the New World too the climatic changes were similar and had the same general effects, notably upon the story of the remarkable Maya civilization of Yucatan. The huge monuments of the Mayas are now buried in dense tropical jungle, which no primitive people could hope to keep at bay. After the first flourishing period of the Mayas, civilization retreated for centuries from Yucatan, but recolonized its northern part for a short time about 1000 A.D. The two flourishing periods of Maya history correspond with what we have called cold, wet periods. But these were wet only in regions at a certain distance from the poles. During these times, the storm tracks shifted farther toward the equator; and accordingly the dry belts between temperate and tropical were shifted equatorward too. To-day, Yucatan lies just south of where the northern dry zone passes over into the tropical. When the temperate rainy zone shifted south, the margin of the dry zone also was forced southward over Yucatan, the forest melted, and the Mayas could build an empire there.

In the temperate zones, after the short wet period of the eleventh century, there followed a series of minor and drier fluctuations. There was one cold spell in the thirteenth century. There was another in the first half of the seventeenth, in which the tradition of the 'old-fashioned' severe winter probably takes its origin (though doubtless perpetuated by the common failing of age to decry the present in favor of the past). Since then there has not been any great change. True, there have been shiftings of sea currents, such as that which brought the herrings to the Baltic, or that which sent the cod away from the coast of Brittany; but there have been no marked movements of the storm belt.

This long string of conclusions is drawn from the most diverse sources — from the deposits in northern peat bogs, from the old shore lines of the

Caspian, from the salt lakes of Central Asia, from the now waterless cities, such as Palmyra, that once lay on great trade routes, from legend and historical record. But they find a wonderful corroboration within the trunks of the big trees of the western United States. Rain is the limiting factor of the tree's summer growth, and so the size of the growth ring in its wood preserves for us the record of the season. By measuring the growth rings of over two thousand big trees, Douglass has given us a curve of climate which corresponds with remarkable accuracy with what we have deduced from other sources. Some of these trees date back four thousand years. In their trunks we can read of the dry periods which spread civilization over the world but spelled the ruin of the first Archaic Culture; of the 'classical' rainfall maximum, as Brooks calls it, which allowed Greece and Rome and Yucatan to achieve their destiny; of the new drought which brought the barbarians into the Holy City and raised the Norsemen to their first height of activity. And they record for us the final settling of the fertilizing, energy-giving belt of cyclonic weather in its present place, a thousand miles and more northward of its old position.

Thus climatic belts have not shifted seriously for almost a thousand years. What will happen to civilization when they move again we can hardly foresee; but we cannot suppose that shifting climate will respect our modern balance of power, any more than it spared the civilizations of Mesopotamia. Climate is inexorable.

V

The question of the effects of climate and other natural phenomena on human history is not all speculative. We can see some of its very practical ramifications in the problems of cattle, soil, and grasslands. Here the chemistry of soils enters in as well as climate, but the two are not without relation.

From time to time, in different parts of the world, cattle exhibit perverted appetites. They take to chewing bones, and will sometimes even devour the carcasses of other cattle that have died. These abnormal instincts are invariably the prelude to grave disorders. In typical cases the bones grow soft, the joints become swollen, the animals get thin and feeble and move stiffly and awkwardly; their hoofs grow abnormally long; sterility and abortion are common. Milch cows and young growing beasts are invariably the most seriously affected; and imported modern breeds suffer worse than the poorer native types. Sheep may be affected in the same sort of way; and horses too, though more rarely.

These outbreaks, which may inflict severe losses, may only recur every few years; or they may continue unabated for long periods. In every case they are confined to particular regions. In such a region, even in years when there is no actual disease, the animals are generally below par. Their fertility is very low; there is much infant mortality among the calves; growth is slow and stunted; milk yield is subnormal.

Much search has been made for the causes of this state of affairs. Bacteria have been blamed, and other parasites, and poisonous plants. But all these were gradually eliminated. It became more and more evident that the cause was some deficiency in the beasts' food; and since the food they eat draws all its supplies (save carbon and oxygen from the inexhaustible air) from the soil, the deficiency must ultimately lie in the soil.

Chemical analysis has confirmed this verdict. The cause of this poor performance and actual loss, specially grave in dry countries like Africa and Australia, is a deficiency of one or more of the elements supplied to plants from the mineral salts of the soil. The commonest deficiency is that of phosphorus or of calcium — or of both at once. Since both are necessary ingredients of bone, a shortage of either will prevent proper bone growth. Both are also necessary for the universal processes of metabolism in the body; and if the supply falls short of the vital minimum needed for tissue life, the tissues draw on the reserves held in the skeleton. The mineral framework of the bones is redissolved to be used up by the living cells, hungry for the missing elements, and the skeleton grows weak and soft. The milk too grows poor in calcium and phosphorus, the calf has to go short of them, and, as he is a rapidly growing organism, feels the lack even more acutely than his parents.

The depraved appetite for carcasses and bones is a last resort for getting back some of the missing elements into the system. It is, however, often disastrous, for many animals thus eat disease-producing bacteria in the decaying bones, and develop serious illness from this cause; and even if they avoid poisoning, the mineral shortage eventually becomes so acute that the animal sickens and dies. In other cases, mere stunting is the chief result. In the Falkland Islands, for example, whose pastures are very short of calcium, an ox will hardly reach five hundred pounds in weight, and the offspring of good breeds of horses grow up no bigger than ponies.

The symptoms vary a good deal from place to place, largely according as the defect is a defect mainly of phosphorus, — perhaps the commonest condition, — or of calcium, or of both. But they all agree in taking origin in a lack of necessary bone-building elements.

Here and there, though much more rarely, the cattle farmer attempts to ply his trade on areas where there is a shortage of other mineral constituents. When the missing element is iron, as in parts of Kenya and New Zealand, the animals suffer from a progressive anæmia; they grow thinner and thinner, and finally lose control of their limbs. In certain parts of the plain region of the United States and Canada, on the other hand, iodine is the defaulter, and farm animals (like the human population) suffer from the swelling of the thyroid known as goitre, with all the attendant symptoms of low chemical activity and stunted growth. In some areas, the lack of iodine is so pronounced that the young pigs lose all their hair and hardly any of them survive.

VI

The shortages, as we have said, are primarily due to a deficiency native to the soil. It is surprising but true that there are great stretches of country which from the outset are unsuitable (without special treatment) for stock raising on any large scale, because the ground simply does not have enough of one or another chemical element. Countries composed of igneous rock often have a shortage of calcium. In much of the west of Scotland, where the soil is poor in calcium and phosphorus and the pastures have long been depleted by grazing without any return in the shape of artificial manure, the sheep are frequently afflicted with disease, there is a high rate of mortality among growing lambs, and the carrying capacity of the land is falling. Iodine is generally low in limestone districts, or where, as in parts of North America,

the great meltings that followed the Ice Age have leached it out of the soil.

Phosphorus is the trickiest of all these elements. It is the one which usually is nearest to the border line, and there are very big tracts of phosphorus-poor soil. In addition, drought apparently makes it harder for plants to get phosphorus out of the ground, so that an arid climate will turn a soil that elsewhere would be adequate into a phosphorus-deficient one.

Why, then, are these regions of the earth's surface not bare of wild animals? And how is it that man can generally thrive where his cattle sicken? The answer is that the demands are a matter of degree. No region is entirely without any of the essential elements. In nature, a balance is soon struck. The country supports what it can support. If animals fall sick, they are speedily eliminated; as soon as overmultiplication of any grazing animal brings down the supply of any element per individual to the danger point, migration relieves the pressure. Man, on the other hand, attempts more intensive operations. He wants the land to carry the maximum amount of stock, and to carry it all the time. Furthermore, different animals make very different demands on the mineral resources of the soil. It is the quick-growing beast which suffers, because it has to lay by a large quantity of calcium and phosphorus in its skeleton, of iron in its blood, of iodine in its thyroid, all in a short time; while the slower-growing kinds escape — just as in man a degree of shortage of vitamins which is almost without effect on grown men and women may produce serious rickets in growing children.

Now cattle are in any case quick-growing animals. A human infant takes six months to double his weight after birth; a calf, in spite of his much greater size, takes only about a month and a half. And in domestic breeds of cattle man has intensified this quick growth, since his prime aim is the biggest possible return of meat in the shortest possible time. Besides, he breeds for milk-yielding capacities so enlarged as to be almost unnatural. Whereas, for instance, in the natural state cows at one lactation produce two or three hundred gallons of milk, we ask the best modern breeds to give us up to a thousand gallons. The native cattle of Nigeria have their first calf at about six years; a well-fed cow of a modern breed has hers at three. In beef breeds, the rate of putting on flesh has been doubled. In all these ways, domesticated cattle have been deliberately bred to make more demands upon the soil than other beasts, and the better they are as cattle, the more demands they must make. Accordingly, when good European bulls have been used to grade up native cattle in India or Africa, the result has frequently been merely that the sickness and mortality due to mineral deficiencies have leaped up.

Man the stock breeder has thus been putting new and unprecedented demands upon the mineral resources of the world's soil. But that is not all. He has also been depleting those resources without making any return. As Dr. Orr says in his recent book, *Minerals in Pastures:* 'Accompanying the visible movement of milk and beef, there is a slow invisible flow of fertility. Every cargo of beef or milk products, every ship ton of bones, leaves the exporting country so much the poorer.' For, in nature, animals die where they live, and the constituents of their bodies are returned to their native soil. But man changes all that. He ships off the bodies of his animals or the products of those bodies to distant countries, and in every exported pound of meat or cheese or bone

meal so much phosphorus and so much calcium and iron and magnesium have been extracted from the soil and removed from the country's shores. Richardson calculates that since 1870 the export of animals from Victoria alone has taken out of its soil the equivalent of two million tons of superphosphates.

As we are now beginning to see, man's difficulties about grassland and the products of grassland are not merely due to local and natural deficiencies. They are due too to deficiencies of his own making, and these artificial deficiencies are cumulative and world-wide. In old days, the cattle of mineral-deficient areas would make periodic journeys to salt licks, where the instinctive cravings for the elements they lacked would save them from disease and death. It is interesting to find the same instinctive cravings in man. In some parts of Africa, where mineral deficiency is serious, the black children spend their pennies, not on sweets, but on lumps of unpurified salt, imported from distant salt pans and full of all the elements for which their systems are crying out. To-day, fencing has often made the cattle's annual 'cure' impossible. In one part of Kenya, for instance, the settling of the country happened to put an important salt lick on to land allocated to whites, to the great detriment of the native cattle, which either could not get at their necessary supply of minerals, or strayed and trespassed in search of it, and were lost to their owners. Economic restrictions may have the same effect. In the old days of the heavy French tax on salt, you could tell without a map when you crossed the boundary in the Jura from France to Switzerland by looking at the cattle. The French cows looked poorly, the Swiss beasts fine and healthy.

The next step was the discovery that the amount of mineral which would prevent disease in a pasture was not enough to give the best results. By adding more, up to a definitely ascertainable point, sheep and cattle could be made to grow faster, to yield more milk, and especially to be more fertile.

Thus what began as a study of local cattle diseases has turned into a problem of the soil chemistry of grasslands. The problem is one of first-rate importance. Cereals may be the staff of life; but the products of grass are more varied. Grass gives us not only meat, but also wool, leather, milk, butter, cheese, and various valuable by-products from bones and hides and horns. The value of the products of grass consumed annually in Britain alone is over £400,000,000, and the quantity of this which is imported makes nearly a quarter of the country's total imports. And some countries, like New Zealand, live almost wholly by grass.

VII

The question at issue becomes the question of the future of the world's grass. We have spent an enormous amount of energy on improving wheat and maize, and have hardly given a thought to grass; but there is little doubt that by proper attention to the ecology and genetics of grasses we could double the output of the world's pastures.

For one thing, proper dosing with mineral salts helps the growth of plants which make greater demands on the soil, and so takes the ecological succession a stage further to a richer herbage. In dry areas it often helps also by conserving more moisture in the soil. Then there are strange and subtle interrelations between grass and the beasts that eat it. Their trampling

and their browsing alter conditions for the herbage. Too little grazing may allow scrub or moor to invade the pasture; too much may impoverish the sward. Such problems are especially prominent in new countries — in New Zealand, for instance, there seem to have been no indigenous grazing creatures, save possibly the giant flightless bird, the moa; yet to-day 94 per cent of the country's exports are the products of grass-eating animals. Here, to clear scrubland for sheep, not only must the scrub be cut and rooted up and burned, but cattle must be introduced to keep the bracken and brush from winning back the land they have lost. As Dr. Stapledon says, 'Cattle, no matter how prices rule, are essential to the reclamation and maintenance of scrublands. They are implements as necessary to the wool grower on hilly, scrubby country as the plough to the producer of wheat on the plains.' Trampling, too, prevents the grass from getting coarse and rough. The amount of grazing a pasture will stand depends a good deal on climate. If grassland (as in so much of Europe and New Zealand) is not the natural climax of plant life, but is only a 'sub-climax,' which would go on to a richer type of vegetation, such as forest, if left to itself, then it will stand very heavy grazing. If, however, the climate is so dry that grass of sorts is the natural climax, it has fewer reserves, so to speak, and heavy grazing may seriously damage it.

But the amount of grazing will also depend on the kinds of grasses there are to be grazed. In New Zealand the native vegetation, unused to being nibbled down to the ground, succumbs to this new treatment. A judicious mixture of the right grasses and clovers from all over the world (only we must remember that what is right for one place may be very wrong for another!) is rapidly raising the productive power of grass. This will soon get to a limit; but then the geneticist can step in and continue the process by deliberately breeding richer and more resistant pasture plants. A beginning has been made with this at places like the Grass Research Station at Aberystwyth, and the results already obtained, together with the comfortable knowledge of what has been actually achieved with wheat, warrant great hopes for the future.

We could easily double the productive power of the world's grasslands by deliberately working for types of beast that make greater demands on the grass, and types of grass that make greater demands on the soil. We have only got to make sure that we can continue to provide the soil with the necessary chemical ingredients. But to achieve this result we need the services, not only of the farmer and the scientific agriculturist, but of the plant and animal geneticist, the soil chemist, the systematic botanist, and the ecologist; nature cannot be improved upon without the amassing of a deal of knowledge and the expenditure of a deal of pains.

SHOOFLY

BY PERNET PATTERSON

I

THE newcomer at Bench 14 seemed gradually to lose his drawn tenseness as the temperature of the old tobacco-stemming room climbed toward a normal eighty-five. The stark expression of his ashen-brown face softened somewhat; his slim hands eased into a smoother stripping of the oily black and tan leaves from their fibrous stems.

At last he paused, and with a tired sigh let his slender figure relax. Slumped on the hard wooden stool, he seemed to invite the humid warmth to creep into his very bones. Almost hungrily he sniffed the air — pungent, rank, with the smell of hot steamed tobacco and three hundred black sweating bodies.

As if with sensuous delight he let his gaze drift down the long whitewashed room with its row after row of great tables and its lines of rocking bodies on either side. Drab men dotted in the colorful lines of women and children! All shades of skin from light cream to blue-black! All colors of the spectrum in headkerchief and dress — some so intense in their vividness of bold yellows and reds that they slashed the sombre spots like molten iron in a black night! Bright heads ceaselessly nodding, like brilliant exotic birds, picking restlessly among their duller neighbors!

A look of peace stole over his face. ''T is all des' de same — as ever,' his wide lips murmured.

A voice broke into his thoughts with a note of contempt. 'You sho' ain' seasoned to stemmin', is you, boy?' offered the slant-eyed yellow girl on his right. 'You'll starve runtier'n you is, at dat bench!' and she snickered.

Indifferently he glanced into her bold pretty face beneath the red bandanna that but partly hid her wavy hair. With a taunting grin she looked up from under her long-fringed lids.

'Don' le' da' Lula wor'y you, boy,' consoled the friendly voice of Big Sarah, the fat black woman at his left. Filling her cheek with a fresh brush of snuff, she adjusted the cloth binding the tobacco poultice to her forehead, and continued, with a chuckle, 'She'll pester anything — in pants.'

On the breath of the amiable voice there had come to the man the old sociable odor of rum. When had he got even a whiff of rum? Nearly two years! Up North you never smelt it — never got any of the good old factory smells.

'Ne'r you min',' his rather high voice replied in weary tolerance, his eyes coming back to the girl. 'I'll eat — an' drink, too — 'fo' long.'

Lula giggled and darted him another look. His bleak gaze traveled from her little ear, with its bright gold hoop, to the rise of her plump bare throat, then, with a flicker of life, over the swell of her round breast, carelessly half exposed by the open sleazy blue waist. He gave her a brief tired smile, then went at his work again.

Presently the man's attention was suddenly drawn to an altercation across

the table from him. A small, bullet-headed black boy, enveloped almost to his chin in a high-bibbed tick apron, was making vigorous passes at the little brown girl in checkered apron and paper cap next him. With a vindictive squeal she seized the small fist and began furiously to belabor it with the heel of her hand.

But without warning, at the girl's right, there appeared a long hickory, and with a 'You, Gen'lwade! You, Queenie!' a buxom black arm flashed twice. A click on the bullet head, a swish through the paper cap, melted the engagement like magic.

Shamed under the subdued raillery from the bench, Gen'lwade gave but a tearful, furtive glance at the newcomer. The man was not laughing; there was a look even of sympathy in his eyes.

Queenie was gingerly feeling her skull under the scant plaits of pigtails, tightly braided with white cord and stretched fore and aft in rows.

'Hit take Sis' Pokey to handle 'em!' chortled Big Sarah. 'Ev'body gotta step roun' wid 'at 'oman, mon.'

The newcomer's eyes were taking in the Junoesque black figure of Pokey. A shade of interest crept into them as he appraised her meticulous neatness. Even her checkered apron, with its crisp little blue frill that rose high over the deep bosom, was immaculate. Her headcloth, bound tight above the wide black brow, was snow-white; the starched, gray-figured calico dress was unrumpled. To the graceful movements of her tall, full body, a necklace of silver dimes jangled musically around the column of her bare throat. But the man's expression of interest soon settled back into a bleak concentration on his work.

After a while Lula rose, and, yawning wide, stretched her lithe figure indolently. Slouching over to the window for her snuffbox, her eyes lighted on a dilapidated yellow suitcase and a worn guitar leaning against the wall. Impudently she picked up the discolored instrument, and, like a mischievous monkey, gave the strings a twang, and put her ear to the opening. She started to thrum it again, but Captain Nat, the foreman, banged a warning club on the steam pipes. Turning the guitar around as a monkey would a nut, she suddenly peered intently. In the flourishing scroll letters of the itinerant card writer, she slowly spelled out the word 'Shoofly.' Grinning, she looked up. The newcomer was anxiously shaking his head at her. With a *moue* she put back the guitar, and glided to her bench.

Apprehensively the man queried, 'Did you set it up — out de way?'

But, ignoring the question, she asked teasingly, in a tone all could hear, 'Is dat yo' name — Shoofly?' And she giggled.

The man's rather poetic brown face beneath the high fuzzy pompadour grew stern. 'Dat's what dey calls me,' he answered with dignity.

But, with a note of excitement, Lula persisted: 'Kin you play dat box, boy? Dance music?'

'Sure,' he answered, matter-of-fact.

Then she pestered him to play for her at dinner hour, to come around at night to play, but Shoofly said he was too tired — maybe next week. He was glad when the hoarse whistle roared out the dinner hour.

Amid the sudden clamor and friendly confusion, Shoofly deliberately rose, and with a tired sigh adjusted his red-striped shirt. Slowly he shuffled toward his coat on the wall.

Even in the splayed remnants of suède-top patent leathers, despite the badly frayed trousers, his slender figure carried a certain air of trimness. Lula's covert gaze followed him till he was sucked into the laughing, pushing

stream of bodies flowing down the wide steps to the yard.

In a far corner of the yard, beyond the tantalizing fumes of the basket women's big kettles of Brunswick stew and turnip salad, he crammed a three-cent pone of hot corn bread into his mouth, swallowing in great gulps that nearly choked him.

II

During the early afternoon Lula vainly tried to engage Shoofly in conversation. At last she gave way to his unresponsiveness, and began to hum in a low voice. No one was singing, scarce another even humming in the long room. Monday, black Monday, was n't a day for singing. It was too far away from Saturday — from money, rum, and rest — for the birth of any urge to sing, except in the most calloused and heedless.

When Lula's droning words struck Shoofly's ear, his movements slowed; a faint smile lightened his face. He had n't heard that song since he left Petersburg. It sounded like home — and Richmond was home, compared to the cold, unfriendly mining hills of Pennsylvania. A glow stole over him. He felt an urge to join Lula's careless humming: —

'Sniff my coke an' I drink my gin—
Doctor say it kill me, but did n't say when—
Hey, hey! Honey, take a whiff on me-e-e. . . .'

His grinning eyes gave Lula a look of complete understanding.

Raising his glance, he found Pokey frowning heavily at the yellow girl. With a sniff of utter disgust, she looked away, her bold chin in the air. Shoofly chuckled inwardly; Christians had no truck with that song — on any day. Only the far-gone sinners, those in the Devil's very pocket, sung it at all — it was much worse than playing a guitar.

Not till near quitting time did Shoofly speak. Then he asked Big Sarah in a low voice where he could find the 'Lender.'

'You mean de "Strainer"? He de Lump Room boss. But dodge *'im*, boy! He 'll strain yo' flush f'om yo' blood — a dollah Sat'day fo' fif'y cent to-day.'

Shoofly only gave an admonishing 'Sh-h-h!'

When Lula came back from the woman's dressing corner after the whistle, Shoofly was rearranging a large, glass-studded horseshoe pin in the remnants of his red tie. Her eyes flickered over him. In spite of his down-at-the-heel appearance there was a decided jauntiness about him in his tight-waisted coat and rakishly cocked fedora.

Switching in beside him, the big earrings glittering to the toss of her head, she asked sarcastically, 'Well, Mis'er Shoofly, what you goin' do wid all 'at money you made to-day?'

His eyes traveled over her rounded figure in its untidy but modish sky-blue dress, and her run-down high-heeled slippers. He liked wavy hair in a girl — and style — and quick talk.

'Go roll yo' hoop, gal!' he grinned. 'Ef you ain' in jail by Sat'day you 'll see a bench fa'r bu'n up,' and he cocked his worn fedora more rakishly.

She gave a clear ringing laugh; her eyes brightened. Then they laughed in chorus as they parted.

III

By Wednesday a smoother brownness had chased away most of Shoofly's ashy look; his eyes were alive. His body swayed, his fingers flew in the endless snap-strip-strip. The pungent rancidness of the room came to him more sweetly than ever.

As the morning heat climbed, Pokey began to hum softly in a rich contralto.

Shoofly appraised her again. Yes, she just spelled neatness — and good cooking. Of course she was black, but Lawd, what a woman! And in spite of a bossy look her face was kind of pretty, too. Of course yellow girls were prettier, more fun, but . . .

The long room was filled with a droning, like the buzz of lazy bees. But there was no real singing. It was still too far away from Saturday. Thoughts of approaching delights were yet too nebulous; and much trouble could come before Saturday.

As soon as he had finished his dinner of hot stew and corn bread, he galloped back up to the warm room and stretched himself lazily on his bench. Through half-closed eyes he watched the two children in their absorbed attempts to fashion tobacco dolls.

Stealthily Shoofly sat up. Gen'lwade's doll vanished; the little Negro looked furtively away. Shoofly smiled. 'Le' me see,' he said casually, and began to select soft strips of different shades. 'I use could make a right good 'bacca doll.'

Under his supple fingers, a little short-waisted woman began to take form. Gen'lwade sucked in his breath audibly, his bulging black forehead pushed closer to Shoofly's hands. With the folding of a bright leaf-scrap about the neck of the diminutive figure, Queenie gave an 'Unh!' of ecstatic delight.

During the evolution of the doll, Shoofly made conversation. Were they the only children of Miss Pokey? Where was their father?

'Pa dead,' replied Gen'lwade abstractedly, his eyes glued to the doll. But, as if suddenly realizing a raconteur's golden chance, his voice quickened. 'An' de Bur'l S'ciety set 'im a stone — big as *dat!*' and he spread his arms apart their full length. 'An' he lef' us de house an' 'suance money — I dunno how much — boxful, I reckon,' he added impulsively, pointing to the big tobacco box.

'Ai-i-yi-e!' exclaimed Shoofly. 'Ain' dat somepin'!' Then he asked thoughtfully, 'Des' 'zactly what is yo' name, son?'

'Gen'lwade,' answered the boy surprisedly.

'Dat all yo' name?'

'Naw, *suh!*' exploded the little darky. 'I got *long* name — longer'n anybody in de worl', I spec',' he continued pridefully. 'Granny name us a'ter big fo'ks —'

'What is yo' long name?' Shoofly smiled encouragingly.

'Brig'dier — Gen'al — Wade — Hampton — Price!' the little voice rolled out as unctuously as that of a silk-stockinged butler announcing a prince of the realm.

'I 'clar to Gawd!' gasped Shoofly, impressed in spite of himself. 'Dat *is* a name, mon!' and he looked searchingly at the diminutive bearer of such a breath-taking title.

Then, waxing to his subject, Gen'lwade began, 'An' Ma —' but, seeing Queenie open her mouth too, he hurried his pronouncement. So it was in high chorus that they fervidly shouted: 'Pokey-*hontas* — *Virginia* — *Ran*dolph — Price!'

But before Shoofly could voice his wonderment a black hand gave two resounding cuffs almost as one. 'What you holle'n *my* name 'bout fo'? You gone crazy?' came an angry, embarrassed voice.

'No harm, Miss Pokey! No harm!' placated Shoofly, with his blandest smile. 'De chillun des' tellin' me yo'll's names. An' quality names dey is, too, ma'am,' he added with complete admiration.

Mollified, she let him inch on to Queenie's stool and engage her in conversation. But her replies were digni-

fiedly aloof — rather the air of a grand dame to a stranger of uncertain lineage. Before the starting whistle, however, Pokey was smiling, her big hand toying demurely with her coin necklace.

Till quitting time Shoofly's head seethed with contradictory plans, but they were all frustrated by the necessity of another visit to the Strainer. When he finally came out, everyone had gone.

IV

Thursday found Shoofly's fingers moving as if touched by some Merlin's wand. Stripped to undershirt, a fancy paper cap cocked aslant over his pompadour, he had drifted into that semitrancelike state of the master stemmer.

Instinctively the entire bench had speeded up. Lula cut an admiring eye at him, but he was lost to his surroundings.

Gen'lwade, with the duplicate of Shoofly's cap cocked at identically the rakish angle of his friend's, beamed across the table. '*Ha-h-h*, mon! Mis'er Shoo' was layin' de bench!'

The room grew hotter; the air closer, more rancid. White teeth glistened. Thursday was truly here! The harmonious drone of ten-score voices gradually swelled to the roll of a far-off muted organ.

Suddenly the humming sank to a low, moaning undernote.

'He-s-h! Singer Moses — linin' out!'

Softly, surely, a smooth barytone rose; and, like the chime of faultless bells, three hundred voices joined; and gently climbed; and soared: —

'When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.'

Then, as if at the beat of some invisible baton, the deep, ringing bass of Black Tom and the clear, rich tones of Pokey's contralto led the men and the women in antiphonous refrain: —

'It is well . . . it is well,
With my soul . . . with my soul . . .'

And then that spectral baton seemed to sweep the ecstatic chorus into a crashing thunder of harmony — like some wondrous vast organ played by an inspired hand: —

'It is well, it is well with my so-u-l-l.'

The room trembled with resonance. Captain Nat's flesh crawled, his old eyes dimmed.

Shoofly's bench mates looked slyly at him. Many other eyes rolled toward his bench. For, high and clear in the harmony, there had soared a natural lyric tenor with notes as limpid, as effortless, as flute tones.

When the last of his golden notes sustained the cadence far into a long minor, a deep quavering sigh breathed from the room. Lawd, *Lawd!* A sweet singer had sho' come! The deep blast of the dinner whistle jarred them irritably.

Shoofly reclined on his bench at dinner hour, musing. Pokey strolled up, the eagerness in her eyes belying her casual approach. He gave her a keen glance, then smiled widely at her compliments. Never had she heard a songster carry a better note! Her church needed just such a high singer; she would like to take him down to meet the deacons. . . .

Shoofly shook his head. 'Not yet, thankee, ma'am! I'se all jammed up in dis-here town. Ain' got no reg'lar boa'din' place, an' sech. Maybe later, ma'am, when I gits sorta settled.'

A somewhat frustrated look came over Pokey's countenance, but with seeming indifference she drifted down the aisle to a fellow church member. Shoofly's thoughtful gaze followed her.

He did n't want to get jammed up with church. The very thought portended system, regulations. True, he had fitful cravings for religious service — but three, four times a week? No, not unless absolutely necessary.

Lula came and sat slyly down beside him. Softly she asked, 'Call yo'se'f some kinda songster, don' you, Shoo'?'

Not raising his head from his arm, he answered carelessly, 'Des' like I some kinda stemmer.'

Lula giggled. Presently she asked unconcernedly, 'What you doin' wid yo'se'f to-night?'

Shoofly took ample time to stretch. 'I dunno — 'zactly,' he yawned. 'I got so many triggers set.' The girl smiled broadly into his face. Suddenly they both burst into laughter.

Somehow, at quitting time, he found himself drifting up the street with Lula.

V

Through Friday's singing Shoofly's emotional tenor lifted the room to inspired heights. An aura of ecstasy crept down even to the prize room on the first floor. When gusts of passionate harmony swept through an open door or elevator shaft, the *rat-a-tat-tat* of the lump sticks, the wailing signal cries, would break with silence. The great half-naked pressmen would stop, poised, eyes glistening. 'But ain't dem stemmin' niggers car'y'n it to-day!'

Late that afternoon Pokey followed Shoofly to the hydrant. 'Why n't you stroll up wid us dis evenin'?' she suggested in a casual tone.

Shoofly's eyes glistened exultantly, but he answered with equal unconcern, 'Dat's right — I might.'

Lula was surprised to find Shoofly gone when she came tardily back after dressing. With a sniff and a toss of her head, she slouched lazily out.

Shoofly talked engagingly to Pokey as he strolled beside her. Soon he took her big arm. The children skipped in the rear. Queenie's splay feet, in a pair of her mother's old high-buttoned shoes that hung from her thin legs like pipes from reed stems, flapped pigeonwings behind her mother's Christian back. Gen'lwade's black feet, bare yet into the late autumn, vainly tried to imitate Queenie's nimble steps.

Presently, in disgust, he gave up the attempt; and, raising the tail of the faded red sweater that reached almost to his knees, fished a jew's-harp from the voluminous depths of the man's knickerbockers that dangled unbuckled about his thin ankles. Springing the peak of his cap straight up from his knobby forehead, he pondered a moment. Then, smiling, he set the harp between his white teeth, and with a hissing twang broke into the old reel, 'Shoo! fly, don't bother me!'

Shoofly wheeled, his eyes shining. 'Whar you learn my chune, Gen'l?' he asked excitedly. 'You kin play it, too!' he conceded, nodding with half-shut eyes.

At the touch of this accolade, Gen'lwade's big eyes threatened to pop. With renewed effort, he hissed, and sucked, and twanged frenziedly.

Pokey was fidgeting uncomfortably. 'I don' 'low him play sinner song,' she objected, frowning the sinning harp into silence. But Shoofly, recapturing her arm, laughingly made light of the thought. It was n't a bad sinner song; besides, Gen'lwade was so little it did n't much matter to the Lord.

After a long pause, Pokey indifferently asked, 'S'pose you got yo' boa'din' place — by now?'

Shoofly's eyes gleamed. 'Dat I ain't!' he exclaimed disconsolately. 'Look like I can' git no place to suit me — I so 'tic'la'.' Then he queried, with a note of suspense, 'You know a'y 'spectable place?'

Pokey eyed him with a tinge of lingering doubt. Again she appraised his clean new shirt, his frayed but jaunty figure. Her face softened; she almost simpered. 'I don' know, 'less, maybe, *we* takes you in de spar' room. . . .'

Shoofly sucked in his breath. He could n't clinch the bargain too quickly. He did n't know of a more handsome-acting lady he'd rather board with, he said. Besides, a soft-handed gal ought to have a man around, to split wood and the like. And could n't they have big evenings together — singing and playing?

Pokey's eyes had an excited look, but she remarked demurely that good Christians could n't have guitar-playing around — that is, not much of it.

Shoofly chuckled, and squeezed her arm the tighter.

VI

That Pokey's clean little house, with its spotless kitchen and snow-white beds, was a thing beyond even his most sanguine dreams, Shoofly inwardly told the world. From the shining pans and bright-red-oilclothed table of the kitchen to the gilt-framed chromo of her deceased spouse in the spare room, he appraised it. Luck *had* turned! Carefully he extracted a worn rabbit's foot from his hip pocket, and reverently kissed it — three times.

And at supper in the warm kitchen, with Gen'lwade beaming across the table, and Queenie flitting about with plates of hot, flaky biscuit and succulent browned catfish, Shoofly stealthily touched the rabbit's foot again — three times, with his second finger. Luck had to be kept warm, nursed.

While Pokey ironed Gen'lwade's white shirt for church, Shoofly, with his feet in a chair, lazily strummed chords on his beloved guitar. Suddenly, as if with irrepressible sentience, the guitar burst out joyfully, and Shoofly sang: —

'Shoo! fly, don' bother me! Shoo! fly, don' bother me!
Shoo! fly, don' bother me! I belong to Company G.
I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a mornin' star,
I feel, I feel, I feel, my troubles gone afar.
Shoo! fly, don' bother me — hear de music on m' knee!'

Despite Pokey's protest of 'Now, Mis'er Shoo'! Mis'er Shoo'! You know you can' be playin' sinner music roun' me,' there was a quickened glint in her eye. Gen'lwade's eyes shone, too, as he squeezed his jew's-harp tightly, hopefully.

Shoofly argued. A little music, a little fun, was allowed by God even to high Christians. Did n't the preachers read that King David played on a harp — yes, even danced? What more could she ask? With a confident grin, he swung into an old ballad about a ship that never returned.

But at the completion of her ironing Pokey called soberly, 'Pull up yo' cheers, chillun, an' le's sing a hymn.' In a semicircle about the stove, they sang softly to Pokey's low, throaty lead: —

'Chillun, ain't you glad, done lef' de house er Pharaoh?
Chillun, ain't you glad, you done got away? . . .'

Far past the children's bedtime, with equal fervor, with the same mounting rapture, did sinners and Christian sing.

By the mere act of listening to sinner songs and music, however, — despite the leavening of hymns, — Pokey gave tacit consent to a sin that soon became a custom. Before many nights, Gen'lwade was freely hissing and twanging to Shoofly's guitar, while Queenie swayed in her chair and cross-shuffled her big shoes. Even so, the three sinners thoroughly enjoyed the nightly hymns into which Pokey invariably led them.

VII

With the passage of Shoofly's warm, well-fed days, and the coming of a scrubbed, neatly mended look to a rounder, sleeker Shoofly, Lula seemed to melt under his attractions. She began openly by intimate look and gesture to imply a right to familiarities. Often she cut her slant eyes at Pokey, and smiled knowingly. With the ultimate corroboration of the insinuating rumors that Shoofly was really Sis' Pokey's regular boarder, the yellow girl became even bolder.

That Shoofly was immeasurably embarrassed by the girl's attitude was sensed with gusto by his bench mates. Not only did their suggestive looks and whispers embarrass him, but they spurred on a fast-growing, ominous disquietude at home.

Walking with Lula in the other end of the ward one night, he warned her: 'Ef you don' stop dat fool actin' in comp'ny, gal, I goin' drop you like a hot 'tater. You shan' jam me no tighter — you hear?' But Lula only giggled.

And she was worse, more irritating, the next day. At a particularly overt familiarity near quitting time, Shoofly's patience broke. With a snarl, he slapped her hand aside, and sprung from his stool. Nor did he return till the whistle blew.

After the children had gone to bed that night, Pokey set Shoofly with an incisive eye. 'Nigger,' she said, leaning her powerful figure toward him, 'who you think you is — King Solomon?'

'Pokey!' Shoofly gasped. 'What de matter, Sug'?'

'Don' Suga' me, you narrer weasel.'

'But, Sug'!' Shoofly eased from his chair.

'Hesh!' her voice grew harshly hysterical, as she arose, one hand held behind her, her big body trembling.

Shoofly took a step backward.

'Whar yo' money Sat'days?' She advanced, shaking her finger at him. 'An' what dat squint-eyed slut doin' droopin' over you?'

Here some perverse imp tempted Shoofly beyond himself. 'How you keep 'lasses f'om drawin' flies?' he began — but never finished. A stick of stovewood flashed. Shoofly ducked. The stick shivered the door panel above his head. In a split second he was out of the door — sprinting for the alley.

The house was dark and quiet when Shoofly crept in at midnight.

Next morning, approaching the factory, Pokey gave him a cold warning: 'Des' le' me see you blink a eye at dat wench — des' oncet!' And she gave him such a vitriolic glare that he felt chills fly up his back.

When, at the whistle, Lula saw Shoofly change places with Queenie, she gave him a contemptuous sneer.

VIII

While looking idly out of the window at dinner a few days later, Pokey suddenly started. When Shoofly's familiar figure gave his woman companion a playful push, and they both bent double with laughter, Pokey nodded her head grimly. A girl standing beside her smiled insinuatingly in her face.

Shoofly found Pokey's stool vacant when he came back. She had left word with the children that important business down town demanded her attention.

He joined the singing that afternoon with more abandon than for days past. His repartee took on the old keenness. He seemed to be suddenly freed from some burden, some inhibition. To the children's surprise he exchanged banters even with Lula. 'Unc' Shoo' is sho' a case when he cuts loose!' Gen'lwade's worshipful gaze seldom left his friend's

face. This was a day! What matter if their boxes did run short!

On their way home they played soldiers, Shoofly in the van, giving commands. On the bottom of his dinner pail, Gen'lwade thumped and rattled in drum time. Boldly they sang in martial fervor, 'Shoo! fly, don' bother me! I belong to Company G.'

But, once at home, the marchers' exuberance immediately sank to an uneasy depression under the air of cold, aloof solemnity emanating from Pokey. Supper was wordless, oppressive. The children in bed, Pokey sat over the stove, silently brooding.

Suddenly she fixed Shoofly with a look that made him squirm and drop his eyes. 'Nigger,' she announced, in a portentous voice, just like a judge on the bench, he thought, 'you an' me gwina git mar'ied!'

'What!' shrilled Shoofly, shooting from his chair. '*Me?* Naw, suh! *Naw, suh!*' He began to back away, shaking his head and waving his hands negatively. But abruptly he paused, as if seized by a sudden thought, and switched to a wheedling tone: 'Why, Pokey, *Sug'*, what done come over you?' He gave a hollow deprecative cackle. 'Why, *you* know, Sug', I ain' no mar'yin' man.'

'*Ain't* you?' said Pokey imperturbably, keeping him fixed with her cold eye. 'But I'se a mar'yin' 'oman,' she continued flatly. 'Ain' no fact'ry nigger livin' kin laugh at me. I eider gwina be Miz Shoofly Rand'l dis day week — or de mo'ners gwina set roun' yo' box.'

'Now, Pokey,' Shoofly cajoled in sugary tones, 'le's you an' me talk dis over quiet-like, honey'; and he resumed his chair with affected assurance. Long he argued, wheedled, and beseeched — even claimed to have already a wife 'up No'th.'

'Don' keer,' she said relentlessly. 'You gwina have 'nother one nex' Chuesday,' and, drawing a folded document from her bosom, she slapped it menacingly: 'Here de paper — an' dar de chu'ch,' pointing over her shoulder with her thumb.

Shoofly sucked in a long, quivering breath. A hunted look came to his eyes, as they were hypnotically drawn to the document. Hesitantly his fingers advanced; gingerly he drew it to him.

'What dis?' he suddenly exclaimed, hope springing to his eyes, as, following his tremulous forefinger, he slowly spelled out: 'Pow-ha-tan S. Randel. Who dis "Pow-ha-tan"?'

'Dat's *you*, nigger!' explained Pokey, with a decided note of pride.

'Naw, *na-a-w!* Huccome?'

'"T is you, dough,' Pokey insisted in an inevitable matter-of-fact tone. 'You think I gwine let de license man write down fool name like "Shoofly"? Naw!' And, snatching the license from Shoofly's flaccid fingers, she strolled calmly to bed.

Midnight found Shoofly hunched over the dead stove, his face buried in his hands. At intervals he emitted a sepulchral groan.

IX

After a depressing breakfast, Pokey coldly stated she was too poorly to go to work. Shoofly shot her a questioning glance. Dejectedly the silent trio straggled out of the alley in the chilly half-light.

Shoofly spoke scarce a word during the forenoon. At dinner hour Lula finally enticed him from his bench. Lounging against the wall in a far corner, she teased and pecked at him.

Suddenly, without warning, something seemed to explode against Shoofly's jaw. His slender body went spinning across the floor. With almost the same sweep of her powerful arm,

Pokey's big fist crashed the yellow girl's head against the wall. Then, surprisingly quick, she sprang, and, clutching the dazed girl's hair, struck again. Red-eyed, mouthing unintelligibly, she drove one deliberate blow after another relentlessly to the girl's face. . . .

When four men finally pulled Pokey away, the girl's body slumped to the floor. 'Oh, Lawdy! Look — she done kill 'er! Gawd-a-mighty! Pokey done kill Lula!' rang the shrieks of the women. The children, diving under the benches, added their shrill screams. Above the pandemonium, Pokey's maniacal screech soared: 'Tu'n me lo-o-se! I cut 'er heart! I drink 'er blood!'

Desperately they threw her across a bench and held her there — inside a jostling circle of hysterical, jabbering Negroes. Every second their hysteria mounted. One woman shoved another too vigorously. With an insane screech the latter struck. Others, frenzied with mounting passion, threw themselves into the mêlée. A man shouted warningly, 'Look out! Look out — she got a razor!' Someone adroitly kicked the razor from the woman's hand. . . .

Before the ambulance and patrol wagon had arrived, a dozen white men from other departments were circulating through the room, herding the stemmers to their seats with gentle pushes and calm, pacifying voices. Lula lay on an old coat, her eyes blinking dazedly. Others with sore heads and bruises were hiding their hurts as best they might, fearful of being pointed out to the police. Shoofly crawled from under a bench, holding his jaw.

When the policemen's hands touched Pokey, she let out shriek after shriek. With insane strength she fought the three big men. The benches grew uneasy again. Quickly the policemen hustled Pokey through the door. As they disappeared, Gen'lwade gave a long, quavering wail: 'O-o-h-h! O-o-h! De 'licemens got 'er!' and buried his face in his arms. Shoofly tried in a dazed way to comfort him. But Queenie, her paper cap gone, her pigtails awry, was sobbing prayers.

It was all too much for Shoofly. Dazedly collecting their buckets and coats, he herded the two sobbing children to the door.

The dreary supper of cold corn bread and molasses over, the three drooped in silence before the stove, their eyes never raising. Gen'lwade and Queenie alternately snuffled. Shoofly sniffed occasionally — between low moans.

Presently he felt a touch on his knee. Gen'lwade's dim eyes looked up. 'Unc' Shoo',' he whispered, 'will dey — hang — Ma?'

Shoofly pretended to laugh. Of course not! That Lula was n't hurt bad. Don't worry — they'd just fine Pokey, and turn her loose to-morrow. And he gave Gen'lwade's frail shoulders an affectedly cheerful slap.

X

During the makeshift breakfast, Shoofly glanced frequently at the ashen faces of the children. Even he himself had forgotten to wash. Last night's tears showed in dark streaks down Gen'lwade's cheeks; and his nose was running. The white binding strings of Queenie's pigtails were hanging loose in utter abandon. Her big shoes were not buttoned.

Giving a deep sigh, Shoofly rose and went into Pokey's room. Breaking the flimsy lock on her trunk, he rummaged till he found a small roll of bills, knotted in an old stocking. He pondered a moment, then carefully counted out fifteen dollars — ten for the fine and four-fifty for costs, he reckoned.

Cautioning Queenie not to leave the house with the fire going, he drearily shuffled out of the back gate, on the way to court.

The courtroom was packed with sweating black bodies. Crowding, eager-eyed Negroes jammed even the big doors. Shoofly had almost to fight his way to the front. Standing on his toes, he could barely see the heads of the prisoners through the bars of the bull pen. Once he thought he glimpsed the drawn face of Pokey.

The docket was heavy; there had been much fighting for midweek. Old Judge Whitfield was even more irascible than usual. Those confounded factory niggers needed something to jar them back into a respect for the law — besides, he was going to the country shooting at one o'clock.

Shoofly's eyes became haggard as he listened to the petulant voice falling inexorably: 'Thirty days. . . . Sixty days. . . . Grand Jury. . . .' His uneasiness grew into desperate fear. Spasmodically his moist hand clutched the crumpled wad of bills. Sweat trickled down his face unheeded. When the big officer led Pokey inside the rail, Shoofly was seized with a shivering. He would scarcely have recognized the disheveled, drooping figure as his neat, proud Pokey.

Dazedly he saw Lula, with her head bandaged and face swollen, half supported in front of the bench by Mamie Lee, her friend.

As through a closed door, the judge's voice came dimly to him. Before he thought the case hardly begun, there suddenly struck his ear, like the sharp clang of a bell: 'Thirty days! Next case! Move along, sergeant!'

Were his eyes fooling him? They were leading Pokey *back?* His throat seemed to close. With a moaning cry he sprang to Pokey's side, but the big guard's elbow sent him reeling into the crowd. When he collected himself, Pokey was gone.

XI

Shoofly's world had suddenly grown unutterably cold and gray. The atmosphere of the unkept house chilled him. The scrappy meals, the tousled beds, and the piles of dirty dishes clouded him with black memories. Pokey's room made him shiver — it felt like a room of death. The bleak, tiptoeing attitude of the children reminded him of a death house, too. And he thought of Pokey almost as dead — his clean, spruce Pokey in that filthy jail. He was glad in the mornings to get out into the chill December air.

Saturday afternoon, on their way home, Shoofly bought Gen'lwade a new jew's-harp and Queenie a ten-cent finger ring. For himself he purchased a guitar string and a packet of cheroots. Then, hesitating, he invested another dime in a bag of peppermint drops. The sun did seem brighter as they trudged homeward.

When they entered the back gate they were surprised to see smoke coming from the chimney. On the narrow back porch were a yellow suitcase and a guitar. Shoofly halted, rigid as if frozen. The children's eyes opened wide. Slowly Shoofly cracked the door, but a woman's cold voice admonished: 'Stay outta here, nigger! Yo' junk is on de po'ch.' Then, more kindly: 'Come in, chillun! I see yo' ma to-day. I gwina take keer yo'll twell she gits out.'

None of the three figures at the door had moved. Shoofly gazed at the woman as if she had spoken in a foreign language. 'But — Pokey ain' say —' his dry lips began.

'Dat's des' what she do say.' And, pulling in the children, she slammed the door in Shoofly's face.

XII

Through black Monday, across the table from the children's new guardian, who had usurped his stool, Shoofly stemmed like one ridden by fever. Dimly he thought in hopeless circles; but he did know he never wanted to see Lula again. She was the cause of all his trouble — Pokey's trouble. The world of Richmond was growing too full of complications, too black. He could n't stand it. He'd leave; go home. That was it — *home!* He'd work — save every cent. But that Lula? She'd be back soon! Suddenly he remembered the small stemming room on the floor below — where the Western tobacco was handled. He'd transfer to down there!

Shoofly's days in the strange room were in most part hazy ones. But with the coming of Thursday, when the roll of the old spirituals drifted down to him, his thoughts quickened. How he would like to lie back on that 'Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham!' Inwardly he carried the long minors for them. Lawd, how that room could sing! The little room tried to sing, too, but they only irritated Shoofly.

He wondered if his voice was missed upstairs. And Pokey's. Lawd, what a note she could carry — and when she got back he'd be gone! Lawd! Lawd! How life did jam him!

Bowed dejectedly over his bench after dinner, bleak-eyed, unseeing, Shoofly was aroused by an excited little voice: 'Unc' Shoo'!'

He startled up. 'Dat you, Gen'l? How you, son?'

'Sh-h-h,' the boy cautioned. Standing on tiptoe, he whispered in Shoofly's ear, 'She back!'

Shoofly started as if struck. Grabbing the thin shoulders, he looked unbelievingly into the boy's face. 'Not — Pokey?' he gasped.

Gen'lwade nodded vigorously, and panted: 'Cap'n Nat wen' down — see de jedge — got 'er out.' Then his whisper broke into a high falsetto: 'An' dat Lula — done lef'!'

Breathlessly Shoofly ventured, 'Did Pokey ax — 'bout me?'

The bullet head shook negatively, the white eyes wavered. 'Don' tell I been here,' he cautioned, and bolted for the door.

Shoofly stared hungrily after him, his mouth open, excitement blazing from his eyes.

XIII

In vain did Shoofly hang about the big room and pass obtrusively up and down the aisles. To no avail did he try to catch Pokey's eye — just one glance. Like a blind woman she looked through him. Once he waited by the yard gate and ventured a smiling 'Good evenin'!' as she passed out with the children, but only their young voices responded. Despite cold rebuffs, however, the new spark burned strong within him. All women had their breaking point — just bend them long enough. Anyway, Petersburg was now a place very, very far away.

But, as the days climbed fast toward Christmas, Shoofly grew desperate. Messages sent through friendly women, through the children, brought no answer. He spent all his savings on a new shirt and hat and necktie, and had his suit pressed — even invested in a bottle of scented hair oil. Once he got close enough for her to smell the scent when he took off his hat to her. The children sniffed delightedly; but Pokey was not only blind — she had lost all sense of smell.

Sitting alone one night in the dim, greasy Elite Restaurant, absent-mindedly strumming his guitar, Shoofly awoke to an argument between the proprietress and a country nigger. No

indeed! Two dollars was more than any possum in the world was worth — she did n't care if it *was* three days to Christmas.

Suddenly Shoofly's eyes shone with a peculiar, intense light. He half-started from his chair, paused; then edged closer to the countryman.

The woman offered a dollar — no more. With a haughty sniff, the man started for the door, but Shoofly arrested him with a touch. Beckoning, he led the way to the table where the guitar lay.

After ten minutes of gesticulation and low-voiced, impassioned eulogy of the instrument, Shoofly, at a nod from the man, suddenly grabbed the bag; and the man slung the guitar cord over his shoulder and went thrumming out. Shoofly stood poised, as if about to call him back. Then he wet his parted lips, and with a deep sigh sank into the chair.

The following forenoon Shoofly strolled carelessly down the big room. Finally catching Gen'lwade's eye, he made a stealthy signal. Puzzled, the little boy followed him. From the depths of a dark closet in a storage room Shoofly dragged forth a ladened sack, and whispered long and earnestly to the boy. Gen'lwade's eyes opened wider and wider. Gurgles came from his throat. Feverishly he reached for the bag, and, bent under its weight, staggered upstairs.

Shoofly's stool became a griddle that grew hotter and hotter. At dinner he hurriedly swallowed his corn bread and dashed back to the bench. Fidgeting, his eyes on the door, he sat and waited. But no word came. Subconsciously he saw Cap'n Nat put his newspaper aside, preparatory to the whistle. Shaking his head in despair, Shoofly slumped dejectedly and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly he was startled by a frenzied clutch at his arm. Wheeling, he looked into the excited eyes of Gen'lwade. The boy was hysterically half-dancing, his black face aglow.

'Ma say — come supper!' he gasped. 'She gone — cook possum!'

For a short moment Shoofly sat rigid; then with a whoop he sprang up, and, smothering Gen'lwade against him, whirled the little darky in a jumping dance.

'Wait! Wait! Unc' Shoo'!' the muffled voice protested. ''Fo' I fo'git: she say — de law-paper — hit still waitin'!'

The whistle blew. Gen'lwade broke frantically away and skipped for the door.

Shoofly sank to his seat. Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy! 'At ol' law-paper? What was one ol' paper? Besides, what white man's paper could keep a nigger's foot from the road — if the foot itched bad enough?

Before the stemmers in the little room had got well settled, a clear ecstatic tenor lifted, and the benches swung in joyously: —

'Sinnah at de river, river mighty wide,
But you gotta cross dat river,
To git on de other si-ede.
Ah done got over, done got over,
Done got over, done got over,
Done got over at las'.'

NIGHT FEAR

This walled-in cube of candlelight
Is all my world — the rest is night;
I know where stand, on every hand,
Gigantic tree-shapes out of sight;
I saw them fade when, shade by shade,
The night grew thicker in their land,
Till at a match my candle burned,
And windows into mirrors turned.

A moth can put this world to shame:
I live as lives my candle flame;
These walls I see, which comfort me,
These windows where, as in a dream,
A shadow sits searching his wits,
Would all go out, and I should be
Disbodied, and my fear a spark
Of life upon the godless dark.
In stillness, now, of other things,
I hear the soft flutter of wings!

Frank Kendon

MALDEN—IN RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

BY F. LAURISTON BULLARD

I

An extraordinary succession of events occurred in a cemetery a few miles from Boston in the month of November, 1929. Scenes which have been witnessed in every age and in many lands were repeated about the grave of a simple and obscure Catholic priest who had been buried sixty years before. In some manner the word had gone abroad that miracles of healing were wrought at the tomb of Father Power. The occasional visitors who had tarried for prayer at that grave almost overnight were multiplied a thousandfold. Like a great crusading host, assembling for some sacred enterprise, there came from every direction the strong and the well bringing their sick of divers diseases, the lame, the halt, and the blind, those with withered limbs, the palsied, and the crippled. Healings were affirmed to have taken place almost every day of the great outpouring. Many accepted these cures as obvious manifestations of the power of God. Others ascribed them to a revival of the will invigorating the discouraged. Some refused to believe that any genuine cures had been effected.

Was the world looking upon a new manifestation of divine grace? Could all that happened be regarded merely as a fresh ebullition of hysteria? Would mob psychology account for the cures and newspaper headlines for the presence of the mobs? What action would the Catholic Church take in the face of this phenomenal episode, or would it take no action at all? These questions occupied the public mind for weeks during and following the inundation of the cemetery in Malden by a half-million pilgrims.

The monument above the grave of Father Power was a simple table tomb, a marble slab supported two feet above the ground by six carved pedestals, said to have been erected by the children of the Holy Redeemer Church in East Boston, and bearing this inscription: —

Rev. Patrick J. Power

Born Oct. 20, 1844 Died Dec. 8, 1869

O Bone Jesu, sacerdos et victima,
Sacerdotem in terra Patritium vocasti,
Per manus ejus teipsum aliis tribuisti,
Victima in coelis aeterne fruatur.

The Latin lines have been rendered into English by a Catholic scholar thus: 'O good Jesus, priest and victim, to be a priest on earth Thou didst call Patrick, and through his hands Thou gavest Thyself to others; as a victim in Heaven may he have eternal joy.'

Of Father Power but little is known. Born at Bantry in County Cork and left an orphan while yet a child, an older brother brought him to the United States; and in East Boston, across an arm of the inner harbor from the business centre of the city, he lived as a boy and served at the altar of the Holy Redeemer Church, whose pastor, Father James Fitton, manifested much interest in the children of his parish and singled out this Irish lad for special attention. Having spent some years in study in

the local schools, he was sent to a seminary in Quebec. The old record in the Laval University Library describes him as 'an American come here because of the War of Secession.' The students made extended notes of their lectures, and the two 'books' on chemistry, mathematics, astronomy, and other subjects, which constitute almost the only documentary survivals of Father Power, are probably based on these classroom memoranda. He came back over the border for the study of theology at St. Joseph's Seminary at Troy, New York, and, as a young man of unusual ability, he subsequently was sent for about a year to the University of Louvain in Belgium.

An ordination card, happily found, corrects the date commonly assigned for his entrance into the priesthood. The record of the card is: 'In Memory / of / Sept. 7th, 1867, / (Eve of the Feast of the Nativity) / of the B.V.M. / whereon / Rev. Patrick J. Power / Received the Holy Orders of Priesthood / in the Cathedral Chapel of the Holy Cross / Boston, Mass,' with a prayer following. The young priest was assigned to a parish at Chicopee near Springfield, where he fell ill, presumably of pneumonia. He is described variously as living thereafter in East Boston, with a brother in Brookline, and with relatives in Cambridge. He is said to have been the first priest to be buried in the then new Holy Cross Cemetery. One small old-fashioned photograph is locked away in the safe of the pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Malden. The cemetery is within the bounds of his parish, and the Reverend Patrick H. Walsh serves the chapel therein as well as the church.

A few books inscribed by Father Power have been found, and a search of the files of the Boston *Pilot*, long famous as a Catholic weekly newspaper, has revealed an obituary poem to his memory, initialed 'M.E.B.,' and probably written by the Reverend Michael E. Barry, of Springfield. The verses describe the young priest as 'manly and true, of sympathetic nature, pure, refined, childlike and gentle in every act,' and as one who passed away 'with golden honors clustering around.' Tradition agrees with this interpretation, characterizing him as mild in manner, devout in conduct, fond of learning, and in love with his creed and his Church. And of Father Patrick J. Power hardly anything as yet has been discovered besides what here is set down.

Yet sixty years after his death many hundreds of pilgrims were spending whole nights in prayer about his tomb, and tens of thousands were coming to the cemetery between dawn and dark to kneel above his grave. Father Walsh, on October 27, 1929, the Sunday preceding All Saints' Day, referred, casually as it seemed, to stories he had heard at various times about wonders wrought by prayer at the grave of Father Power, and to the probability that many saints must be buried in such a cemetery as Holy Cross; he included also a request for authentic information about any cures that might have been obtained there. The allusions in this sermon were repeated throughout the parish, stories of the far past were recalled, the special veneration with which for many years the grave of Father Power had been regarded was intensified. Presently new cures were reported. The newspapers 'printed the news.' Constantly increasing numbers of sick persons and their friends visited the table tomb, there to perform their devotions.

II

Just what might lie behind the references in the sermon is almost as hard to ascertain as are the details of the life

of the young priest. The most reasonable explanation that comes to hand is that the basin or chalice carved in the flat slab above the grave resembles a holy-water font, and that persons passing dipped their fingers in the rain water therein collected and 'blessed themselves,' as they might have done upon entering a church. On the authority of a priest, in conversation with the writer, it may be said that the first reported cure was accomplished at the grave about a third of a century ago. A spike had been driven into a man's leg, a friend in wrenching it away tore the flesh, gangrene set in, and the wound appeared incurable. A sister anointed the limb with water from the chalice above the grave. There were several applications. Slowly, not instantaneously, the leg healed. Said the priest: 'He told me it was like magic. That was his word — "magic."'

In the course of thirty years or more a few other cures were associated with the tomb. A deaf boy was made to hear. Reverent Catholics passing the cemetery would cross themselves with the name of Father Power upon their lips. The superintendent of the cemetery, who happens to be a brother of Cardinal O'Connell, has said: 'I know that for years there has been a certain amount of talk, in restricted quarters, about this grave.' But there was no established practice of pilgrimage thereto for prayer. This is the perspective to be kept in mind when considering the excitement of the last two months of 1929.

The request of the parish priest for information made the grave and the cures a subject of general comment throughout the neighborhood. One or more new cures were reported. One by one the Boston newspapers printed display stories about the wonder-working grave. Then the tidal sweep began. By scores one day, by hundreds the next, and by thousands on the third day, in swiftly mounting numbers the multitudes came. As the crowds multiplied, the newspapers increased the size of their headlines. Nor storm nor cold could daunt the earnest and eager pilgrims. Watchers who spent hours at the graveside, and officers who kept order where easily there might have been a mêlée, expressed wonder that the stream of sick and suffering seemed never to slacken. From one point of view it was all ballyhoo, whooped up by a sensational press. From another it was an awe-inspiring manifestation of man's invincible faith in the supernatural. To all discriminating observers it was a curious commingling of much that is fine and of some things that are mean in human nature. Profiteers hurried to the cemetery gates with their wares quite as they had done centuries before in Jerusalem. But within the big iron gates there was little to see that did not command respect and sympathy.

Spellbound one watched. Hour by hour one stood, trying to count, striving to ascertain the nature of the ailments of those kneeling in the mud and stretching themselves flat upon the stone, always acutely conscious of the misery he witnessed and of the intensity of hope that brought these thousands here. The first day of large crowds was November 3; the last, November 24. The total number of visitors, accepting the lowest day-by-day figures in the newspapers, was 847,000. These numbers were estimates. Nobody knows what a correct count would reveal. But these estimates in the main were derived from police officers and reporters accustomed to crowds. There were many duplications, for some persons came to the grave day after day. Reduce the grand total to a half million and yet what a mighty marvel remains. Cures were announced on every day

but two, possibly on all but one. The names as publicly published may be reckoned variously from 109 to 119. Most of the cures were said to be complete, some admittedly were partial. A tabulation shows that nineteen persons were reported to have abandoned crutches, canes, braces for legs or arms, and body casts; that twenty-four other 'cripples' were 'cured' or 'helped'; that nine received their sight of whom half had been 'blind' entirely, five the ability to speak and one to hear, and that the paralytics numbered thirteen. Half the cures were wrought upon children or relatively young persons.

III

It would be impossible to exaggerate the extraordinary character of the scenes at that grave. We visit the cemetery on one of the 'big days.' Every trolley car is packed to suffocation. Every street is crowded with slow-moving automobiles. The cars carry the number plates of all the New England states, and of a score of states beyond the Hudson, with many from Canada and a few even from distant California and Florida. One day eleven busloads come from Springfield, with seventy cripples among them. Any car containing an invalid seeking help is allowed to pass the gates and to drive to a point near the grave.

There are said now to be 150,000 owners of lots in this city of the dead, and 140,000 burials have taken place there. Situated in the angle made by two of the boundary lines of Malden, a city of 60,000, and adjacent to the populous cities of Revere and Everett, the cemetery witnesses many funerals every week. It is seen at its worst in November. The trees are bare, the grass is brown, the earth is sodden. No snow hides the ugliness of the scene. Most of the monuments are plain, of little artistic effect. A path to the chapel ascends to the right from the main entrance.

The police organize the queue on the highway to the left. Step by step they slowly shuffle along. A few pause for prayer before the Celtic cross which commemorates the priests of the Boston diocese. The line bends to the right and presently enters a roped lane. After a half hour, an hour, of patient progress, one enters the area within the barrier of timber and ropes which surrounds the grave.

Now the line divides, half passing the stone slab on each side. Policemen direct their movements. Over and over again, with the effect of a ritualistic chant, they repeat their admonitions: 'Please keep moving. Please don't kneel. Others are waiting. Touch the stone and go to the chapel for prayer. Please move on.' The stone is smeared with earth. Three baskets fill rapidly with offerings of money, flowers, beads, devotional pictures. (The baskets were put in place after visitors had begun to cast these tokens of faith and gratitude upon the grave.) The officers assist the infirm to kneel and give them time for their devotions. The grave passed, the line forms anew for a jerky movement toward the chapel. Hundreds wait long in the open plot before the door and then make their way slowly up one side aisle, across before the altar, and down the opposite aisle. They pause for genuflexion or for brief prayer, and to light the candles in the metal stands. Occasionally a cripple is carried forward. The seats are filled all day by those at their devotions. A little heap of crutches lies before the altar.

We return to the grave and watch from outside the barrier. In silent wonder we look upon that unending pageant of sorrow. It is pathetic, harrowing. It is solemn, it is pitiful, and it is inspiring. Have all the hospitals of

Greater Boston sent their patients here? The handful of spectators smile in sympathy with the hope written on the faces of some of these pilgrims. Thirty, forty men and women shamble through the enclosure every minute, and every few minutes some person drops moaning upon the grave. Nobody passes without making the sign of the cross. Every man removes his hat. Some in whispers, others in voices half audible, mumble their prayers.

The deaf, the dumb, and the blind, the crippled and the paralyzed, mental defectives and the victims of accidents, appear hour after hour from dawn until far after sunset. Children with wondering gaze lie on the stone while their friends rub their limbs with sand and anoint their faces with water from bottles which have been rolled across the slab. A sobbing old woman is carried from her car by two stalwart officers to a seat at the foot of the grave. A young woman whose eyes look vacantly upon the scene sits at the foot of the tomb while her companions rub her body with loam scooped from the path. A woman in a wheel chair tightly clasps her rosary while her friends remove her shoes and stockings. A man on his knees lifts a radiant face to the heavens and clearly utters a simple appeal. A lad, his face writhing in pain, casts himself flat across the stone. A woman stretches herself full length beside the grave and thus remains for minutes.

These things we saw. One incident, witnessed by scores, was described thus by a Catholic writer: 'A boy whose leg was perfectly stiff was lowered to the earth by the side of the grave. He uttered a sharp cry and soon was moving his leg freely at the knee joints, which his relatives said had been immovable for years. In the centre of a small group of excited people he was taken away, walking, though slowly and painfully, to the chapel.'

Throughout the day such incidents occur. Occasionally nervous tension finds relief in shrill shrieks. Most of the time we hear only the shuffling steps of the multitudes and the droning appeals of the officers. It is an overwhelming spectacle. The diseased of body and mind and their faithful friends, most of them bearing the marks of toil, of many bloods and blends, constitute enormously the majority of these pilgrims. A minority are frankly curious. If scoffers are present they hold their peace.

More poignant still are the scenes on the days of storm. Great throngs defy the pelting cold rain which softens the clay about the grave and drenches all who stop for prayer. In groups men and women huddle together above the stone. A mother rolls down the stockings of her lame child, packs moist clay about her legs, and hooks the stockings up again. A father plasters wet earth over his boy's hair. Men fill their pockets and women their pocketbooks with earth. Workmen bring wheelbarrow loads of sand and sprinkle it in spadefuls where the soil has been swept away. Several young men kneel in the fellowship of prayer in behalf of the cripple in their midst. Babies wrapped in shawls and blankets are placed on the stone. All day long the rain beats down and the wind blows keen, but the line never stops and the slow slushing of feet upon the gravel walks never ceases.

At night under the mellow light of a full moon the effects are weird and solemn, but the ugly aspects of the daytime are softened and refined. Several thousands come to the grave and more than a thousand remain in prayer within and about the chapel. The gravestone is covered with flickering candles. All movements are restrained. All voices are hushed. Emotional tension is high. The noise of an automobile

coming up the drive and the flashing of its lamps seem out of place, reminding the pilgrims of a world whose existence they had forgot. Presently a cripple on a stretcher is lifted from the car and carried to the grave. There he lies, his face turned to the sky, the candles producing curious shadow effects upon his features. In the early darkness a mother brings two crippled children and places them together upon the grave. At midnight hundreds of persons are quietly, almost stealthily, passing up the broad drive and into the roped path, stopping a moment at the grave and going on into the chapel. Halfway between midnight and morning four young men and four young women in evening dress kneel together about the tomb of Father Power.

Superintendent O'Connell receives hundreds of letters from distant places asking for a handful of earth, a vial of water, some object associated with the grave. He says: 'I could not comply with such requests. We cannot accept responsibility or even appear to give anything resembling authoritative endorsement to what is going on. It is a situation for which we are not responsible.'

Cardinal O'Connell twice visited the cemetery. Each time for an hour or more he observed with minute attention what was happening before his eyes. He would make no comment. 'I must remain silent,' he said. Most of the persons in the mighty throngs of those twenty-two days were relatively uneducated, but there were thousands who carried the marks of easy living and mental training. The mayor-elect of Boston brought his wife there on a Sunday evening amid a slashing rain, and the widow of a former governor of Massachusetts was another visitor with whose name the public is familiar.

IV

Have any actual cures been wrought at the grave of Father Power? What will be the position of the Catholic Church upon this remarkable demonstration?

The answer to the one question must be a matter of evidence, and much time must elapse before the evidence can be deemed complete. Several of the alleged cures were reported with circumstantial details in the press. Only one case has been investigated in a fairly complete but somewhat hurried manner. Respecting that case conclusions differ. A young woman of eighteen, who had been almost a year in hospital and had not walked for many months, described as suffering from a spinal deformity and pronounced incurable, on Armistice Day was carried to the tomb, wearing her accustomed plaster cast about her body. She prayed beside the tomb, then fainted upon the grass. She came back to consciousness with a 'strange feeling' in her back. She tried to walk. She did walk. In the sacristy at the chapel she abandoned her cast. Her doctor declared the change could not be called a hysteria cure. An X-ray examination revealed a normal spine.

Thus the public read her story in the papers. Several investigators with varying interests examined her record more extensively. Some of them report that the young woman when discharged from the hospital had acquired a habit of invalidism. Nothing was organically wrong with her, but she might never have walked. Hospital records contain the notation: 'Patient does not coöperate well.' The fusion of the spinal vertebræ which had been alleged to exist did not exist in fact. A report states that 'one place on one X-ray plate was a little cloudy.' Later plates showed a normal spine. She was discharged from

the hospital with instructions to walk. She did not obey. Instead, she retired to a wheel chair. A staff physician at the hospital says: 'She had a definite mental condition which prevented her from walking and other activities that undoubtedly were possible to her physical condition. It would seem that the mental stimulation occasioned by her visit to the tomb resulted in positive relief from the habit of invalidism. This relief I am entirely willing to ascribe to the strength of the girl's faith that she would be cured. Without the strong mental prompting that her faith and the visit gave her, it is quite possible that she might have gone on indefinitely as an invalid.'

The truth about this case, and about many of the other reported cures, can only be known after the most careful scrutiny of every shred of evidence and not until the record shall have been continued through many years of the future. Every inch of the frontier between the phenomena susceptible to natural explanation and the marvels for which apparently only the supernatural can account must be explored in this and the other more important cases of healings attributed to the miracle-working grave in Holy Cross Cemetery.

As to the 'mental stimulation' to which the physician referred in the case of this young woman there may be cited two readily accessible authorities. Dr. James J. Walsh, a teacher of physiological psychology, a scientist eminent in the Catholic Church, has accumulated a large quantity of data about what he calls 'the cures that fail.' In the heyday of their early popularity these 'cures' accomplished results so wonderful as to tempt even the most conservative of thinkers to feel that at last here was a real panacea for the ills of humanity. No matter though the 'cure' was proved after all to possess no actual potency, most of the persons 'cured' refused to relapse to their former condition. Humanity is so constituted that half the ills of mankind are of such a nature that they will not be cured until some very impressive motive, either from religion or from science, real or supposed, is brought to bear to change the mental attitude. Many paralytics suffer only from hysterical paralysis. If once a victim of many such troubles makes up his mind to get better, he gets better, unless he has an incurable disease. Says Dr. Walsh: 'Anything, absolutely anything, that presents a possible hook on which to hang a faith will "cure" people from ills of all sorts. . . . All that the "cure" needs to do in order to make them well is to change their attitude of mind toward their condition. . . . They may have had pains and aches, they may have walked lame for years, they may have been unable to hold their hands to their heads, they have been "paralyzed," utterly unable to walk, or palsied, walking and moving with difficulty — the "cures" will cure them, though the "cure" may be utterly trivial in itself.'

Dr. Walsh narrates the story of his visit to Knock in the west of Ireland, where he found a town in decay and a convent unfinished, although the fame of the cures effected at the little church years before had gone round the world. The great pile of crutches was still there, but such apparatus is 'the most fallacious evidence in the world of wonder-working healing.' At Lourdes the histories of patients are taken quite as carefully as in any hospital. But Dr. Walsh recalls how Dr. Boisserie laughed about the 'cures' of neurotic affections of various kinds, as neurotic cripplings, which constantly appeared at the clinic. But, he adds, it was 'quite different with the "cures" of lupus and other visible or easily demonstrable forms of tuberculosis which constitute consider-

ably more than half the "cures" that take place at Lourdes.' In spite of these 'very objective evidences,' the Church never has given 'formal approbation' to Lourdes and has left its members 'free to believe in them, or to reject them, any and all of them, according to their estimate of the value of the testimony in support of them.'

It must be remembered, of course, that Dr. Walsh in no wise denies the possibility of miracle. He says: 'It is perfectly possible that there may be favorable interference with disease from another world than this. One would be less than a Christian not to believe this.'

The other line of approach is that of the scientists who have devoted time and thought to the study of the physiology of the emotions. They produce evidence to show that the emotions are dynamic, generating energy in the body. Faith releases such energy in helpful ways, fear produces opposite results. For more than thirty years Dr. Walter B. Cannon, of the Harvard Medical School, has been investigating such subjects as the influence of emotional states on bodily functions. He has said that 'any high degree of excitation in the central nervous system, whether felt as anger, terror, pain, anxiety, joy, grief, or deep disgust, may rouse the sympathetic system to activity, and affect in a stereotyped fashion the functions of organs which that system innervates.' He bases his views on prolonged experimentation and relates them with careful restraint. But in the paper he read before the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1928 he included many most suggestive remarks. For instance: 'An escape . . . from the vagueness and mysticism of the psychological healers can be found, I am convinced, in an understanding of the physiological processes which accompany profound emotional experience.' He concludes a series of illustrations with this statement: 'There are effects wrought on the organs innervated by the sympathetic nervous system — glands both of external and internal secretion and parts supplied with smooth muscle — that are just as real as are the effects produced when the biceps is used to lift a weight. A remarkable difference lies in the level of the nervous control of these two effects. . . . Whereas the biceps is under "voluntary" control, the viscera are not under that control, but are influenced favorably or unfavorably by processes associated with feelings or emotions.'

V

It may reasonably be assumed that the Catholic Church will proceed in the presence of the phenomena at Malden as always it has proceeded in the presence of such phenomena. A Catholic editor states the matter in one crisp sentence: 'The official attitude of the Church is one of systematic agnosticism.' Father Power himself in one of his manuscript volumes of notes wrote 'A Thesis on the Possibility of Miracles.' At the close of his discussion he said: 'In order that a miracle be known with certainty, a threefold truth should be known. That is, the historical truth of the miracle — whether the event said to be miraculous really took place. Second, the philosophical truth of the miracle — that is, whether this work or fact was above the order of all created sensible nature. Was there no occult law or force of nature that could bring about this event? Third, the theological truth of the miracle — that is, whether this sensible work . . . was really done by God, or that some creature at the command of God is at least the moral cause of it.'

That statement probably intimates what will be the course of the Church

with the wonders at Malden. There will be extensive investigation of what has occurred. If the results shall verify the desirability of a complete investigation, an inquiry will be formally conducted which will explore every detail of these 'cures,' the antecedent history of the patient, the medical record if any, the change that may have been wrought, the subsequent condition of the person. The investigators almost invariably appear reluctant to accept a supernatural interpretation of such events. They interrogate the physician as to the possibility of a natural explanation for what seems a marvelous transformation. The words of all witnesses are taken down with scrupulous care. The volume of testimony usually is enormous. In the Malden case all the facts of the life of Father Power will be sought out and communicants will be asked to search for documents bearing his name. His character must be verified and the purity of his doctrinal teaching established. The preliminaries of this enormous undertaking are now under way. It may be years before the task is completed. The processes of beatification and canonization belong exclusively to Rome, and the results of the investigation now initiated will be sent to the higher tribunals if such action is believed to be justified.

Meantime the site of the grave of Father Power has been changed, and the body now rests in an enclosed space before the chapel. The removal might be attributed entirely to the fact that the original grave was so near other tombs as to expose them to damage from large bodies of pilgrims. The decision of Cardinal O'Connell to close the gates of the cemetery was in strict accord with the law of the Church. If the public demonstrations had been allowed to continue, the authorities at Rome could not have considered the case. The shutting of the gates really was the first step in the *Processus Informativus* now under way.

Catholic dignitaries many times have said that no better expression in general terms of their position in the presence of such outbursts of popular fervor can be found than that contained in a famous passage of the *Apologia pro Vita Sua* of Cardinal Newman: —

> Now as to miracles. Catholics believe that they happen in any age of the Church, though not for the same purposes, in the same number, or with the same evidence as in apostolic times. . . . Since generally they are granted to faith and prayer, therefore in a country in which faith and prayer abound they will be more likely to occur than where and when faith and prayer are not; so that their occurrence is irregular. And further, as faith and prayer obtain miracles, so still more commonly do they gain from above the ordinary interventions of Providence; and, as it is often very difficult to distinguish between a providence and a miracle, and there will be more providences than miracles, hence it will happen that many occurrences will be called miraculous which, strictly speaking, are not such, and not more than providential 'graces.'
>
> Persons who believe all this in accordance with Catholic teaching, as I did and do, they, on the report of a miracle, will of necessity, the necessity of good logic, be led to say first, 'It may be,' and secondly, 'But I must have good evidence in order to believe it.' It may be, because miracles take place in all ages; it must be clearly proved, because after all it may be only a providential mercy, or an exaggeration, or a mistake, or an imposture. . . .

NEW STIMULI FOR OLD

BY PAUL MAZUR

I

DURING the three weeks from October 24 to November 13 the New York Stock Market crashed from great heights and took with it the speculative profits and a large slice of the capital of millions of men and women, including thousands of bankers and professional traders. In a space of twenty days the market values of listed securities dropped more than forty-five billions of dollars. Never before in such a short period of time had there been such a precipitous and calamitous depreciation in the assumed value of paper fortunes.

With the memory of those disastrous days still vivid, it is much easier to picture what might have been than to anticipate what will be. The past is clear enough; but the future is obscured by clouds of uncertainty. On the one hand, an atmosphere tinged with 'blue' makes enthusiasm impossible; and on the other, a deep faith in the resilience of America makes permanent pessimism unacceptable as a working philosophy. So clear are the factors of yesterday that should have been anticipated that it seems almost juvenile not to be able to discern what to-morrow has to offer — yet the most ardent wooing does not give any assurance that we have won the secrets of the future.

It is reasonably certain, however, that even without a serious stock market crash in November 1929 there would have been a substantial recession in the business of 1930. The feverish intensity of industrial and commercial activities during the first six or nine months of 1929 seemed out of line with the possibilities of a continuous economic programme. Whereas there are no theoretical limits to production and consumption, there are definite time limits to them, and demand, generally speaking, cannot be increased 20 or 30 per cent within a twelve months' period without the probability of a maladjustment ensuing.

The automotive industry, the nation's greatest enterprise, had reached a pitch of activity in the first part of 1929 that could have been followed only by a sluggish period. In the past the industry had produced at a speed which consumption did not justify, and as a whole it failed to adjust its programme to a proper interpretation of the absorption power of the world. Since, however, the necessity of a readjustment was apparent as far back as 1928, there must have been extenuating circumstances to justify the production schedules of 1929; and the probable reason for overproduction was the surprising recovery of Ford and the natural desire of other manufacturers to retain the sales volumes they had built up during his temporary withdrawal from the market. But even if the craft as a whole had recognized the impossibility of advancing production schedules from the four million, six hundred thousand figure of 1928 to the five million, six hundred thousand total of 1929, it is doubtful whether in a capitalistic and individualistic system like our own many manufacturers would

have assumed the responsibility of eliminating the dangers of maladjustment by reducing schedules. Then, too, it is an unfortunate fact that, in spite of the progress made by American industry in the substitution of a merchandising philosophy for unregulated mass production, there is still much uncritical devotion to the latter, and expertness in anticipating probable public demand is largely lacking.

The radio industry also gave promise of a serious reaction for the year 1930. The number of competitors had grown tremendously during 1929, and the power and productive ability of many plants had been actively developed during the year. The plans for the fall season were based upon the hope of obtaining large increases over the corresponding period of the preceding year. Six weeks previous to the market debacle, the expectations of the industry were threatening to fall short of fulfillment. The popularity of the radio had suffered; there were no political campaigns to stimulate sales. No startlingly new mechanical improvements had developed, and the product had now to depend more upon replacement than the purchase of initial equipment for its distribution. Overproduction became an assured fact; and 1930 was likely to show, especially in the first months, a marked recession.

The building trade was likewise unpromising, although in this case the factors were not quite so clear as in the case of radio and automobiles. Scarcity of capital seemed to be an immediate cause of the very bad situation of the builders. Underlying that condition, however, was another that had exerted an adverse influence on the industry for months before the stringency of capital caused activities to drop precipitously. The post-war building programme had reached a point of relative stabilization, and the great change which had caused Americans to develop suburban rather than urban districts for dwelling purposes had likewise reached a point of reasonable stability.

Finally, the foreign trade of America had been tapering off for some time before November. The circumstances responsible for this phenomenon involve many of the most confusing and comprehensive elements of international economics. For the moment it may suffice to point out that there were three constituents chiefly responsible for the loss of a part of America's export market. The inability of Europe to export its goods in sufficient quantities to America made the importation of American goods an unwise policy for Europeans. The recovery of Europe made importation less necessary; this was particularly evident in the importation of American foodstuffs during the fall of 1929, when high prices of American cereals, combined with bumper crops in Europe, reduced the exodus of wheat and other grains from American ports. And finally, the marked decrease in European financing which took place in 1929, particularly in the latter half of the year, removed European credit, the annual creation of which had been the basis of Europe's ability to maintain large portions of its purchases of American goods for the past fifteen years. This situation was markedly aggravated by the export of European capital to the American money markets. With the rise in call rates and the absence of safe opportunities in Europe, free capital from the old continent came pell-mell into the call market or into the boiling security markets of the United States. The withdrawal of this capital from Europe weakened her ability to finance her own domestic projects and simultaneously reduced the wealth which she could use for the purchase of American goods. So real was the effect of the financial

situation upon American exports that the second half of 1929 actually began to show marked decreases.

Even if the influence exerted by last November's break in security prices could have been entirely eliminated, the export trade situation would have been likely to exercise an adverse influence on American business throughout at least the major portion of 1930.

II

Whereas, of course, automobiles, radios, building, and exports comprise by no means all of American business, they represent a substantial factor in the nation's trade, and the securities of these industries were among the leaders in interest and activity upon the exchanges. With somewhat of a recession in business an assured fact, the stock market crash hurled itself upon an industrial structure whose supports were already weakened.

In this story there is a fundamental certainty. It is that in 1929 an era of American business came to a close, not merely as a result of an unheard-of cataclysm which might or might not have taken place, but as the natural consequence of an exhaustion of possibilities. It would seem that most of the signs pointed to a definite recession of business in 1930. In almost every one of the nation's key activities, a point of stabilization had been reached. Almost every business discovered that its leap into apparently infinite sales possibilities was handicapped by a ball and chain of whose existence few people had been actively aware.

The old decade has closed. A new decade begins, and it is time to wonder whether the old channels of development still have vitality for new records of achievement such as the progressive needs of economic life demand from every epoch.

Economic stimuli of some kind are essential to advancing material welfare. At whatever expectation of a larger horizon for American trade we arrive, we must first have distinguished the basis for such an economic impetus and discerned the catalytic agents of tomorrow. Looking back to the relatively golden economic ten years just ended, it is not difficult to discover the elements that caused them to reach the high-water marks of industrial prosperity. From these perhaps it may be possible to glean some hints as to the forces that may stimulate the next decade to even greater activity and raise a stabilized industrial programme to a new and higher level.

Many factors contributed to the development of American prosperity in the decade just closed, and a full description of the rôle they played is neither advisable nor necessary. Those, however, which were new as well as potent and which truly altered the conditions of business activity — those, in brief, which were genuine stimuli for the American economic organism — may be reviewed with an eye to their potentiality for the future.

A first consideration in any story of the years 1920 to 1930 must be the war, for as a result of the war and the post-war deflation there was in the treasuries of the United States nearly one half of the gold supply of the world. It was this hoard of nearly five billions of dollars that constituted the foundation for the credit structure of industry and commerce.

Money by itself can, of course, supply no spontaneous impetus to business, but as a vehicle of trade development it is essential, and its lack is a serious handicap. With wealth and capital plentiful, American industry proceeded to develop a mechanism that produced unprecedented results.

Perhaps the most important complex

of elements lay in a patently idyllic development that saw many thousands of Americans take to the outskirts of cities and establish their homes on lots where only several months before weeds and sprinklings of flowers had grown. During the decade an extraordinary revolution in the dwelling habits of the American people took place. To a substantial degree the people of the United States changed from urbanites to suburbanites. The environs of most of the cities of the nation changed from open country to realty developments, and building received an impetus that measured itself in billions and kept the suppliers and workers actively engaged in profitable endeavor.

It is not necessary to try to discover the psychological factors which stimulated this change in American habits. It is relatively simple, however, to see that three purely industrial elements contributed tremendously to the change. Realty organizations with their persistently aggressive and persuasive methods added not a little to the development; available capital and credit made the financing of new homes reasonably easy; finally, but most important, the expansion of the automotive trade, with the consequent reduction of prices on automobiles, made possible a convenient and rapid means of transportation to places of business or employment and to shopping centres. The automobile was an ideal means of eliminating physical isolation and establishing the necessary lines of communication for the gregarious group that wanted to get away from city atmosphere and at the same time have it near enough to enjoy at will.

The automobile, having contributed markedly to the development of the building trade, received in turn advantages from the changed habits of living upon which the construction boom was founded. The automobile changed from a luxury to a necessity, and the decade reflected the result in an increase in the rate of production from about two million to over four million cars annually. But even the suburb and the automobile were only links of a concatenation of forces that acted with incredible speed and impact upon America.

Style, technical improvements, and the deferred-payment plan were the major stimulants of economic growth. This was not the first time they had been introduced, but it was in 1920–1930 that the intensity of their development became of the utmost significance.

The emphasis on style that characterized American life made the owner of a car a prospective purchaser of a new model long before the usefulness of the old was at an end; and the possibility of buying cars on the installment plan made purchasers of many people who could not have bought out of capital but who were willing to buy out of income. But the development of style and installment buying embraced more than the automotive industry. The application of style to necessities as well as luxuries fitted in with the speed of living and the desire for change characteristic of the decade; and so the markets which would have been saturated in no great time, had utility been the sole foundation for sales, were rapidly re-created.

Consumer financing performed the miracle of advancing to each year a purchasing power that depended for its actual creation upon a subsequent year. During the past ten years installment selling was applied to an immense range of goods. Automobiles, houses, radios, refrigerators, furniture, even clothing, were sold upon the deferred-payment plan. From a figure of about one billion dollars of installment sales, the total mounted to over five billions; and the addition of these four billions to the purchasing power of the

American people was obviously a tremendous stimulant to industry.

Nor were installment sales of goods limited to the domestic areas of the States. Even exports were financed on long-time credits. Capital was contributed to Europe with a lavish hand, and this, combined with aggressiveness on the part of American industry, established the past decade as a period of unprecedented export figures. By 1929 the total reached about five and one-quarter billions, representing a surplus over imports of nearly a billion.

III

Those were fantastic figures of trade, both domestic and international, that graced the income statement of American industry during its golden age of commercial activity. Prosperity was undoubtedly spotty, and the social progress that accompanied business activity may have been of doubtful quality; but the purely quantitative aspect of the country's business formed unquestionably an astonishing record.

With increasing markets there went hand in hand relatively high wages and highly developed standards of living. By an annual advertising campaign whose budget was over one billion dollars, the American public was taught to desire. And, since wage levels remained reasonably high and continuity of employment was assured in many industries, a purchasing power that enabled the enlarging desires to be fulfilled was available in steadily increasing amounts.

Industry, precluded from lowering wages, sought to circumvent increasing production costs through intensification of the mechanization of the manufacturing process. Unit costs declined, the productivity of each worker was increased, the percentage of workers decreased, and the ranks of distribution were augmented from the ranks of production. The emphasis was shifting to distribution, and more and more people became engaged in selling what a steadily decreasing number of individuals were making. One of the results, indeed, was an increase in selling costs that discounted in part the economies of manufacturing; but at the same time there was no question that these expenses made possible the extraordinary schedules of mass production.

Students of science and the laboratory doffed their academic gowns, rolled up their sleeves, and became integral members of industry. New methods and new products were born of the formula and the test tube and were dangled before the eyes of a public avidly desirous of the latest thing in the latest field of consumption. *Supplantive competition*, as it has been aptly called, undoubtedly destroyed capital and created maladjustments within established industries, but it also brought new demands into being, built new plants and machinery, and in other ways as well stimulated industry during the entire decade. This was no period for jaded palates, closed ears, and indifferent eyes. Giants arose full-fledged and large of bulk, like so many infantile Gargantuas. A radio industry was born and grew to immense proportions within a few years. Electrical refrigeration made great strides, and in its progress pasted the label of obsolescence upon the time-honored ice wagon. Labor-saving devices within the home made women's occupations easier and business better. In retrospect, the decade of 1920 to 1929 was startlingly dynamic, even to the point of being fantastic. If ever there was justification for Henry Adams's theory of the acceleration of historical tendencies, it was now. History seemed to be following the course of an object falling in space; its speed grew steadily greater.

IV

What the next ten years hold for us is a natural question. Will the present situation represent only an unpleasant gap between a past and future of feverish industrial development and activity? Or will the years just closed remain for a long time a beautiful dream of what used to be? It would be easy, and perhaps correct, to rely upon the ingenuity and progressiveness of American industry for a future that will hold only greater accomplishments and more complete prosperity than ever. But unfortunately, if this becomes a blind faith, there is a grave possibility of its leading us to overlook many pitfalls that can delay and may even divert our proper destiny.

Recovery to the previous levels of activity is to be expected. But industry requires for its stability new and expanding markets; and if men and nations are to progress, past records are not sufficient. It is here that the problem of the future lies, for in the specific elements that were so vital to the prosperity of the past decade it is not possible to discern many trustworthy signs of substantial additional development.

To anticipate a stabilized schedule of about four million cars is a matter of reasonable expectancy. Cars are mortal. Seven years represents the full period of economic usefulness for a modern automobile. With nearly twenty-three million pleasure cars registered in the country, the annual replacement market alone should approach within a few years over three millions, and beyond this figure some demand within the nation should come from increased population and new users.

The probability, however, of an addition of three million units to the annual production of automobiles — as occurred in the past ten years — seems anything but likely for the next decade. Increasing population can bring only a slow accretion to the annual sales volume of the automotive trade, and the number of new users offers no dramatic possibilities because of the large percentage of the population which already possesses automobiles. In theory, every one of the thirty million families of the nation can own an automobile, and it is not altogether impossible that eventually they will. But before this comes about, tremendous changes and developments in the economic system will have taken place. To expect any huge increase in the number of new automobile owners is, therefore, to hope for too much. Even now many owners have stretched their resources to purchase an automobile; and, with all the desire in the world to retain what is already in their possession, some of them will probably have to surrender their cars.

The building trade, too, offers prospects of only limited recovery. The increasing needs of the people and of industry are sound bases upon which to build the expectation of a continuous construction programme in America, but there would be no justification in anticipating a recurrence of the feverish activity of the major portion of the past decade. No war gap, as in 1920, remains to be filled, and the tremendous social revolution which took people out of the city has reached a point of relative stability. Undoubtedly there will be a continuation of suburban growth, but in the form of normal evolution rather than such a dramatic and intensive development as that just past.

Nor do those new industries that have shone sufficiently in the light of industrial experience to cast a shadow of their possibilities into the future seem to be as rich in potentiality as they were. Radio is still in its infancy and will experience great development;

but the industry has already gone far enough to indicate that its future, too, will be one of more orthodox development than has hitherto been the case. Television alone offers tremendous possibilities of revolutionary expansion within the radio industry, but television will probably not be an active commercial influence for another five years.

Even less can be said with certainty about the other development that began to draw to itself a flock of industrial and speculative neophytes. Toward the close of the last decade aviation appeared upon the industrial horizon as one of the great economic stimuli of the future, and in a country made air-conscious by the dramatic exploits of pioneers the future was discounted with astounding suddenness. There is, of course, no reason to doubt the prospects of the aviation industry, but there is every reason for believing that its real development is still some years removed. It is certain that the opportunities of the next five years will be limited by the experimental problems inherent in the youthful and revolutionary character of the industry.

Style will undoubtedly continue to play an essential part in the activities of business, but style too has covered such a wide range already that its intensification does not offer the same possibilities of sales stimulus that it did. Exploitation of style there will be, but it will represent intensification rather than the tremendous revolution in selling methods that marked the past.

And as for the use of the deferred-payment plan, while it is certain that it will continue on its road of development, it gives no evidence of growing as rapidly in the next ten years as it did in the past decade. So many industries for which it has proved valuable have taken full advantage of its possibilities that the field has passed the point of extensive cultivation and has entered the stage of intensification, with the inevitable consequence of diminishing return. Capital essential for the plan will probably be adequate, but there is very little likelihood of such a plethora of funds as in the past ten years.

V

All told, then, even if there is no justification for the assumption of constantly diminishing consumption in the home market, it is possible to see that from most of the stimuli of the past decade comparatively moderate progress and rehabilitation alone can be expected. Little assurance of a period of prosperity that can equal or overshadow that of 1920–1930 is to be found in the characteristic incentives of the past.

But new stimuli may take the place of the old, and behind the industrial future of America stretches the sociological background of a people with inexhaustible needs and desires. They represent unlimited markets, and offer the basis for active sales cultivation as rapidly as purchasing power can be created and distributed. The American public is still on this side of the horizon of its probable demands; and actually its purchasing power is still the greatest in the world.

Some new possibilities fortunately give significant promise of realization within the coming decade. Railroad electrification offers an economic stimulus to trade of no small proportions. The probable extension of electrification to half of the nation's communities and homes now without electric service will involve billions of dollars and should serve as a vehicle of prosperity for the power companies and the suppliers of electrical appliances. But even these possibilities in their totals, staggering as they can

become, are hardly likely to bulk sufficiently large in the practically unmeasurable needs of the American nation to ensure the continuance of the past rate of development.

Additional stimuli must be found to swell the ranks and add their impetus to the vehicle of American business and material welfare. Of other new industries, little can be said. Like everything that is beyond, they have their lure, and speculation on their possibilities may be indulged in freely. Everything, of course, is possible in the great unknown, but in the immediate time to come there must be something tangible upon which to base expectations, and of this there is as yet little sign.

Other fields and vistas, nevertheless, are not entirely out of the question, and very real possibilities exist in the farming and the export activities of America. The farm problem of the United States has been acute for some years, although it may very well be that in essence it is not as serious as the agricultural interests would paint it. On the other hand, the economics of the farm situation are so obviously unfavorable that the problem cannot be as easily dismissed as it is by industrial and banking interests of the East. There is in a country like the United States a serious maladjustment between the benefits of protection for its industry and the burden of free trade for its agriculture; and the problem is not yet solved. If, however, a solution should come, it ought undoubtedly to reflect itself not only in the improved conditions of the farmers but also in a greater home market and a more prosperous nation in general.

But even the promise of an adjustment in this complicated and politically harassed situation pales before the spectacle that unrolls itself as America looks abroad and sees market after market lying peacefully before it, like some bounteous South Sea island awaiting the coming of the man who will pluck its fruits. More important than all other promises of the next era of America's enterprise, more capable of wise direction, more easily withered at the root if left to haphazard or opportunistic or traditional methods, is the export trade. It was noted that during the past decade the exports of American industry were among the important reasons for its prosperous condition. And it is no other than this development of American world trade that presents one of the greatest instruments for future progress; although it contains also one of the greatest problems any nation can face in the protection of the past records of industrial activity.

The world is now only at the threshold of industrial and commercial expansion. The industrial revolution that started some hundred and fifty years ago is but moments old in the history of mankind. Only a small portion of the earth's circumference has felt the effect of modernization, and human beings have on the whole advanced but little beyond the satisfaction of the bare necessities of life. The possibilities of new markets, new industries, new needs and desires, become overwhelming if even the slightest increase in the demands of all men and women can be effected. America is almost a solitary oasis in a desert of life lived largely on a primitive plane of consumption. The standards of material well-being of America are unequaled, and for the most part unemulated. The consumer markets of only Western Europe as yet have shown appreciable areas of cultivation, and even here there has been much barren land. But as history marches on, the hinterland of consumption must be gradually thrown back and new territory opened up for civilized wants. History has

exhibited this tendency for many centuries, and history moving on the wheels of modern transportation facilities and on the wires and waves of new means of communication has been speeding up perceptibly.

New districts will be laid open; old districts will be modernized; economic missionaries will be untiring and efficient in their efforts. The volume of world trade, fifty years from now, can make insignificant the figures of to-day that seem so Gargantuan. A treasure-trove of unheard-of proportions lies in the far-flung areas to the north and south, to the east and west. Asia, Africa, South America, are only at their dawning in industrial and commercial possibilities.

To Europe and America belongs the trade development of the world. For these two continents is the opportunity available; within them are the experience, the knowledge, and the instruments of proper exploitation. During ten years America has stood pre-eminent. In some ways America is the better equipped for the future. In others, unless she adopts a realistic attitude toward her international financial relation and her trade policies, like the tariff, she is likely to find herself at a tremendous disadvantage.

The American advantages are real. Success in the past ten years, the competitive advantage which comes from a marvelously perfected industrial mechanism, plentiful capital for the creation of credits and loans, present an apparently impregnable base for the future development of world trade.

The European disadvantages are equally real. A lack of capital, a war hiatus during which the foreign markets were lost, industrial methods still unequal to those of America, and internal disturbances have combined to impose serious handicaps on Europe in her bid for foreign trade.

Nevertheless, the future gives no assurance that the positions of the two rivals may not be altered or even reversed. American credit will be available, but as American gold is likely to show no great increase, the credit instrument that existed in the past is not likely to be stronger in the future; and as vigor comes back to the tired and wasted body of Europe, American financial superiority is bound to surrender its disproportionate strength. Eventually, too, gold must lose its present importance as the basis of currency and credit. The supply will be inadequate for the growing demands of trade and barter, and the mechanism of banking and credit, with all its progressiveness, does not promise increased flexibility and speed sufficient to multiply the effectiveness of gold for trade requirements. Some day a new device will appear; although until then the huge reserves of gold possessed by the United States will afford a potential advantage of real value to America. Gold by itself, however, is only an instrument, and its ownership can be advantageous only if its use is effective. The position of the United States in world trade is dependent upon many factors besides gold, and can easily benefit or suffer from them.

Since it is true that international trade is of such importance, it is essential for Americans to understand clearly the factors that underlie it, and to formulate a foreign economic policy accordingly. Chance alone offers no safe plan of procedure. It is obvious also that the figment of American isolation must be destroyed and that knowledge and common sense must replace opportunism and political logrolling. For although in world trade lies America's strongest foundation for future prosperity, only complete understanding and intelligent direction of international economic relationships will assure to America continued industrial success.

OUR INTEREST IN THE REPARATION PROBLEM

BY E. L. BOGART

I

THE Young Plan for the 'complete and final settlement of the reparation problem' was adopted last June, arrangements have been made for setting up the Bank for International Settlements at Basel, and the chancelleries of Europe are figuring their budgets anew in view of the altered schedules of reparation payments agreed to by Germany. From all of these conferences and agreements the United States has officially kept aloof, and with one small exception — the reduction of our claims against Germany by 10 per cent — has professed indifference as to the outcome. Is it true that 'we have nothing to do with abroad,' as Stanley Matthews of Ohio once stated in the United States Senate, or are our interests so inextricably intermingled with those of Europe that the settlement achieved at Paris inevitably affects our financial and economic future?

As to the official attitude of the United States Government there can be no question. When the Treaty of Versailles was formed, we declined to accept any share in the reparations which were exacted from Germany, asking only the reimbursement of the expenses of the American army of occupation and the payment of private claims of American citizens against Germany. When subsequently suggestions began to be made that we should accept German reparation bonds in lieu of the debts owed this Government by our allies, the official position of the United States was at once made clear. As early as June 26, 1920, D. F. Houston, Secretary of the Treasury, stated in a memorandum to Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador: —

> It has at all times been the view of the United States Treasury that questions regarding the indebtedness of the Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to the United States Government and the funding of such indebtedness had no relation either to questions concerning the war loans of the United States and of the United Kingdom to other governments or to questions regarding the reparation payments of the Central Empires of Europe. These views were expressed to the representative of the British Treasury constantly during the period when the United States Government was making loans to the Government of the United Kingdom, and since that time in Washington, in Paris, and in London.

Later in the same year, on November 5, President Wilson stated the same views in a letter to Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of Great Britain: —

> The United States fails to perceive the logic in a suggestion in effect either that the United States shall pay part of Germany's reparation obligation or that it shall make a gratuity to the Allied governments to induce them to fix such obligation at an amount within Germany's capacity to pay. This Government has endeavored heretofore in a most friendly spirit to make it clear that it cannot consent to connect the reparation question with that of intergovernmental indebtedness.

Two years later Congress gave legislative sanction to this view by the creation of the World War Foreign Debt Commission. In the act of February 9, 1922, a provision was incorporated which forbade the substitution of German reparation bonds for the debts owed us by our allies. Section 3 of the act read as follows: —

> That this act shall not be construed to authorize the exchange of bonds or other obligations of any foreign government for those of any other foreign government, or cancellation of any part of such indebtedness except through payment thereof.

Within the next five years the Commission succeeded in making debt-funding agreements with all of our allies except France. An agreement was drawn up by Mr. Mellon acting for the United States and M. Bérenger acting for France, but the latter country did not ratify it until July 1929. It seemed as though the American debt-funding act closed the door to the cancellation of the Allied debts, or to the reduction of German reparations below the point at which we had fixed our claims — namely, a total of $11,522,354,000 principal, with $10,621,000,000 of interest for the sixty-two years through which the debts are to be paid, making a grand total of over $22,000,000,000.

Faced by the necessity of settling her indebtedness to the United States Government, Great Britain lost no time in suggesting to her Gallic neighbor the propriety of a prompt settlement of the French debt owed to Great Britain. On August 1, 1922, the Earl of Balfour sent to the French Ambassador in London a communication which contained the following significant statement: —

> But while His Majesty's Government are thus regretfully constrained to request the French Government to make arrangements for dealing to the best of their ability with Anglo-French loans, they desire to explain that the amount of interest and repayment for which they ask depends not so much on what France and other Allies owe to Great Britain as on what Great Britain has to pay America. The policy favored by His Majesty is, as I have already observed, that of surrendering their share of German reparation, and writing off, through one great transaction, the whole body of Interallied indebtedness. But if this be found impossible of accomplishment, we wish it to be understood that we do not in any event desire to make a profit out of any less satisfactory arrangement. In no circumstances do we propose to ask more from our debtors than is necessary to pay to our creditors, and while we do not ask for more, all will admit that we can hardly be content with less. . . . So deeply are they convinced of the economic injury inflicted on the world by the existing state of things that this country would be prepared (subject to just claims of other parts of the Empire) to abandon all further right to German reparation and all claims to repayment by Allies, provided that this renunciation formed part of a general plan by which this great problem could be dealt with as a whole and find a satisfactory solution.

The Balfour Note — 'possibly the most important single document in the history of the Interallied debts' — indicated the British willingness to wipe the world slate clean of all indebtedness, if the other nations would agree. By such an arrangement Germany would have profited enormously; Great Britain and the other European nations which were at the same time debtors and creditors would have suffered more or less according as their hope of reparations exceeded the amounts they owed; while the United States, which was solely creditor, would have 'held the bag.' The United States Government refused to be moved by this suggestion, but instead went ahead with the policy of making

funding agreements with each of the Allies whose demand notes it held. Nothing therefore came of the Balfour Note at the time, the British Government itself concluded a funding agreement with the United States on June 18, 1923, and the other nations slowly but steadily followed suit.

II

In the negotiations for the funding of the debts, the United States developed the principle of 'capacity to pay,' and although the World War Foreign Debt Commission steadfastly refused to link the debt payments with the sums received from Germany, it was evident that in estimating capacity the Commission was not unmindful of the reparation payments. France indeed insisted upon a 'safeguard clause' which should relieve her of payment of her debt to us in case Germany defaulted, but this the United States refused to concede. When France finally ratified the funding agreement in July 1929, after waiting over three years since it was drawn up, she made the rather futile gesture of stating this demand in an accompanying resolution.

Great Britain likewise refused to incorporate such a safeguard clause in the British-French funding agreement of July 12, 1926, although the accompanying notes which were exchanged by the two governments admitted the principle that France can pay only to the extent that she is paid by her debtors, and shall have the right to demand a reconsideration of the agreement in the event of total or serious default in the reparation paid by Germany. It was further agreed that, should the British Government receive more from war debts and reparations than it was obligated to pay the United States, it would remit an equivalent part of the debt owed it by France and other debtor nations.

Although by the Balfour Note and the provisions of the French and other funding agreements Great Britain assumed a generous rôle and placed the blame for the payment of the Inter-allied debts upon the United States, in one respect she showed herself more canny than our own World War Foreign Debt Commission. She uniformly asked for heavier payments from her debtors in the early years of the funding agreements, while we began with small payments in the early years and by an ascending scale reached the heaviest ones toward the end of the period of payment. Thus, although Italy's debt to Great Britain was funded at $1,346,000,000 and that to the United States at $2,407,000,000, in the first five years Great Britain would receive $87,000,000 and the United States $25,000,000, while in the second five years the payments would be $97,000,000 and $50,000,000, respectively. With regard to the French agreements Mr. Winston Churchill made the following statement to the House of Commons on July 13, 1926:—

> Although the French debt to the United States compared with the French debt to Britain is as eight to five [£827,000,000 to £557,000,000], payments will be made to Great Britain and the United States as follows: in the first five years the United States will receive £32,000,000 and Great Britain £42,500,000. In the first ten years the United States will receive £94,000,000 and Great Britain £105,000,000. It is only after the ten years that the United States agreement pulls up.

The real reason for this policy of extracting as much as possible from the debtor Allies in as short a space of time as possible was frankly avowed by Mr. Churchill in this same speech. It was because he did not believe that the payments would last very long,

and consequently he attached little importance to the later payments. Let him speak once again: —

> I quite agree, and I make no secret of it to this Committee, that we attach greater importance to getting substantial payments in the earlier years than we do to having written up on the tablets of the future some enormous payments to be handed over to our grandchildren. . . . [If] you take the view that perhaps in ten or fifteen or twenty years you will have a revision, and a review of the whole of those relations arising out of the Great War, then in fifteen years we shall have done better than the Americans.

III

Such was the situation when the breakdown in German reparation payments, as provided for by the Treaty of Versailles and the Spa and London agreements, necessitated a reconsideration of the ability of Germany to pay. It was then that the European creditor nations, despairing of solving the problem by the use of political methods or of military force, provided for the appointment of a committee of experts to devise a plan for handling reparations. The United States Government refused to take part officially in these negotiations and remained consistently aloof. Our practical interest in reparations was, however, abundantly evidenced by the actual presence of qualified American citizens at all important reparation commissions, and their active participation in some.

The United States was represented unofficially on the original Reparation Commission successively by Albert Rathbone, Roland W. Boyden, and James A. Logan, as 'observers.' It was Secretary Hughes who first suggested, in 1922, the calling of a committee of experts to examine Germany's ability to pay reparations, and it was another American, Charles G. Dawes, who acted as chairman of this committee when it was appointed in 1924. The resulting experts' plan has ever since been popularly known as the Dawes Plan. Two Americans — Owen D. Young and S. Parker Gilbert — successively acted as Agent General for Reparations Payments, virtually administering the plan. The aid of these men was indispensable in solving the reparation problem, not merely because of their personal ability, but even more because of the vital interest of the United States in the problem. Official denial on our part cannot conceal the real connection in the budgets of the debtor Allies between reparations and the carrying out of the funding agreements which they have made with us. Although there is no legal connection between reparations and war debts, they are both part of the larger problem of the final financial liquidation of the war, and as such cannot in fact be dissociated.

The Dawes Plan went into effect in September 1924, and achieved admirable results in providing an opportunity to study the practical workings of reparation payments and in ensuring a political moratorium during which the problem could be envisaged in its economic aspects. It must be confessed that the effects of reparation payments have been obscured by foreign loans to Germany, most of them from the United States. Not only did this country subscribe over half of the initial, so-called Dawes, loan of $200,000,000 in 1924, but during the five years of the operation of the experts' plan we lent to Germany all told about $1,500,000,000. Without American capital and personnel the success of this plan would have been doubtful. It was, however, confessedly only a temporary expedient, and was unsatisfactory in several respects, for it left undetermined the vital point of Ger-

many's total liabilities and subjected that country to irksome and humiliating foreign control. As early as December 1927, Mr. Gilbert, in his Report of the Agent General for Reparations Payments, took the initiative in suggesting the desirability of reaching a permanent settlement of the reparations problem.

This suggestion was followed, and at a meeting in Geneva on September 16, 1928, representatives of the six nations most vitally interested in reparations agreed to appoint a new committee of experts to provide a 'complete and definite settlement of the reparation problem.' The United States once more refused to take part officially in this settlement, but raised no objection to the participation of American experts. Accordingly Owen D. Young and J. P. Morgan were selected, with T. W. Lamont and T. N. Perkins as alternates. An American was again made chairman of the committee, and the plan has come to be known as the Young Plan by reason of that fact.

The tact and ability of the American delegates undoubtedly contributed much to the working out and final adoption of the settlement. The Young Plan was adopted on June 7, 1929, but the United States Government lost no time in declaring that it was in no way involved in the collection or receipt of reparations. The very nerve centre of the Young Plan is the Bank for International Settlements, which is said to have been suggested by Mr. Morgan and is to be organized by the central banks of the countries interested. But on May 16, 1929, Secretary of State Stimson announced that the Federal Reserve System would have no connection with the Bank.

While we look with interest and sympathy on the efforts being made by the committee of experts to suggest a solution for the settlement of the vexing question of German reparation, this Government does not desire to have any American official, directly or indirectly, participate in the collection of German reparation through the agency of this bank or otherwise.

Ever since the war the American Government has consistently taken this position. It has never accepted membership on the Reparation Commission. It has declined to join the Allied Powers in the confiscation of sequestered German property and the application of that property to its war claims.

The comparatively small sums it received under the Dawes Plan are applied solely to the Mixed Claims Commission in fulfillment of an agreement with Germany and to the repayment of expenses of the American army of occupation in Coblenz.

It does not now wish to take any step which would indicate a reversal of that attitude, and for that reason will not permit any officials of the Reserve System either themselves to serve or to select American representatives as members of the proposed international bank.

It would seem that this statement made the position of the Government sufficiently clear, but on June 18, after the adoption of the Young Plan, President Hoover felt it necessary to insist again that the reparation problem was a purely European affair with which the United States Government had, and could have, no official connection.

Our Government is not a party to that agreement and therefore would not be a signatory to it. There is no occasion to submit the agreement to Congress. The only point for Congressional action is an authority to the Administration to reduce Germany's treaty obligations in respect to the comparatively minor items of army occupation costs and mixed claims.

This policy of aloofness had been foreseen by the framers of the Young Plan, and provision was made for election to the board of directors of the

Bank for International Settlements of two fellow nationals (Americans), if for any reason the governor of any of the central banks should be unable to participate officially. It is certain, therefore, that this country will be unofficially but effectively represented. Indeed, it would be nothing short of calamitous if we were not so represented, for the international payments to the United States on account of war debts are second only to the German reparations in magnitude and in their consequent effect on foreign exchange and international trade. Moreover the United States, with Great Britain, is one of the principal capital markets of the world, and the handling of foreign loans from this country by the same agency which effects the transfer of reparation payments, and probably of payments on account of war debts, to this country would immensely simplify the problem and relieve the strain.

Refusal to identify our Federal Reserve System with the Bank for International Settlements does not mean that we shall decline to receive payments from this bank on international account. Some one of the great international banking houses of this country, possibly J. P. Morgan and Company, will undoubtedly represent the United States unofficially on the directorate of the Bank. The necessary liaison will then have been secured although our official skirts will be clear.

IV

It is not necessary to describe in detail the arrangements effected by the Young Plan for the payment of reparations by Germany, since we are here interested only in the question as to how it affects the United States. Whatever may be the attitude of our Government, a study of the plan shows that the experts discovered a very close and real connection between reparations and war debts, and kept the Allied payments to the United States in their minds at every stage of their deliberations. In fact they succeeded in tying them together so definitely that the Young Plan is destined to have a profound effect upon the future of our funding agreements. A statement of the main provisions of the plan will make this evident.

In the first place, a clear distinction is made between the German payments for the first thirty-seven years and those for the last twenty-two years. The principle of the Balfour Note was revived, and applied to all the nations. These say, in effect, that they would be satisfied with the sums paid by Germany in thirty-seven years, but, since they are forced by the funding agreements with the United States to continue their payments to this country, they are regretfully compelled to ask Germany to carry on the reparation payments for an equal length of time. It would seem as if the experts, having an eye on the rapidity with which the public debt of the United States was being paid off, had concluded that our domestic debt would be completely expunged in some thirty years. At that time they might hope for a revision or cancellation of the Allied debts, since to continue payment further would be to liquidate a United States domestic debt already wiped out. They seem to have felt fairly confident in prognosticating thirty-seven years as the likely limit in the life of intergovernmental indebtedness.

But the experts were not content to leave the matter entirely to fate and the good will of the American people. They saw clearly that the sums to be paid in the future will depend in large measure on the policy of the United States Government, and they therefore

arranged the debt payments so as to put the greatest possible pressure upon this country to cancel war debts in time. This plan — or plot, as some think it — is contained in a Concurrent Memorandum which was signed by all the members of the committee except those from the United States, but was not, for obvious reasons, made a part of the experts' plan. This is an agreement between the four chief creditor countries and Germany that 'any relief which any creditor Power may effectively receive, in respect of its net outward payments on account of war debts,' shall be applied to reduce Germany's reparation payments. During the first thirty-seven years Germany is to benefit to the extent of two thirds of such net relief, and during the last twenty-two years by the whole of it. The Memorandum contains a list of what are diplomatically called 'out-payments,' which correspond with the sums due the United States under the funding agreements. A comparison of the reparation payments by Germany with the out-payments of the Allies shows that during the first thirty-seven years the former cover reparations and war debts, but, during the last twenty-two years, war debts only. In other words, the whole onus of enforcing, not merely war-debt payments by the Allies, but also reparation payments by Germany, at least after the first thirty-seven years, is thus shifted to the shoulders of the United States. To the demands from revisionists in the United States and debt cancellationists in Europe will ultimately be added the pressure of 65,000,000 Germans for further reduction of Interallied debts owing this country.

Will the Government of the United States be able to continue to maintain its attitude of official aloofness in the face of these new developments, or has it been manœuvred into an untenable position? From the beginning our policy has consistently rested upon a refusal to admit any connection between war debts and reparation; the first, we said, was an American problem, and the second a European. The Allies, on the other hand, and now Germany also, have insisted that all international trade and finance constituted an indivisible whole, and that it was impossible to separate financial transactions of the magnitude of the intergovernmental debt and reparation payments from each other. Legally, the position of the United States was unassailable; economically, it was untenable and unsound. And now in the Concurrent Memorandum, and to a lesser degree in the Young Plan itself, the two series of payments have been definitely tied together, and their inevitable and inescapable relationship given official sanction. Never were the stakes greater in any international game of diplomacy, and it remains to be seen whether the latest play of the debtor nations is merely a bluff or whether American statesmanship has finally been defeated. On the whole, the logic of time and of economics is on the side of the signers of the Concurrent Memorandum. Whatever our political attitude may be, the United States cannot be, and for many years has not been, a financial and economic isolationist.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The notebook of M. Ravel

I did not have the pleasure of knowing M. Ravel in the days when he was still struggling with the first principles of the English language. Like everyone else, of course, I had heard of him, and had smiled at his difficulties with the idiosyncrasies of our tongue, as reported in the newspapers of the time. You will recall, for example, his remarks in excited and broken English concerning the absurdities of the word 'fast.' A horse was fast when he was tied to a hitching post. The same animal was also fast under exactly diametric circumstances — when he was running away. A woman was fast if she smoked cigarettes. A color was fast if it did n't fade. To fast was to go without food. Et cetera. What a language!

To-day, M. Ravel speaks English with only the faintest of French accents, but what he has to say is always salted with Gallic gestures and mannerisms. The other evening, after listening with polite incredulity to an account of my own present difficulties with the French language, he shrugged his shoulders.

'Perhaps. But when you have mastered it, you will understand. Like everything that is French, our language is always logical, you see. But this English! Ah! I know it; but I do not understand it.'

'Logical' is the last adjective I should use in describing the French language. But I had no chance to say so.

'Listen!' said M. Ravel. 'Last winter I had a very bad cold. A friend said to me, "Jules, your voice is very husky." Husky? As an adjective I did not know the word. As a noun it is an Eskimo. What does this mean, my voice is husky? I consulted my dictionary. "Husky," adjective. . . . Ah! To be sure! "Powerful, strong, burly." Like an Eskimo. Logical enough. Very neat! . . . Then, to myself, I frown suddenly. Husky? It is my voice my friend was speaking of. And that — most positively — is not husky! It is not strong. It is not powerful. With my cold, it is so weak I can hardly use it. Is this some American humor my friend employs? I look in the dictionary again. Ah! I discover a second meaning: "dry, harsh, hoarse." So! I see what my friend means. He says my voice is husky. He means my voice is hoarse.'

M. Ravel shook his head.

'But what a language! To have a word that means "strong" and to use it to describe a voice that is weak! Husky! It should be the voice of a man who roars like a bull. But no! In English one cannot reason out like that what one should say. One must hear first and then remember word for word. You see? For instance: to look at them, — to analyze their component parts, I mean, — "shameful" should be the antonym of "shameless." Should it not? But no; it is not.'

I opened my mouth.

'Wait!' he said. 'I shall finish the attack and then you shall launch the defense — if you will.

'I remember reading a description of a view from a mountain top — in English. Very prettily written. But it started by saying that from where the man stood he could overlook the whole

valley. At that time I was even less able with English than I am now. I knew but one meaning for "overlook." You overlook something you forget to pack up — your opera hat, perhaps. Or you ignore something. You don't realize it is there. That is "to overlook." But here was a man overlooking a whole valley! There it was, spread out at his feet; and yet he overlooked it! Or rather, he was saying that from where he stood he *could* overlook it. In other words, as I thought, he said he could ignore it. I was baffled. Why should he want to ignore it? What advantage to him? The thing was pointless. To the dictionary I went. "To overlook." . . . Ah! I learn something. Something extraordinary. Overlook! It means to see, to see something from a point of vantage — or it means not to see the thing at all.

'Again I say, my friend, what a language! To see or not to see! And how is one to know which is meant?'

The ensuing silence was momentary.

'Once more. We Latins tell you Anglo-Saxons that you are too stiff. Sometimes you acknowledge the accusation. You say: "Yes, yes; it is true. We do not unbend enough." Unbend? What is that? You mean you do not *bend* enough, since you are too stiff. But you say, "We do not *unbend* enough." And yet when a man is stiff and firm you also say he is unbending. What an idiom!'

'Look here, Jules,' I managed to interpose at last. 'Have you been collecting these — these paradoxes?'

'I have a notebook full of them. I will give you another one, the word "temper." What a baffling word that is! You must admit it. The Lord "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." He softens the wind, *n'est-ce pas?* But "to temper" means to harden, does it not? When you harden steel, your idiom says that you temper it.'

His speech grew more rapid, his gestures more abandoned.

'And what is the difference between "to loosen" and "to unloosen"? Will you tell me that? To fasten and to unfasten; to pack and to unpack; to do and to undo — all those are logical. But to loosen and to unloosen — can you explain? They mean one and the same, do they not? And yet they should be opposites, the one destructive of the other.'

'I — well —'

But he had rushed on.

'There are other words like those two, "loosen" and "unloosen." "Un-" is a prefix of negation; yet when you remove the husk from an ear of corn I find that — according to the dictionary — it is quite correct to say either that you husk the corn or that you unhusk it. Surely the latter is the logical way! To husk an ear of corn should mean to put the husk on. To take off the husk should be to unhusk it. Yet in the common idiom "to husk" means what should be "to unhusk." Only a fool or a foreigner would say "unhusk."'

His eyes flashed. 'It strikes me that here it is you, the native, who is the fool!'

The next instant he was all apology.

'Ah, my friend! Forgive me! I do not mean it as it sounds. It is impertinent of me to talk like this!'

'Impertinent? Why no, Jules, not at all. It's all very interesting to me, and quite to the point.'

Then I grinned.

'To the point! In other words, Jules, quite pertinent. There, put that in your notebook. "In-" is a negative prefix, and yet very often the most pertinent remark a man could make *is* the most impertinent.'

My broad smile brought no echo to his face. Instead, he looked now so suddenly and completely unhappy that I hastened to add: —

'Don't mistake me, Jules. You have n't offended me at all. I've enjoyed every word you've said. Of course the English idiom is full of absurdities.'

His gloom deepened.

'And I have no doubt,' I lied in further haste, 'that if ever I do really master your language I shall find that it, on the contrary, is as logical as mathematics.'

Still he did not smile. I became aware that something extraordinary had happened to him. His face was like the face of a boy whose favorite toy has just snapped in two.

'What's the matter, Jules?'

He seemed to hear my voice from afar. He turned his curiously luminous eyes upon me.

'Pertinent! Impertinent!' he said at last. 'I never thought of *them* before.' He spoke slowly. 'It is very strange. I am confounded. Perhaps — perhaps it is not so illogical — the English — after all.'

'No, Jules?'

He shook his head.

'No. You see, it — it is the same thing in French. We have those two words also.'

The diamond of the desert

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard, who had just emerged from a handsome copy of *The Talisman*, was again approaching that delightful oasis wherein bubbles the bright spring known to the Arabs as the Diamond of the Desert. He was, as usual, heavily armored, and bestrode a noble steed.

On this occasion he felt a slight uneasiness. Where was the Saracen? He was not wont to be late; yet no glimpse of his well-known green caftan could yet be seen.

Though unprepared to deal with this emergency, Sir Kenneth kept on his way. As he drew near the cluster of palm trees, a sound of hoarse singing arose therefrom: —

> 'I wanna go home, I wanna go home,
> I don't wanna go to the trenches no more.'

'An intruder!' said the knight to himself, with justifiable anger. Dismounting, he made his way toward the source of these strange sounds.

Presently he perceived, sitting on the grass, a stocky unshaven young man in a close garb the color of earth. He wore upon his head a shallow, basin-like helmet, tilted over one eye. He suspended his song as Sir Kenneth approached.

'Who art thou, stranger?' shouted the Leopard Knight. 'How dost thou presume to desecrate with thy uncouth presence this place of rest and refuge? And where is Sheerkohf, the Lion of the Mountain?'

'That guy? He's gone,' said the young man. 'I told him he was a fake, and he could go' — he mentioned a destination with the idea of which he appeared to be obsessed, as, later, he uttered its name at short intervals in an entirely irrelevant manner.

'I do not altogether understand thy language, discourteous pilgrim, if pilgrim thou art,' said the Leopard Knight, 'though it seems to bear some resemblance to my own.'

'Your own! Nobody speaks that now. Life is too short,' said the rude young man. 'Don't you call me a pilgrim. I'm a crusader — or I was in the beginning; but that was a long time ago.' He grinned sardonically. 'Look here, let me get it over to you that you're a fake, as well as What's-His-Name of the Mountain, and can just fade out. You and all your Cœur-de-Lion crowd are old models, Tin Lizzies, see? You've done a lot of harm in your time. I came here to tell you so. Can't stay. There's a string of pub-

lishers in line waiting for me; and some chaps from the book clubs, too.' Glancing at his wrist watch, he rose to his feet.

Sir Kenneth gasped. 'Art thou an emanation of these desert regions?' he asked. 'Hast thou an earthly being and a name?'

'My buddies call me Baby,' said the young man. 'You can bet I'm real, and that's what you are not and never were. So, as I said before —'

'Let us sit down,' said the knight in a choking voice, 'and drink of the water of this crystal spring, and endeavor to understand each other.'

'Water!' grunted the young man. But he seated himself upon the turf, as Sir Kenneth had suggested, and lighted a cigarette. . . .

In the conference which followed, Sir Baby, as the Leopard Knight with scrupulous courtesy persisted in calling him, curtly set forth the actualities of modern warfare. Sir Kenneth, who had removed his helmet and bathed his brow, listened politely, and stared a little stupidly.

'I cannot imagine,' said he, 'what might be the result of the conditions thou hast described. They may explain thy somewhat repellent manner. But to thy demand that I retire forever, — nay, thou needest not again specify the place of exile, — and that this pleasant oasis be removed from the face of the earth by newly invented explosives, I must return a firm refusal.'

'You and your gang,' insisted the surly young man, 'have spread a false notion of this business of fighting and killing that's as bad as poison gas. You don't like my ways. Well, I won't change 'em. The folks that keep the home fires burning, and sit beside 'em all nice and comfortable reading books, may as well know what war's really like. They'd never learn that out of the choice sets of Complete Works, with illustrations and gilt tops. There ain't no such animal as the True Romance. Blood is real and mud is real and brutality is real; but as for Glory and Chivalry and The-Stern-Joy-That-Warriors-Feel — pah!'

Sir Kenneth considered him curiously. 'Sir Baby,' said he, 'maugre thy boldness, I conceive that thou thyself dost not altogether smack of reality.'

'What! *Me* not real! GREAT SCOTT!' The young man, touched in his tenderest point by this insinuation, was so startled that he unconsciously reverted to the innocent ejaculation of his boyhood.

His cry of injury produced unexpected results. A sturdy figure, hitherto unseen, advanced from an adjacent group of palms. The newcomer was a man of middle age, dressed as a substantial country gentleman of the early nineteenth century. He wore a green coat and a large black neckcloth, and resembled a Raeburn portrait. He limped slightly, and leaned on a stout stick.

Exchanging a look of recognition with Sir Kenneth, he addressed himself directly to the young man in khaki.

'I understand you to invoke me, sir,' said he, 'and I therefore think no shame to present myself. I have heard something of your dispute. Would you accept the mediation of an elder? I come to you from a sphere where the life of man is looked upon with a larger and calmer vision; and the word "reality," which seems to trouble you, has there a somewhat wider significance. Why disturb yourselves about it? Shakespeare has said that the best, in your kind, are but shadows. — I apprehend, sir, that you exist to enlighten your readers in regard to certain painful facts; and it is indeed a worthy object. Not but that there's a decency to be observed —' He looked doubtful.

'It *was n't* observed,' said the young man.

The Unknown sighed. 'Eh, this fighting, I'm told, has gotten to be a bitter business, and 't is laid upon us to put an end to 't, once and for all. You have a grand mission, man, and I wish you joy of it.'

'Small joy,' said the young man grimly. 'It's no pleasure to me.'

'And, of course, not exactly what you may call a pleasure to others,' said the Unknown, nodding his high silvered head. 'Have you ever reflected, lad, what you will do when your mission is accomplished — when the world is converted to peace? I doubt but ye'll be unemployed.'

'At present,' said Sir Kenneth with a melancholy smile, 'that is my own position. Ivanhoe and I are sleeping down cellar under a bookshop; we spend the day in old gentlemen's libraries and secondary schools. He might join us: but it would not be agreeable to me — nor, methinks, to Wilfred.'

'It is not an immediate crisis, as far as he is concerned,' said the Unknown shrewdly. 'But you perceive that all this comes about because men are not now seeking pleasure, but rather a certain sad knowledge. By and by they will have supped full with horrors; and then no reader will wish to visit those ugly regions of the past. But there will remain all the pleasances of romance, in which the soul may wander — green oases in the glare of life, springs of refreshment pure as this irrepressible Diamond of the Desert. Ah, let them never be destroyed by any new-fangled contrivance of the Devil!'

The young man in khaki uttered his favorite expletive, shrugged his shoulders, and turned his back. When he reached the world of so-called reality, he found the publishers still awaiting him, as he had foreseen.

Letters of Introduction

Excepting in those rare cases when the person who gives me a letter of introduction is rude enough to seal it, I make a regular practice of reading the letter before presenting it. The morality of such an act is unquestionably low; its practical value, on the other hand, is almost as unquestionably high. There are times, indeed, when such a reading is an indispensable precautionary measure. The necessity of caution in these matters was profoundly impressed upon me early in my experience with such letters. It was at the end of my term as a student at Oxford; before going down I was desirous of selling what remained of my Ford, and this fact was generally known among the other Americans. One morning in the front hall of my 'digs' I met two fellow countrymen who seemed to be inquiring for me. It appeared that they had just come to England for the summer. They extended a note on which I recognized the handwriting of one of the Rhodes scholars of my year. It read: —

H. —

Here are two suckers for the Ford. Try thirty pounds.

D.

I sold them the car, but I felt that the thirty pounds was not the only profit I gained from the transaction, and since becoming a foreign correspondent I have come to regard this as perhaps the most important incident in my education.

There is really everything to be said for reading such letters, even when they are less pointed than that Oxford one. To begin with, it is wise to know what one is being introduced *as*, especially if a tendency to be a Jack-of-all-trades has been somewhat pronounced in one's immediate past. For

example, think of the rapid inner adjustment which must be effected if the person to whom you have been introduced looks sternly at you and says, 'I understand that your previous work has dealt primarily with statistical research,' when what you wanted to talk to him about was certain aspects of foreign literature.

The purpose of letters of introduction is after all to facilitate a first meeting. It is consequently necessary to inspect them in order to see whether they are so written as to fulfill their end. Take the all-too-common kind that reads somewhat as follows: —

DEAR N. —

This is to introduce to you my dear friend H. Blank, who is going to spend the next three weeks in Berlin. I am delighted to have the opportunity of bringing you two together, for I am sure you will find it a pleasure to know each other.

As ever,

B.

Now there is no real reason why N. should stare at me with the doubtful offishness that such a letter patently demands. If B. is fundamentally a nice person, why is it not better to drop the letter into the wastebasket and write N., saying that B. has given me a letter, which I unfortunately seem to have misplaced, but could he perhaps find time to have lunch with me on Thursday? Then we can meet like human beings, with at least fifty-fifty chances of congeniality.

When in foreign lands, I have found it wise to be sure that a letter really reaches its destination. I recently had a letter to an important Herr Geheimrat in a German city. I sent it and was asked to confirm the appointment given me in writing. I promptly mailed a note, and appeared, bright and expectant, the second morning after. The concierge took my name. Three quarters of an hour passed, during the last twenty minutes of which I carried on a struggle between my personal dignity and my desire for the information which the Herr Geheimrat could give me. Finally I went back to the concierge to tell him I was leaving. There on his desk I saw my note, unopened. I inquired. Aha, was that mine? he asked with a gleam of triumph. '*Ich habe ihm nicht abgeliefert* — I have not delivered it because there was insufficient postage.' And then I discovered that in the dark of the pension the maid had given me a five-pfennig stamp instead of an eight.

On the whole, it seems to me that the modern method of long-distance introductions compares unfavorably with that of the past. When the Florentine merchant slipped a ring from his finger and placed it upon yours, one of two things happened. Either the ring contained poison and you died, or the ring embodied all of the intangibles of the situation from which you came, and you entered into the life of the city to which you journeyed fully and without explanations. The written word is not nearly as adequate as the ring for achieving either of these ends. If its purpose is to poison you, death by interview is certainly a more long-drawn-out and public agony than the swift pang and subsequent oblivion of Borgian days. And if its purpose is to create an understanding between you and the person to whom you go, its incompleteness is equally pronounced.

Under the ring system you clattered in on horseback, asked the question which the owner of the ring directed you to ask, or delivered the message you brought, and were gone. Everything was assumed in order to expedite the essential. The letter system, on the contrary, assures a preliminary fifteen minutes of utter tediousness for everyone concerned. If you are meeting as

friend to friend, it is necessary to compare notes on the circumstances under which each of you met Tommy; if you are meeting as representatives of firms, you must feel each other out by studiously discussing the irrelevancies of the market. At least a quarter of an hour must go by before you can say, 'Well, the point on which I hoped you could tell me something is this.' We who talk of the directness of modern methods might do well to reflect upon this waste.

The mediæval ring seems to me better in every respect than the modern letter; compare the two even from the standpoint of one who gathers introductions without presenting them — who would not rather have a collection of signets than one of autographs? Yet I would not have us revert too far to the methods of antiquity. I have recently heard of the Assyrian system of long-distance introductions, which seems to have been the most highly developed of all, but which appears to me to contain obvious dangers. The Assyrians had little cylinders cut out of semiprecious stones. Each of these was strung on a stout string; the merchant selected one and sent you with it to his friend, just as his Italian successor sent you with the ring. But the cylinder had this peculiarity — the inscriptions cut into its surface served not only to identify the merchant, but to describe you by means of a private code. Now this may have been desirable from the standpoint of the sender, but what of the bearer of such missives? If that had been my Assyrian calling, what would have become of my rule to read twice before presenting? I can picture myself sitting in the desert under the single available palm, turning the cylinder round and round, and trying to decipher whether the figure describing me was the sun shining brightly on one segment of the polished surface or the four-legged animal with an arrow in its heart on the other. In the face of such implications, the modern situation becomes suddenly bearable.

'WHAN THAT APRILLE—'

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures soote
The shyne hath washen off of eyther boote,
And maken of my hat a sory wrekke,
While smalen droppes sliden down my nekke,
I walk the straet with right a mery chere,
Nor greve at skies of swiche a dull manere,
By-cause in yelow slicker fetisly
Biseyde me walketh yonge Cicely!

I look into hir eyen greye as glas,
And bump ageyn the sondry folk that pas;
I seigh hir mouth ful smale and softe and reed,
And al my brains are ginglen in my heed!
Al-thogh the harder droppes now biginne,
And to my skin, I trow, have soken inne,
Me thinketh nowher wolde I sooner be,
Than goon benythe the rain with Cicely!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

IT is hard to imagine a human being more utterly beyond mortal aid than **Kathryne Mary Frick**, who in her sixth year was stricken by a devastating malady which left her blind, deaf, speechless, and lame. During the two years that followed, the use of her legs gradually returned, but her journey from darkness into light did not begin until, as a pupil of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, she was placed under a special teacher who, deaf herself, was a graduate of the Institution. The story of Kathryne's training defies the impossible as Helen Keller's did before her, but the essential miracle of Kathryne's life was her teacher, Miss Foley, whose patience and understanding were of the highest order. Miss Whitman, who followed Miss Foley and who unhappily is no longer living, carried her pupil still further along her arduous road. This installment of Kathryne's story deals with the first desperate efforts to reach her in her living grave. We print here a letter from Miss Foley.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I offer the following in answer to your inquiry as to how much hope I felt in the beginning, and what I regarded as the turning point in Kathryne's education.

When I caught my first glimpse of Kathryne on June 2, 1909, I was surprised at once by the friendliness and ease with which she greeted me, and after observing her for a while a load seemed lifted from the task I was about to undertake. Instead of the dull, sullen, spoilt, problem child I had expected to see, I found a sprightly, happy one, full of curiosity and eager to (as she then expressed in gestures) 'I you go away, way to book house. I learn push pencil up down on paper' — which was her way of telling me that she would go far away to school with me and learn how to write.

However, there were times during her first few days under instruction when I had my doubts about her being anything more than just another deaf problem. What I consider the first turning point in Kathryne's education came after she had been in school about three weeks, when she spelled her first word, 'bun,' with meaning, the incident concerning which is explained in her manuscript. The grasping of the noun concept, thus demonstrated, caused my hopes to run high, for I knew that she had grasped the key to the deaf child's greatest problem — language. My hopes were further strengthened a few days later when she spelled 'run' with meaning, showing that she had grasped the verb concept as well.

The next turning point came two years later when Miss Mabel P. Whitman was giving Kathryne a one-hour speech lesson daily. After Kathryne had taken several oral lessons she seemed to have discovered all at once that it would be possible for her to learn to say orally every word that she could spell or write. After that her progress in education was very rapid.

I was delighted to hear the good news from Kathryne and thank you for taking such interest in her.

JULIA A. FOLEY

Mrs. Mabel Barbee Lee has had many years' experience in the guidance of young women in a coeducational college before taking up her work as assistant dean at Radcliffe. **Frans August Larson** is still a duke in Mongolia. **Moorfield Storey**, for a generation leader of the Boston Bar, became, soon after his graduation from Harvard University, secretary to Senator Sumner, an experience which shaped both his character and his life. **Bradford K. Daniels** tells the singular story of his early years. He still lives in the Far West. **George H. Grant** is captain of a United Fruit liner plying between Boston and Central America. **Joseph Wood Krutch**, critic of the drama and of life, has served as an assistant professor at Columbia and as dramatic editor of the *Nation*. He is now on a lecture tour in the West. His paper on Boccaccio is the first in a projected series on the great story tellers, not merely essays in criticism, but rather designed to give the reader real understanding of man, book, and circumstance alike. Δ The author of 'Teacher or Factory Hand?' is a grade teacher who has given thought as well as effort to her profession. **John Finley, Jr.**, poet and Platonist, is the son of that John

Finley sometime president of the College of the City of New York, and now presiding over the editorial page of the *New York Times*.

Ernest Weekley is a professor of French in an English university, and, for pure love of it, a lexicographer and curious inquirer into the origins of language. **Julian Huxley** is professor of physics in the University of London. **Pernet Patterson** grew up on a plantation and has known and appreciated the colored race all his life long. **Frank Kendon** is a British poet. **F. Lauriston Bullard** is the chief editorial writer of the *Boston Herald*, the excellence of whose work has been recognized by a Pulitzer award. **Paul Mazur** is a partner in the New York firm of Lehman Brothers. His interesting paper will form a chapter in his new book, *America Looks Abroad*, which the Viking Press will publish shortly after the appearance of the April *Atlantic*. This is a volume we strongly commend to our readers. **Professor E. L. Bogart** is an economist of reputation now serving as a visiting professor at Berkeley, California.

Perhaps criticism of the poet Shelley has always suffered from maturity. We remember his genius and forget what a boy he was. Read this consideration by a youth of twenty-one.

New York, N. Y.

Dear Atlantic, —

It was with keen interest that I read 'Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet' which you published recently, and I was of course amazed at their childlike tone and found it difficult to reconcile the frank sincerity of Shelley with his thoughtless, selfish behavior. Then, towards the end of the article, after completely forgiving Shelley and wondering how to interpret Harriet's contradictory nature, I read the sentence, 'She was twenty-one when she died.' Somehow, I had forgotten this important fact — forgotten the youth of both of them — in reading about the monstrous problems that weighed upon their inadequate shoulders. With a jolt I realized that I myself am only just of age. Then it occurred to me that in other generations so much more was expected of youth than nowadays. How perfectly ridiculous that Shelley's atheism was taken seriously! What a stupid father he must have had! I remember delighting in radical thoughts at the age of eighteen. Who does n't? With the slightest flattering discouragement I would have gone Bolshevistic. Instead I was given — and am still being given — a fair chance to come to my senses. To pay any attention to the philosophy of a boy in his teens, even though he be Percy Bysshe Shelley, seems absurd. Nor is it likely that a more understanding father, money and care of his health, and avoiding the misalliance with Harriet would have lessened his genius.

I recall three lucky escapes I have made from youthful blunders — thanks to my parents, who have wisely eased me out of one misstep after another. Twice I have announced to them that I was in love. And both times, since marriage was out of the question, they were humorous enough to prevent me from being the bally idiot I really am. The most important thing in life I have always believed (except when I am in love and unaccountable) is financial independence. And it is my greatest wish to attain that through the work that I most enjoy and have dreamed of doing as long as I can remember. But sometimes I have to be protected from myself.

Harriet is criticized for not being a capable mother. What girl in her teens ever can be? And what boy in his early twenties wants to meet the landlord at the end of the month? It is ridiculous to judge Harriet or Shelley at all. Her lack of perspective tallies with lack in years. She might even have thrown off the yoke of her sister at twenty-five. The tragedy is that such a mentally and spiritually immature person was mature enough physically to have two children; that her life, which in its way was as worth living as Shelley's, was so utterly ruined; and that he could get himself into so much mischief. His very attitude towards his children is that of a boy playing at being a father. But, unfortunately, those children were not teddy bears.

Yet even to-day we youngsters are often allowed to make a muddle of our perfectly good lives. I know many instances of boys and girls who have unwittingly dragged themselves too soon down to earth — all their ambitions thwarted. Apparently the only thing to do is to lock us up. I, for one, need a padded cell.

S. B. Armes

Among *Atlantic* readers potential lexicographers are legion. We inquired of them a month or so ago the source of 'hunky-dory.' Up went three hands in the class voicing the correctness of this reply by Mrs. Gertrude Fisher Harding, of San Diego, California.

Dear Atlantic, —

Answering the query about 'all hunky-dory': In the Japanese language a *dori* is a

street. Honko-dori (or Hunko-dori) is the street in Yokohama that leads to the harbor. In bygone days, sailors (English-speaking, let us say) when in port were apt to imbibe too much *sake*. Their friends would see them as far as Honko-dori, after which they could find their way to the ship, for it lay straight before them. Thus we have come to say 'all hunky-dory' when everything is all right.

I do not find a picture of Honko-dori among my postcards, but enclose one of Motomachi-dori, Kobe.

To the kindness of Mrs. Henry C. Hawkins, of Claremont, New Hampshire, we owe a brief collection of sayings and who said them, of which the following are pleasant items.

It was Thomas Morton who queried long ago, 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' while Goldsmith answers, 'Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.'

Washington Irving gives us 'the Almighty Dollar.'

'When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war,' said Nathaniel Lee in 1692.

Shakespeare is, of course, at the peak of the phrase-makers, but, as every oldster knows, Edward Young has a great place in every book of quotations. To him we owe 'Death loves a shining mark,' 'A fool at forty is a fool indeed,' and he taught Goldsmith a famous phrase by his own 'Man wants but little, nor that little long.'

It is amusing to realize that, while 'putting your foot in it' is not a very elegant mode of expression, it touches a fine point of law. In Hindustan when a title to land is disputed, so legend says, two holes are dug in the ground and used to encase the limbs of two lawyers. They are then allowed to talk as lawyers will, — to their hearts' content, — and the one first fatigued loses his client's case. Whether this report be strictly accurate or not, the obvious superiority of the method to the dilatory practices we are accustomed to justifies its appearance here.

Two words more and we are done. Miss Elizabeth F. Percy, of Lynchburg, Virginia, gives us a local version of the 'bitter end.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A young school-teacher in our town some years ago was explaining to her class the meaning of 'bitter end.'

'Now, won't someone give a sentence with "bitter end" in it, that I may see if you really understand the meaning?'

A little hand shot up and an eager little voice startled the schoolroom: 'The dog chased the cat under the porch, and bit her end!'

And finally this: —

'WITHENS,' LAKE BANK
LITTLEBOROUGH, ENGLAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Accurdin' to what we Lanky fowks say, Dick's 'atband wur quare because it went reaund nahnteen tahms and then wouldna tee. Tha' might tell thi contributor that.

An ne'th'en, mesther editor, let me say a ward ur two abaht thi magazine — th' *Atlantic Monthly*. Dun ya know, a felly eaut i' Californy who's a friend o' a friend o' mahn buys it first, and afther he's read it, he sends it ovver to England fur ma friend to read, and when *he's* read it, he gis it me, and when aw've read it, aw gis it him back, and then he sends it off to a chap in Cardiff. An' what happens to it arter that, aw dunnot know. It's *ma* monthly tonic, and aw only wish aw could say it wur published i' England — aw'd feel that preaud on it then. We'n nowt like it here.

WILFRID F. HEMINGWAY

To the widow of LeRoy L. Hight we owe his charming footnote to the bibliography of Stevenson.

STEVENSONIANA — AN ITEM

At eight o'clock on the morning of March 21, 1918, began a battle greater than any which had been recorded from the beginning of wars among men. At that hour the Battle of Picardy began to flame and thunder along a fifty-mile front. More than half a million Germans stormed the Allies, and on the Sunday morning when the dispatches under grim headlines spread the news through the frightened world, there were few who did not fear that dire catastrophe was at hand. We were told of destructive force so great as to leave our minds overwhelmed when we tried to comprehend it. We were told of cannon innumerable, more than had ever been assembled since the world began, roaring continuously along all that fifty miles; and, worst of all, we were told that the British line had broken at La Fère.

The names of many places, strange to most of us, had flashed before us from the time of the assassination at Sarajevo, and we had spelled, tried to pronounce them, searched for them on our maps, and forgotten them; but this La Fère had a familiar sound. Somehow it entered our minds as one claiming a renewal of old favor and friendship; and to those who remembered the earlier meeting, this was the reward: —

Once upon a time the *Cigarette* went off the slip at the Antwerp Docks 'with a splash and a bubble of small breaking water,' and the *Arethusa* went after her. Then began that delectable

voyage which has been followed in the imagination of countless lovers of the best in books — through the meadows of the Sambre, where the white-faced cattle came to the banks of the river to see the strange progress, down the Oise, and through the Golden Valley, on to where the voyage ended, a little short of the place where the voyagers could have heard the surf roaring for the river on the sands of Havre.

And on this delightful *Inland Voyage* they passed through La Fère, just at the beginning of the Golden Valley, and of this part of his journey here is what the gods gave Stevenson to write, years before the cannon thundered their overture to the Battle of Picardy: —

'The artillery were practising at La Fère; and soon the cannon of heaven joined in that loud play. Two continents of cloud met and exchanged salvos overhead; while all round the horizon we could see sunshine and clear air upon the hills. What with the guns and the thunder, the herds were all frighted in the Golden Valley. We could see them tossing their heads, and running to and fro in timorous indecision; and when they had made up their minds, and the donkey followed the horse, and the cow was after the donkey, we could hear their hoofs thundering abroad over the meadows. It had a martial sound, like cavalry charges. And altogether, as far as the ears are concerned, we had a very rousing battle piece performed for our amusement.'

Did the gods know, when they helped to fashion the words he wrote, that here at La Fère, in years to come, the great guns were to thunder in real war, and here his sturdy compatriots, fighting fiercely, were to yield before a force too great to withstand? And knowing this, toying with the secrets of Destiny, did these whimsical gods make him an unconscious prophet?

Here is a poser! The Northern Pacific Railway has just acquired the largest locomotive extant: 'A thundering Mammoth! Massive bulk looming above the rails. Huge knots of steel "muscles" bulging upon a mighty frame. Almost half an ordinary city block long, 16 feet, 4 inches high, this Leviathan makes the average large locomotive alongside look like a very "little brother."' Consider this lyrical description and then say, kind reader, whether the giant is a 'he' or a 'she.' That is the question officially asked of us. Perhaps you can guess our answer.

If there is any infraction of the prohibition law in publishing the following, we request the authorities to investigate the writer rather than the publisher.

Dear Atlantic, —

It is gratifying that 'The Last of the Squires' should have elicited so much interest, for I hold that these memorials of a fine past are valuable and may even be made useful to-day.

The expression of ignorance as to the exact method of producing metheglin has brought out many informative contributions from widespread places in the United States and also from the City of Mexico and 'Istambul.' Some of these are rather delightful examples of seventeenth-century English. You may care to print them on this account at least, as well as for the valuable information they convey.

Metheglyn

First gather a bushel of Sweetbriar Leaves and a bushel of Thyme, half a bushel of Rosemary and a peck of Bay Leaves. Seathe all these (being well washed) in a furnace of Fair Water, and let them noil the space of an hour, or better, and then pour out all the Water and Herbs into a vat, and let it stand till it be but milk warm; and then strain the Water from the Herbs and take to every six gallons of Water one gallon the finest Honey and put into the boorn (that is the wort of the boiled liquor) and labour it together half an hour; then let it stand two days stirring it twice or thrice each day. Then take the liquor and boil it anew; and when it doth seethe, skim it as long as there remaineth any dross. When it is clear, put it into the vat as before and there let it be cooled.

You must then have in readiness a kind of new Ale or Beer which, as soon as you have emptied, suddenly whelm it upside down, and then set it up again, and presently put in the Metheglyn and let it stand three days aworking. And then turn it up in barrels, tying at every top hole (by a pack thread) a little bag of beaten Cloves and Mace, to the value of an ounce. It must stand half a year before it be drunk. (*Worthies of England*, by Thomas Fuller, 1662)

Metheglyn

Take one measure of Honey, and three measures of fair Water, and set them over so soft a fyre that you can endure to lade and break the Honey with your hands. When the Honey be quite dissolved, teste it with an Hens Egge and if the Liquor be strong enough to bear the Egge the breadth of a Groat, it is strong enough; if not put more Honey to it, till it be so strong.

Then take Sweet-bryar, Eye-bright, Cowslip, Tansy, Rosemary, Wild-Thyme, Summer-savory, Horehound, Clown's all-heal, Marjoram, Maidenhair and Mouse-ear, or such herbs as please you, of each a pretty lot; and such spices as

Cloves, Mace, Ginger, Peppercorns, Nutmeg, Cinnamon, of each a burthen, but of Ginger the most, which must be tyed up all together in a bundle.

When you have put these things together, let them be hanged over a quick fyre till they boyle a walm or two and are clearly and well skimmed.

Then take it from the fyre and put it presently into some clean cobers till next morning, when you may put in some barm, or ale-yeast, and let it work together before you stop it up. If you tun it thus it will make it ready the sooner to drink. (*The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby Opened*, 1669)

To Make American Honey Wine

Put a quantity of the comb, from which honey has been drained, in a tub, and add a barrel of cider, immediately from the press; this mixture stir, and leave for one night. It is then strained before fermentation; and honey added, until the specific gravity of the liquor is sufficient to bear an egg. It is then put into a barrel; and after the fermentation is commenced, the cask is filled every day, for three or four days, that the froth may work out of the bung-hole. When the fermentation moderates, put the bung in loosely, lest stopping it tight might cause the cask to burst. At the end of five or six weeks, the liquor is to be drawn off into a tub, and the whites of eight eggs, well beaten up, with a pint of clean sand, are to be put into it; then add a gallon of cider spirit, and after mixing the whole together, return it into the cask, which is to be well cleaned, bunged tight, and placed in a proper situation for racking off, when fine. In the month of April following, draw it off into kegs, for use; and it will be equal to almost any foreign wine. (MacKenzie's *Five Thousand Receipts*, 1829)

RALPH ADAMS CRAM

And speaking of Mr. Cram's delightful paper, the following gloss is worth printing.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The song quoted by Mr. Cram on page 84 of the January *Atlantic* was sung in Ontario sixty years ago by a minister who came direct from Ulster to Canada. There were variations: —

Oh, I have a master and I am his man
(Galloping dreary done),
He'll get a wife as soon as he can,
With his hailey-gailey, gamborailey,
Higgling, niggling, galloping galloway
Draggletail, dreary done.

The last line ran

And now I think better I'd better go sleep.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

Commenting on A. W. Smith's pleasant story, 'A Bountiful Providence,' Miss Aileen Templeton has this confirming anecdote.

CARRIGLEA, RIVERSIDE, CONN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Here is a true story of how Little Sisters of the Poor accept heaven-sent gifts, but the scene is laid nearer home than Bombay, for in Chicago there are Little Sisters of the Poor too. In Chicago, last year, the winter was an old-fashioned one, and when Chicago goes old-fashioned, it goes old-fashioned. One way-below-zero day a doctor, very snug in a brand-new overcoat, leaving the house, bethought him of his two last winters' overcoats still hanging in his closet, and said he, 'Bess, would you see that the Little Sisters get those two old coats of mine for the old men? It is too cold to keep overcoats idle.'

His college-girl daughter was just starting out in her sports model for her first morning class. Her way lay by the door of the Little Sisters of the Poor, so in with Beth went the two coats instanter. Now Beth knew from experience that the Little Sisters have many thanks for gifts for their poor old men, and she was in a hurry (perhaps she had a date as well as a class waiting). Anyway, this was Beth's method of delivering the coats. She deposited them in the vestibule, rang the bell, and showed a pair of twinkling high heels to the door. Even the car had disappeared around the corner on two wheels before the Little Sister in charge of the door could open it. But, though no visible hand had rung, she found lying at her feet an answer to prayer — warm overcoats.

Did the Little Sister think, gayly, 'It is not snowing snow to-day, just warm overcoats'? She did not. She thought, 'Two good overcoats, and no donor!' — and she telephoned the police. The police came and took charge of the coats. Wise in the ways of tailors, they found the doctor's name in a pocket. And in the telephone book they found his name and number. 'Had Dr. —— missed two of his overcoats?' an official voice inquired. The doctor's wife, wise in the ways of Beth, deducted the true tale of the coats; but, said a thoughtful official voice, was she sure that the doctor meant those two good overcoats? On being reassured that it had been the doctor's own thought to give those very two overcoats to the Little Sisters, the incident was closed. And two tall old men blessed their height that day.

So I wish Sister Veronica, truer to type, had sought out Crown Sergeant O'Neill herself. The end of the story could have been the same. Not for worlds would I deprive Sister Veronica of Mr. Gaunt's letter. It is priceless.

To quiet the alarm occasioned by the publication of a paper on the doubtful issue of the war between insects and man, we print the following note which we have recently received from the Methodist Episcopal Mission, Sibu, Sarawak, Borneo.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The Rajah has just given us a large concession between the Binatang and Serekei rivers for planting pepper and we will plant a lot next year. Cocoanuts and oil palms are also being planted. But the thing I am most interested in now is 'tuba.' It is a native root that makes the best insecticide in the world. It is instant death to any bug, beetle, fly, or worm, but it is perfectly safe to handle. America needs tons of it and there is no limit to the amount we can raise. It will win the war for America. Tell Professor James E. Boyle (see his article, 'Insects and Men,' October *Atlantic Monthly*). I am now in correspondence with an American firm in Singapore to see if they will not try to put it on the market.

J. M. HOOVER

A recent Newtonianism has excited much comment. Here is an authoritative word upon it.

Uncle Sam's Post Office has been working nights in an effort to deliver the many communications, approving and otherwise, regarding my paper on Jerusalem in the February *Atlantic*. A few letters are from Jews who seem greatly offended at my question: 'What Jew is going to leave New York, where there are a hundred million of us [Christians] to prey upon?' There, apparently, they stopped, enraged, and did not finish the sentence, which reads, 'and only a handful of Scotch to be guarded against.' As yet I have not heard from any offended Scotchmen. It takes time for a joke to sink in. When I wrote, I had in mind the old saying, 'A Jew can get no foothold in Aberdeen.' I am sorry to have to explain this.

I shall not bother, at this late date, to enlarge on my opinion of the Jewish race. It is no secret. I have just as high a regard for a fine Jew as I have for a fine Christian, and no higher. One lady writes me to say that she prefers her Hebrew friends to her Christian friends. Well, this is a matter of taste, as the girl said when she kissed the cow.

Also, see 2 Kings v. 13.

A. EDWARD NEWTON

At the end of a long day we are considering not without sympathy the following proposal: —

I am prepared to write five magazine articles, the first two of which are diatribes on the imbecility of man; the next the solution of the universe, otherwise described as nature or actuality; and the last two are the applications of understanding.

As one might guess, the writer hails from Missouri.

THE SALLYPORT

This department aims to be strictly contemporaneous with each issue in which it appears, but in the pursuit of the most disinterested and lofty truth, the apt occasion must be accepted wherever it is found. Not long ago the *Atlantic* published in a single number two papers on censorship, and promised to publish more if suitable examples were received. This is what comes of living in Massachusetts!

No altogether satisfactory formal discussion reached us, but our daily correspondence shows that the subject has been active in the minds of our readers, and suggests that many of them at the same time resent censorship and feel a strong distaste for numerous current books — books not so much corrupting as cheap and pretentious. Usually the pretentiousness of the book is as nothing to that of the publisher and blurb writer. Publishing is the art of promoting the whirlwind and discouraging the still small voice.

The problem of applying such wholesome yet contradictory disapproval to a solution of the difficulties of censorship has yet to be surmounted. The 'limits of decency' are notoriously unsettled boundaries; they are as changeable as the Balkans. Wise things have been said on either side of the case, but it seems to me that the question which perhaps lies at the root of the whole matter has never been disentangled and made explicit.

Coleridge said of a man that his talk was like 'the Newgate gutter, flowing with garbage, dead dogs, and mud.' Literature has its Newgate gutter, and not only in cheap, pretentious books, but in those great books that are veritable cities of the mind, capitals of human thought and experience. If it were not so, the problem of censorship would not exist. The hue and cry that has

pursued books, plays, mayors, and societies for suppressing vice would have been a hue and cry after nothing. And so in large part it has been. Books have been attacked in public and private, by district attorneys, religious sects, anonymous complainants, and bands of the 'unco' guid,' and for every offense, from mentioning abortion to speaking disrespectfully of Mrs. Eddy.

America's moral crusades might amuse and disgust the tolerant and detached observer of society, might arouse the partisans of ancient liberty. But few would be drawn into the brawl unless literature itself were in some measure at stake. Censurable qualities in minor books cannot be dissociated from the same qualities in major books. The great national literatures which boys and girls are sent to college to read contain plenty of the Newgate gutter. Think only of English literature. Yes, I distinctly see a dead dog floating down this page of Chaucer, while here is a notorious piece of garbage sailing past in the powerful but murky current of Swift's imagination. The Newgate gutter is very prevalent, and those who stand on its banks commanding the waves to recede are apt to find themselves unaccountably smirched about the clothing.

We should all like to rid our cities — and our minds — of their Newgate gutters. No man would enjoy knowing himself the object of Coleridge's epigram. Yet bowdlerizing is not in favor among mature minds. Why? Is it because we make an exception of literature, and do not really wish to rid it of its Newgate gutter? Is it that in books obscenity under certain conditions has a value of some kind?

I have not heard anyone so bold as to suggest this conclusion. Those who oppose censorship do not take this stand. Their attitude (perhaps for politic reasons) is defensive. If obscenity must appear in books, it must be allowed only on sufferance, and, so to speak, during good behavior. Yet does not this attitude proceed from insufficient courage and consistency? If the Newgate gutter is of no value, then let us remove it, root it out altogether, and no slightest loss will result. But we all know that a loss would result. The bowdlerizing of our books would be intolerable. Literature, great and small, would suffer immeasurably, and through its mutilation our lives also would suffer. Argal, the Newgate gutter has a value.

This conclusion will be shocking to some readers. I put it forward with a feeling of temerity, not knowing exactly where it will lead. Right to the Devil, I hear someone ominously exclaim. Well, I shall not be the first victim of a too consistent logic that he has entertained. And yet I think that anyone who truly knows and loves literature will acknowledge in his heart that what I have said is true. Those who feel a mysterious horror at the suggestion have not learned to read; they do not know what literature is really about. Great literature is composed for the most part of the great fictions that have entertained, enthralled, and refined mankind by presenting spectacles of the world and its figures — not fiction in our impoverished modern sense of the prose novel alone, but the great poetic and dramatic fictions as well. Anyone who has the slightest intuitive sense of what such a fiction is or how it is created will understand easily enough that it would be hard indeed to exclude all traces of the Newgate gutter. To do so would be in large measure to remove from literature both seriousness and moral depth. A great many people would be pleased by such a result, but for them literature does not in any real sense exist.

But what may the value of the Newgate gutter be? The question is difficult and I have no beliefs about it. I have a few thoughts, but reserve the right to think differently on sufficient cause.

It is a temptation to say that while the value of Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale' is absolute, the value of the obscene is relative. Its worth is to contribute to a general picture, to give a sense of the totality of human nature and experience. A few great works in which the major impression is one of darkness and repulsion may seem exceptions to this principle, yet even these works are not valued in the same way as we should value Keats's Ode. To read the Ode is to live for just so many moments on the plane of the ideal. A work of the sombre kind we are always contrasting, as we read it, with the better life we know or seek day by day, using it to sober and discipline our minds.

One kind of writing is an end; the other is an instrument.

Comic obscenity is also in part an exception, but it, too, has instrumental uses. It has purgative virtue, I think, quite as genuinely as pity and terror; it is a fine safety cock for the needful vulgarity without which we should not be human. Allied with the creative genius of Chaucer or Rabelais, it need not terrify the most exacting moral sense.

But the masters of this branch of literature are all dead, and their art, perhaps unfortunately, seems to belong to the past. The value of the obscene is more and more identifying itself with the value of the tragic. Cases of tragic obscenity, I have no doubt, can be readily cited from the classics. Consider these lines from King Lear. I do not mean that they raise any question of 'the limits of decency,' but merely that they make a recognizable dip into the censurable side of human nature. And it is deeply tragic that the aged Lear, 'every inch a king,' who in his right mind would never have so far forgotten dignity and social usage, has been driven to such a point of madness that he not only suffers hallucinations, but speaks those thoughts that ordinarily the mind itself would censor.

Behold yond simp'ring dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name, —
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above;
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie,
fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet,
good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.

In modern writers the association of the obscene with the tragic has become perhaps even more characteristic. In its buskin days, tragedy presented stories of the 'falls of princes,' the catastrophes of the great. Suffering of course is always in the mind, but the older tragedy was panoramic. It began with externals — the situation of the kingdom as the curtain goes up — and allowed the suffering in the minds of the characters to develop from the spectacle. Modern writers make a different approach. Tragedy depends less upon the worldly eminence of the *personæ;* the catastrophe now is social or psychological. At the same time, many modern writers begin at once with minds, or endeavor so to do, allowing the externals to develop from the 'stream of consciousness.' They have looked on the strange new dishes sent up from the psychological scullery, and have helped themselves freely. It is only natural that they have found it necessary to dip more deeply than King Lear into the side of nature that is generally considered subject to censorship.

This development may be a loss to the tragic spirit, but the loss is not total. Literature, looked at in the largest way, is a prolonged, indefatigable attempt to discern and report in imaginative vehicles the totality of man's experience. The Newgate gutter cannot be left out. And, as tragic drama is not painful, but (without loss of seriousness) enjoyable to the audience, so the obscene, when appropriately used by a master, is not merely disgusting, but is one of the modes whereby the imagination is disciplined to look on life with maturity and understanding. This is why literature is not and cannot of nature be corrupting.

What I have said does not necessarily mean that no place exists for the censor, or that genius may not be guilty of grievous and injurious mistakes. The problem of censorship is now and will always be to keep the police function of suppressing vicious pamphlets from extending to literature. It is because people do not really understand what reading is, what function books perform, it is because so few have ever truly known the experience of reading, that ignorant hands have been too often violently laid on mankind's intellectual treasure.

THE OFFICE ICONOCLAST